

April 29, 1974

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE**—A clumsy, gag-ridden comedy by Murray Schisgal, redeemed by a marvellous cast, including Paul Sorvino, Austin Pendleton, Bob Dishy, and Joseph Bova. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**BAO HABITS**—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Wednesday through Friday, April 24-26, at 7:30; Saturday, April 27, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, April 28, at 3 and 7:30. Moves uptown to the Booth, 222 W. 45th St., 246-5969, for a Broadway opening on Sunday, May 5; opening-night curtain at 7. Previews Tuesday through Saturday, April 30-May 4. Schedule of performances: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**BRITISH THEATRE SEASON**—The Royal Shakespeare Company closes out the season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music with Michael Redgrave in two anthologies, **PLEASURE AND REPENTANCE**, devised by Terry Hands: Thursday, April 25, at 1:30 and 8, and Friday, April 26, at 8. . . . **THE HOLLOW CROWN**, devised by John Barton: Saturday, April 27, at 8, and Sunday, April 28, at 2 and 7:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**CANDIDE**—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**THE CIRCLE**—Natalie Schafer in W. Somerset Maugham's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**CLARENCE DARROW**—A one-man show, worth going to because the one man is Henry Fonda. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 27.)

**THE DANCE OF DEATH**—An abridgment of the Strindberg play about married hatred. Robert Shaw, Zoe Caldwell, and Hector Elizondo are superb, and so is the setting, by Santo Loquasto. Directed by A. J. Antoon. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 5.)

**DEAR NOBODY**—This recitation, by Jane Marla Robbins, of entries from the diaries of Fanny Burney becomes, at its best, a gossip evocation of life in eighteenth-century England. Miss Robbins has chosen well, and the evening is consistently entertaining. Patricia Zipprodt designed her lovely costumes. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 28.)

**EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE**—Carl Sternheim's play **BLOOMERS**, adapted by Roger Hendricks Simon, will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sun-

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day, April 28. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**FASHION**—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (Little Hippodrome cabaret, 227 E. 56th St. 755-1820. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**FIND YOUR WAY HOME**—A play by John Hopkins that is nearly always funny, though the triangle it describes—a husband, his wife, and his male lover—is in a grim plight indeed. Lee Richardson, Jane Alexander, and Michael Moriarty are magnificent. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through

Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**THE GOOD DOCTOR**—Neil Simon has been tempted to collaborate with Anton Chekhov, who might not have been tempted to collaborate with Neil Simon. The brilliant cast makes it seem worthwhile. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**GOOD EVENING**—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

**HARD TO BE A JEW**—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Saturdays at 2 and 8:15, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

**IONESCOPE**—A vaudeville entertainment taken from the works of Ionesco, with music and lyrics by Mildred Kayden. Preview Wednesday, April 24. Opens officially Thursday, April 25. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 9; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

**JUMPERS**—Brian Bedford and Jill Clayburgh in a play by Tom Stoppard, imported from Lon-

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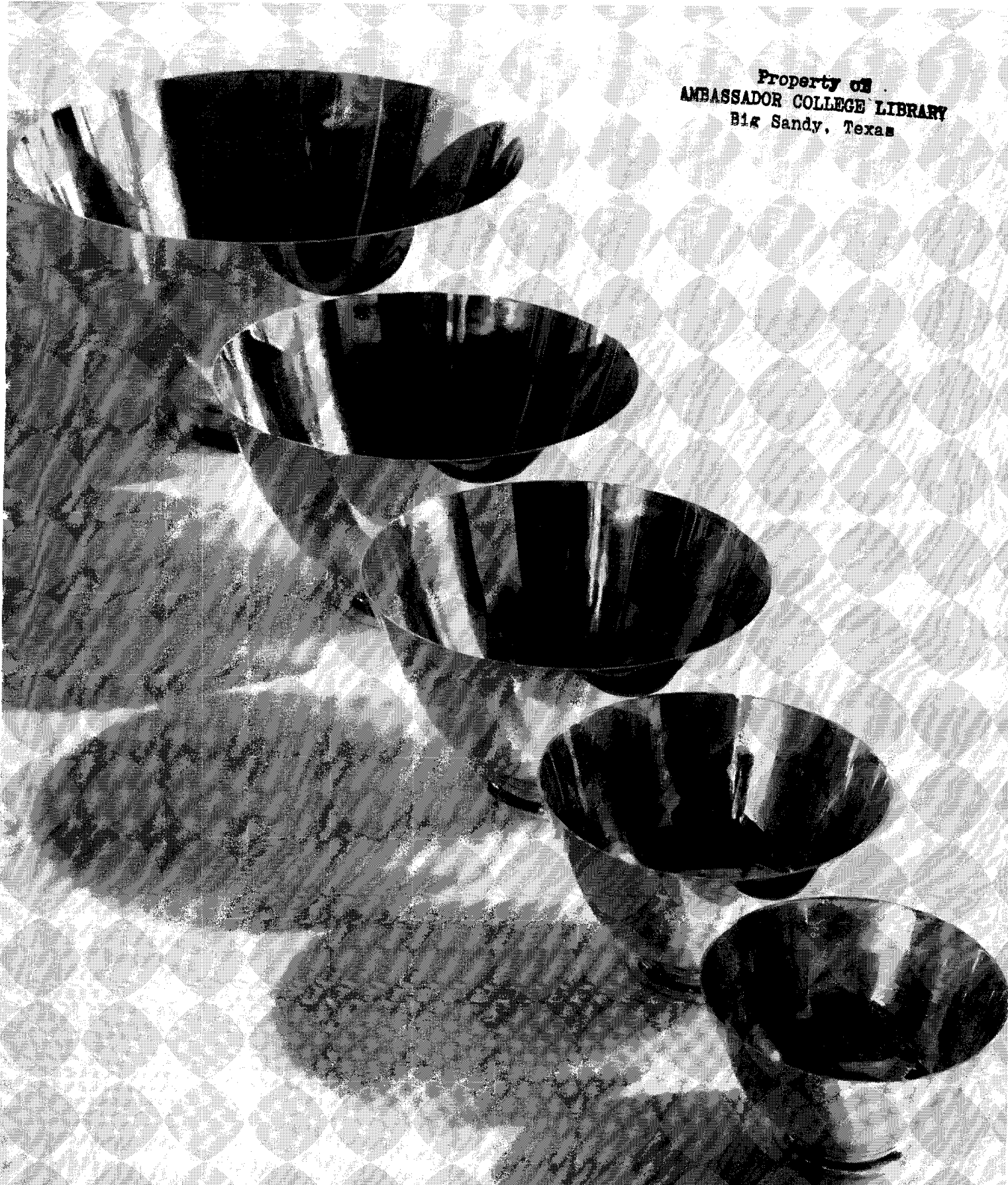
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

don. Directed by Peter Wood. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**LORELEI**—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**MOONCHILDREN**—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 2:30.)

**A MOON FOR THE MISBEHOTTEN**—A play on O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**MUSIC! MUSIC!**—Gene Nelson, Larry Kert, Karen Morrow, and Robert Guillaume sing a lot of wonderful old songs, and so winningly that one forgets to ask what on earth the production is intended to be. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8980. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

**MY FAT FRIEND**—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**NOËL COWARD IN TWO KEYS**—A couple of trifles by the Master, written in old age and with welcome autobiographical touches. Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter make the most of their charming opportunities. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee for the Actors' Fund Thursday, May 2.)

**OVER HERE!**—A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**RAISIN**—Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30 and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**THE SEA HORSE**—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Conchata Ferrell and Edward J. Moore are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed, and the dramatist is James Irwin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinees Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

**THIEVES**—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**ULYSSES IN NIGHTTOWN**—Zero Mostel and a fine cast in an altogether new production, on a



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Barnum & Bailey scale, of his 1958 success. Burgess Meredith is again the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?**—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle counter girl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**WILD STUNT SHOW**—The Madhouse Company from London in a show made up of stunts—tricks and acrobatics. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinee Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 28.)

**WORDS AND MUSIC**—The eminent lyric-writer Sammy Cahn literally strutting his stuff. He is assisted by some pleasant young singers and a good piano player. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**LONG RUNS—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.)

**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,825 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**GOODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, ex-

cept Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**IRENE:** A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway, 860-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

**A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, William Daniels, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?** A satirical revue with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-3780. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**SAVE THE CIRCLE**—A benefit designed to rescue the Circle in the Square. Among those taking part will be Colleen Dewhurst, Anne Jackson, James Earl Jones, Paul Newman, Jason Robards, Maureen Stapleton, Eli Wallach, and Joanne Woodward. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. Monday, April 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call 581-3270.)

**SAMMY DAVIS, JR.**—With singer Freda Payne, and the tap-dancing Nicholas Brothers in a two-week engagement of vaudeville. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 4.)

**THE CIRCUS**—Everything but the canvas top. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Because of basketball and hockey play-offs, the evening performance on Thursday, April 25, and the five-thirty performance on Sunday, April 28, will be cancelled. The evening performance on Friday, April 26, and the one-fifteen performance on Sunday, April 28, may be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 27.)

**MAGIC SHOW**—The annual "Salute to Magic" put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, April 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

## DANCE

**NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA**—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Sunday matinee, April 28, and Friday evening, May 3), in a two-week engagement. Wednesday and Thursday, April 24-25: "The Sleeping Beauty." Friday and Saturday, April 26-27: Sunday evening, April 28; and Tuesday, April 30: "Les Sylphides," "Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Don Juan" (New York premiere). Sunday matinee, April 28: "Les Sylphides," "Le Loup," and "Don Juan." Wednesday through Friday, May 1-3: "Giselle." Saturday, May 4: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 30—Tuesday, April 30, at 8: "Jewels." Wednesday, May 1, at 8: "Dances Concertantes," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." Thursday, May 2, at 8: "Bugaku," "Agon," "Symphony in





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Three Movements," and "The Concert."...  
**Friday, May 3, at 8:** "Dances Concertantes," "An Evening's Waltzes," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in C."...  
**Saturday, May 4, at 2:** "Dances at a Gathering" and "Symphony in C."...  
**Saturday, May 4, at 8:** "Donizetti Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Dances at a Gathering." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

**MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 24, at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Cave of the Heart," "Embattled Garden," and "Night Journey."...  
**Thursday, April 25, at 8:** "Circe," "Cave of the Heart," "Chronique," and "Night Journey."...  
**Friday, April 26, at 8:** "Clytemnestra."...  
**Saturday, April 27, at 2:** "Chronique," "El Penitente," and "Night Journey."...  
**Saturday, April 27, at 8:** "Seraphic Dialogue," "Holy Jungle" (première), and "Deaths and Entrances."...  
**Monday, April 29, at 7:30:** "Errand Into the Maze," "Letter to the World," and "Holy Jungle."...  
**Tuesday, April 30, at 8:** "Chronique," "Holy Jungle," and "Deaths and Entrances."...  
**Wednesday, May 1, at 8:** "Clytemnestra."...  
**Thursday, May 2, at 8:** "Embattled Garden," "Errand Into the Maze," "Cave of the Heart," and "Night Journey."...  
**Friday, May 3, at 8:** "Seraphic Dialogue," "El Penitente," and "Diversion of Angels."...  
**Saturday, May 4, at 2:** "Diversion of Angels," "Letter to the World," and "Appalachian Spring."...  
**Saturday, May 4, at 8:** "Clytemnestra." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064.)

**DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 24, at 8; Saturday, April 27, at 2; and Sunday, April 28, at 7:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Haiku," "Agon," and "Rhythmtron."...  
**Thursday, April 25, and Saturday, April 27, at 8:** "Design for Strings," "Tones," "Le Corsaire," and "Forces of Rhythm."...  
**Friday, April 26, at 8, and Sunday, April 28, at 2:** "Design for Strings," "Ancient Voices of Children" (New York première), "Le Corsaire," and "Forces of Rhythm." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

**PENNSYLVANIA BALLET**—Thursday, May 2, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 5, at 2: "Four Temperaments," "Black Angel," and "Time Passed Summer."...  
**Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, at 8:** "Concerto Barocco," "Opus Le-maitre," and "Carmina Burana." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)  
**JAKI BYARD**—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

**BARBARA CARROLL**—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

**BILL EVANS**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a trio, at ten, through Sunday, April 28.

**SONNY FORTUNE**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone, leading a quintet featuring trumpeter Charles Sullivan, Sunday, April 28, from four to seven.

**STAN GETZ**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, from nine-thirty, through Saturday, April 27.

**JOHN HAMMOND**—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Blues singer, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, through Monday, April 29.

**THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

**ELLIS LARKINS**—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Vernon Duke, Alec Wilder, and Burton Lane on Sunday, April 28, from seven to eight-thirty.

**JUNIOR MANCE**—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

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**DAVE McKENNA**—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with a trio, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

**JIMMY McPARTLAND**—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke, Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

**ARTHUR PRYOCK**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with a combo led by saxophonist Red Prysock. Beginning Monday, April 29, from nine-thirty.

**BUDDY RICH**—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

**JIMMY ROWLES**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, from nine-thirty, through Saturday, April 27.

**BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE**—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Folksinger, through Sunday, April 28, at ten and midnight.

**BOBBY SHORT**—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

**ZOOT SIMS AND BUCKY PIZZARELLI**—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

**BILLY TAYLOR**—Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Piano, leading a trio, Thursdays through Tuesdays, from nine-thirty.

**McCOY TYNER**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, starting Tuesday, April 30.

**CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA**—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo, Sundays from nine until two.

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

**ARTHUR'S TAVERN**, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the only base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

**BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A long, narrow closet of a night club with uncomfortable wooden pews built to accommodate four but often seating a cramped six. The soulful Persuasions, who are still a capella, alternate with comedian Gabriel Kaplan through Sunday, April 28. On Wednesday, May 1, Lori Lieberman, a silken-voiced folksinger, begins singing nightly (except Friday, May 3) following the opening sets of singer Murray McLauchlan. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Coffee and tea are staples. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

**BOOMER'S**, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time. Alto saxophonist Charles McPherson works with his quartet through Saturday, April 27. On Sunday and Tuesday, April 28 and 30, tenor saxophonist David Schnitter and his quartet will be on the stand. Two very fine tenor saxophonists and their respective quartets are to be featured Monday, April 29: Clifford Jordan, an established mainstream player, and Billy Harper, an innovative young composer and musician who plays in Gil Evans' big band. Music from nine to three.

**BOTTOM LINE**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club in New York brings to mind

an image of hordes of bodies glued together in an indoor Woodstockian setting. But at the new Bottom Line the seating is ample, the décor is simple but pleasant, and the commitments to the sound system and lighting are admirable. Buffy Sainte-Marie, the quavering-voiced folk star of the sixties, has annexed rock forms to her repertoire over the past couple of years. She'll be singing here opposite Texas folkie Michael Murphey through Sunday, April 28. On Monday, April 29, saxophonist Grover Washington, Jr., begins taking his band through some carefully calculated soul-jazz. Shows begin at ten and midnight. Snacks.

**BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-paneled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. The piano-bass duo of Bobby Dorough and Bill Takas is featured through Saturday, April 27. On Monday, April 29, pianist John Bunch, a distinguished sideman and leader, comes in with bassist Mike Moore. Sundays are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard, composer and New England Conservatory professor, and the bass of Major Holley. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, and Sundays from nine to one. Dinner.

**BUDDY'S PLACE**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Buddy Rich, who occasionally solos like a Tasmanian devil, has opened his own club, and it turns out to be one of the most agreeable spots in town: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. There is, in addition, no problem with committed conversationalists or hecklers, thanks to the outspokenness of Rich, who makes short work of restoring order. The walls are, with typical Rich modesty, strewn with photographs of the drummer hard at work or dressed in the white pajamalike costume of karate, executing the thrusts and chops of that Oriental martial art (he's a black belt). With equally precise thrusts and chops, Rich, using drumsticks, commands an exciting and talented septet: saxophonists Sonny Fortune and Sal Nistico, pianist Kenny Barron, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and, on the congas, Jimmy Maoulin. Two shows weeknights; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

**CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is the prized fixture here, and his envied repertoire—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—summons up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. The three begin at nine-forty-five, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

**CHURCHILL'S**, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—Mostly jazz from the thirties and forties. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, Brooks Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier, leads (and learns from) the members of his trio—drummer Sam Woodyard and Basie-ite Paul Quinichette, on tenor saxophone. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays are devoted to the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing band led by Art Miller, a young clarinetist. Music from eleven to four. Dining.

**COOKERY**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Pianist Barbara Carroll, who played hop on 52nd Street in the late forties, plays more conventional material with bassist Jay Leonhart Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

**GRAND FINALE**, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A spacious night spot quartered in the ground floor of one of those large, sturdy apartment fortresses that proliferated on the upper West Side forty and fifty years ago. Holly Woodlawn, that Warholian female impersonator, gives some thirty-year-old torch songs a workout through Saturday, April 27. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Nightly shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

**GREGORY'S**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood offers serenity, warmth, and Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, along with his bassist, Al Hall. Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on music by Vernon Duke, Alec Wilder, and Burton Lane on Sunday, April 28, from seven to eight-thirty.





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Johnny Williams, sings at the piano on Monday evenings. Snacks.

**GUITAR**, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Molded-metal chairs, hanging white metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Skeeter Best is the guitarist-in-residence through Saturday, April 27. Bassist Tommy Bryant keeps him company. On Sunday and Monday, April 28-29, classical guitarist Bill Matthews takes over the carpeted dais. Guitarist Carl Thompson and bassist Bob Doherty arrive on Tuesday, April 30. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

**HALF NOTE**, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. A double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquet-lined wall. Lyrical tenorman Stan Getz and his quartet perform opposite singer and pianist Jimmy Rowles through Saturday, April 27. On Monday, April 29, Arthur Prysock, whose rich baritone lends dignity to his jazz and popular work, starts singing with Red Prysock's combo. Singer and organist Bu Pleasant alternates with the Prysocks. The music begins at nine-thirty. On Sunday, various performers are on hand.

**JACQUES**, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5020)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist Gino Biondi participates on Friday and Saturday, April 26-27, and bassist Lyn Christie will be present Friday and Saturday, May 3-4. Music from nine-thirty to three. Singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth performs on Sundays from five to eight.

**JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. On Fridays and Saturdays, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band beginning at nine. Closed Sundays.

**JIMMY'S**, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—In the 52ND STREET ROOM, Ectomorph comedian David Steinberg offers insights on such subjects as the Doublemint Twins (by comparison, they "make Tricia Nixon Cox look mysterious") and sometimes sings songs such as "Freakin' at the Freakers Ball," by Shel Silverstein. Beginning Thursday, April 25. At nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

**MAX'S KANSAS CITY**, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—That these dismal, second-story quarters could be considered a night club must stand as a tribute to the imagination of the owner and to the talents of the folk, blues, and rock celebrities who squeeze through the crowd onto the stage night after night. Captain Beefheart and his band play surrealistic Delta-flavored rock opposite Aim, another breed of rock band, through Monday, April 29. Fledgling rock star Elliott Murphy, the latest in a nearly decade-long string of Dylan derivatives, sings less abrasively than his model did and plays quite passable rock-guitar solos where the Master achieved merely rhythm-perfect folk chords. Murphy's lyrics are not particularly stunning or subtle, and where Dylan lashed out at the middle class from self-imposed bluejean exile, Murphy, in his white Fitzgerald suit, knocks cultural aberrations from a middle-class perspective. His music and his band are quite good and can be sampled during the week beginning Wednesday, May 1. Sharing that bill will be singers and composers Steve Grossman and Allee Willis. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

**METRO**, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an oversolicitous wine list, this club has established itself as another Village refuge for folk, rock, and the like. Singer-harmonica-player-guitarist John Hammond re-creates the blues mannerisms and inflections of the Robert Johnson period through Monday, April 29. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

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**MICHAEL'S PUB**, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until one, Dave McKenna, known primarily for his work with Bobby Hackett, Charlie Ventura, and Woody Herman, is at the piano with his sidemen—bassist Bucky Calabrese and drummer Joe Corsello. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinetist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Thursdays through Saturdays, the Junior Mance trio lets loose with some funky blues from ten until three. Dining.

**PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Just outside the entrance to this peacock-feather-muralled listening room is an indoor sidewalk café, where patrons can watch passersby in the hotel lobby. Articulate pianist Billy Taylor works with bassist Lisle Atkinson and drummer Bobby Thomas Thursdays through Tuesdays from nine-thirty. Dinner.

**RENO SWEENEY**, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A lively West Village cabaret with brick walls, homey curtains on the windows, and devoted patrons. Novella Nelson, a confident and dramatic singer of varied material, from blues to pop, performs at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills the gaps between shows. On Sunday, April 28, Holly Woodlawn will be on hand to sing at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

**SOERABAJA**, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims collaborates with chord-dominated guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

**STRYKER'S**, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied by pianist Teddy Saunders' trio Thursday, April 25, and by trumpeter Jonathan Collins and his quartet Friday and Saturday, April 26-27. On Sunday, April 28, the very fine guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma drops by. Pianist Mitch Kerper heads up a trio on Thursday, May 2. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty until three, and Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on the best jazz around. Pianist Bill Evans plays heady games with his trio through Sunday, April 28. On Tuesday, April 30, brilliant pianist McCoy Tyner begins guiding his quartet through labyrinthine sets. Reedman Sonny Fortune (on his day off as a member of Buddy Rich's septet) leads a quartet featuring trumpeter Charles Sullivan on Sunday, April 28, from four to seven. Mondays belong to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, their fifteen musicians, and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Dinner.

**WEST END CAFÉ**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Brooks Kerr, Paul Quinichette, and Sam Woodyard consider this cafeteria a haven (compared to their post at Churchill's), because the audience here—for the most part, Columbia students—is interested in jazz and

listens to the musicians. The Kerr group, with the addition of trumpeter Franc Williams, is onstage Mondays and Tuesdays; the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, an outfit led by clarinetist Art Miller, works Sundays (when pianist Mabel Godwin sits in) and Wednesdays (when the group is joined by Mike Manne on vibes). No music Fridays and Saturdays. All this and food at student prices, starting at nine.

## BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

**AMERICANA**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the ROYAL BOX, the Sy Oliver orchestra alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio. Dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the CAFÉ, Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Paul Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, Teddy Diamond provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dinnertime singing (and supertime singing, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) in the PERSIAN ROOM is done by Ann Hilton. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ In the PALM COURT, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

**RAINBOW GRILL**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Showman of showmen Sid Caesar supplies the humor opposite Kathie Green, who, looking as though she just stepped out of a yogurt commercial, does the songs at dinner and supper on the grand rooftop. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver, from seven to midnight, every night but Monday.

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Theodore Bikel will be dispensing songs at dinner and supper in the MAISONNETTE through Saturday, April 27. Tuesday, April 30, is opening night for soprano Melba Moore. Anthony Terini's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ... LA BOITE RUSSE, the across-the-way refectory, supplies piano and accordion music, from seven to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ...

¶ In the ST. REGIS ROOM, singers Rosalie Mark and Walt Hunter and pianist Stan Free are presenting an all-Jerome Kern program at ten and an all-Vincent Youmans program at midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Bobby Vinton will end his recitals in the EMPIRE ROOM on Saturday, April 27. On Monday, April 29, Ray Charles will begin raising his voice in song. Dinner and supper are the hours. Dancing to the Bob Rosen-garden orchestra. Closed Sundays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**WILLIAM BECKMAN**—One of the better of the New Realists is represented by a large painting of a standing nude; a large painting of the same woman wearing a short, clinging, synthetic-fabric pink dress and no bra; a self-portrait showing a blond young man with a drooping blond mustache; and several smaller and less sharp-focus rural landscapes. In the painting of the nude, there is a jarring disparity between the impersonal, slick prettiness of the woman's face—just this side of wide-eyed moppet—and the individuality and sexuality of her body. Perhaps the artist is wishing to make some point with this, but he doesn't carry it off. In the pink-dress picture, the girl's face has more character, and the surround-



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in the seat.  
But we put  
them in the  
back, too.

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filled in layers, and  
tautly secured with  
fabric to inhibit in-spring  
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lounge show,  
legs are given  
a smooth finish.

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# Toyota introduces ESP

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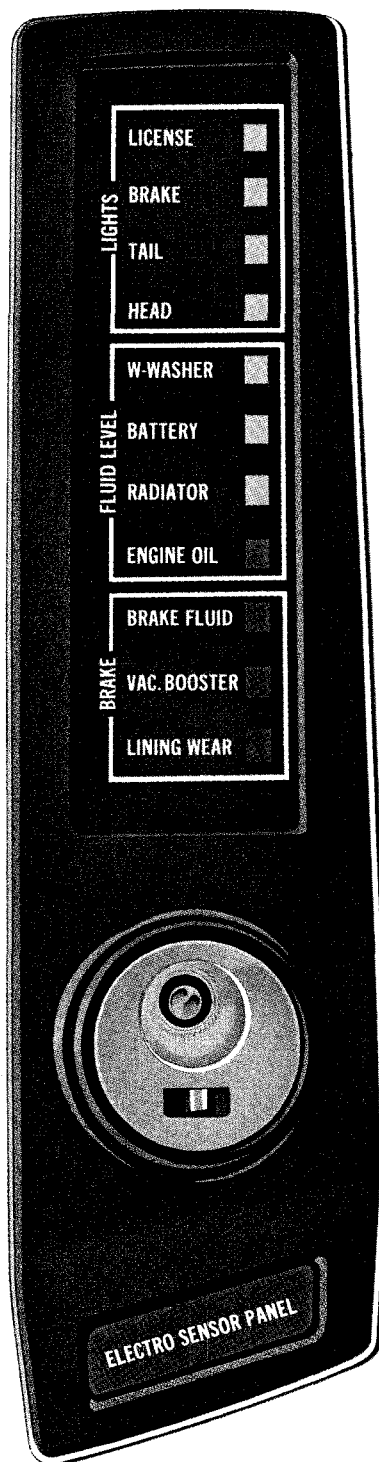


ESP is a built-in feature located above the driver.

Take a close look at the Electro Sensor Panel pictured here. We call it ESP. And you've never seen anything like it before. That's because no other car has it. It's that new.

Toyota created ESP to monitor 11 key service areas. If just one of them needs attention, ESP pops a light on to let you know. Before you find out the hard way.

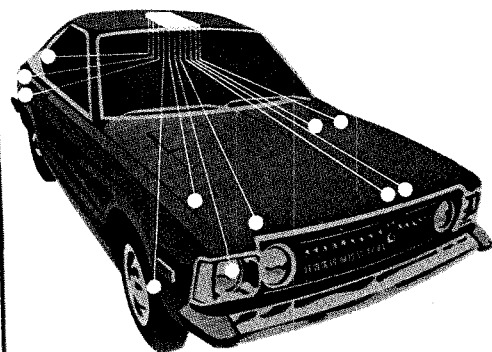
ESP works constantly when the car is running. And it gives you advance warning. That means you can correct



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ESP is standard equipment on the Corona Hardtops. It's a built-in feature located above the driver. To check the system, turn the key, and ESP lights up momentarily to show you that it's working.

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ESP monitors 11 key service areas while you're driving.

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ESP may be in limited supply in your area.



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings—a piece of Persian carpet, an avocado plant in an oversize pot, a view of old buildings through a window, and a watch lying on the windowsill—handsomely reinforce the Surrealism that has become an almost inevitable concomitant of the New Realism. Through Saturday, April 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

**JANET ALLING**—Household plants painted close up. Through Thursday, May 2. (Kornblce, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MANUEL AYASO**—Paintings and drawings by a Spanish-American artist. Through May 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ANDRÉ BAUCHANT** (1873-1958)—Thirty-eight oils by a French naïf who fearlessly tackled any subject that won his attention—woodland vistas, urban scenes, watersides, approaching storms, Biblical themes. *Cléopâtre Se Rendait Chez Antoine*. A successful nurseryman caught up in the First World War, he learned drawing, almost literally by the numbers, in the Army, where he was trained to do telemetric landscapes for artillery observers. He was pleased with the work (he added flowers to his drawings on the Marne front), and when he was demobilized, at the age of forty-six, he gave up his nursery and devoted himself to art. Fortunately, he had nearly forty years to go. Through May 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**BARTON BENES/EDWARD RENOUF**—Objects (books, eyeglasses, a hammer, dolls) treated Surrealistically. Paintings resembling finger paintings. Through Saturday, April 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

**JAMES BISHOP**—Geometrical oil studies on paper. Through Saturday, May 4. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**NORMAN BLUMH**—Monumental paintings done in 1972 and 1973 by this Abstract Expressionist. Through May 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

**GILLIAN BRADSHAW-SMITH**—Huge abstract drawings and sculptures; first solo show here. Through May 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**CLAUDIO BRAVO**—Magic Realist paintings. Through May 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ALEXANDER CALDER**—The Master's playful designs come through as happily in Aubusson tapestries (twenty-four in this show) as they do in mobiles and stabiles or on airplanes. Through June 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ROSEMARY COVE**—Sculptures of figures in bronze, terra-cotta, and plaster, plus drawings. Through May 18. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**DOUGLAS CUMMING**—Drawings and paintings of nudes. Through May 6. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ALAN DAVIE**—Small oils painted during 1973 by an English artist. Through Saturday, April 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**MARY FAULCONER**—Small, meticulous paintings in gouache of mustard pots, herbs, French café façades, matchboxes, and other quaint memorabilia. Through Saturday, April 27. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**JOHN FISCHER**—Large Abstract Expressionist paintings by an artist who is known for his bread sculptures. Through May 11. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ERNST FUCHS**—Paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**EDWARD GOREY**—Watercolors and drawings by an illustrator of the macabre and author of Gothic tales. Through May 18. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOHN HELIKER**—Paintings of the Maine coast, still-lives, and interiors, plus drawings. Through Saturday, May 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**BUDD HOPKINS**—Hard-edge geometric paintings with a circle at each center. Through Tuesday, April 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**WILL HORWITZ**—Ten black abstract wood sculptures and four geometric paintings. Through

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Saturday, May 4. (Ault, 23 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MARTIN HURTIG**—Indoor and outdoor sculptures in various mediums. Through Saturday, April 27. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

**ROBERT JORDAN**—Landscapes, seascapes, and interiors. Through Saturday, April 27. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**CHRISTOPHER KEENE/MARSHA PELS/DENISE MASTRO-SIMONE-SMITH**—Bronzes by a Canadian, / Rolls of chicken wire swathed in fibre glass. / Works made of polyurethane foam and latex rubber. Starts Saturday, April 27. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**GUSTAV KLIMT** (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings, forty of them from the Lederer collection. Through May 18. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

**RÓMULO MACCIÓ**—Surrealistic figure paintings. Through Saturday, May 4. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ALICE TRUMBULL MASON**—Prints and drawings from 1939 to 1969, by an early geometric abstractionist. Through May 11. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JUAN NICKFORD**—Figure sculptures by a Cuban artist. Through Saturday, April 27. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 60th St.)

**RICHARD OELZE**—Twenty paintings by a seventy-four-year-old German Surrealist, whose later works dwell on eroded landscapes that resolve themselves into humanoid features. Through May 18. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

**CLAES OLDENBURG**—Sculptures, plus drawings and models from the past two years. Starts Saturday, April 27. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JULES OLITSKI**—Color-field abstractions. Starts Saturday, April 27. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

**ROBERT ANDREW PARKER**—Hand-colored prints and monotypes of dreams and fantasies. Through May 11. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**GEORGE PRICE**—Cartoons and drawings. Through May 11. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**UMBERTO ROMANO**—Figurative paintings with embossed areas, most of them including scraps of Japanese or Hebrew newspapers. Through Saturday, May 4. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**DAVID ROTH**—Painted strings hung in calculated color schemes, along with studies for them. Through Wednesday, May 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**EGON SCHIELE** (1890-1918)—Thirty-five drawings, many of them touched with a light wash of color, by this Austrian Expressionist, who was a skilled draftsman with a predilection for bony bawds. Through June 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MANFRED SCHWARTZ** (1909-70)—Pointillist paintings, pastels, and drawings. Through Tuesday, April 30. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

**DAVID SMYTH**—Sculptures and one large drawing. Starts Saturday, April 27. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

**MARK TOBEY**—Sumi ink paintings from 1957.

Through May 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.) ... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Twenty Years of Post-Impressionism, 1880-1900," a show including works by Bonnard, Gauguin, Lacombe, and Vuillard. Through Saturday, April 27. ... **SOLOMON**, 950 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and graphics by Chagall, Gottlieb, Hofmann, Miró, and Picasso. Through Tuesday, April 30. ... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of works from the famous Cone Collection of the Baltimore Museum. Many paintings and drawings by Matisse and Picasso, and also work by Cézanne, Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, Sisley, Lipchitz, and Zorach. Through Saturday, May 4.

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**BEN BIANCHI**—Wall pieces made of brown wrapping paper backed with resin. Through May 11. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JULIEN BINFORD**—Paintings of flowers by this Virginia artist. Through Saturday, April 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**MARY BOULTON**—Abstract collages and landscapes. Through Saturday, May 4. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

**DAN CHRISTENSEN**—Brown paintings. Through May 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**GENEVIÈVE CLAISSE**—Geometric hard-edge paintings; first solo show here. Starts Thursday, April 25. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**THOMAS GEORGE**—Romantic landscape paintings and drawings. Through May 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOHN GUNDELFINGER**—Landscapes of the area around the Delaware Water Gap. Through Thursday, May 2. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**BARBARA HEPWORTH**—Abstract sculptures, mostly in stone. Through Saturday, April 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**CARL HOLTY** (1900-73)—Abstract paintings from the later years of his life. Through May 11. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**DOROTHY HOOD**—Abstract paintings. Through May 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JULIAN LEVI**—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs from the mid-forties to the early seventies. Through May 18. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**RONALD MALLORY**—Acrylic sculptures containing moving mercury. Through Saturday, May 4. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**WILLARD MIDGETTE**—Two mural-size figure paintings dealing with illusion, as well as two smaller works. Through Saturday, May 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

**HARRY NADLER**—Abstract oils suggesting collage. Through May 9. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**BEN NICHOLSON**—A show of works on paper—glass pitchers and goblets, for the most part—in honor of the artist's eightieth birthday. Through May 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ED OATES**—Miniatures resembling temples or tombs. Through Saturday, May 4. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

**HERMAN ROSE**—Oils, watercolors, and monographs, many recently executed in Israel. Through Saturday, April 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Eakins, Sargent, O'Keeffe, and other eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century masters. Through May 11. (Closed Mondays.) ... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Sully, Eilshemius, Bierstadt, and others. Through May 25. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) ... **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Serge Faucher, François Rouan, Claude Viallat, and Simon Hantai. Through Tuesday, April 30. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **SACHS**,







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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

29 W. 57th St.: Power Boothe, John Civitello, Jackie Ferrara, Josef Levi, Babe Shapiro, and John Willenbecher. Starts Saturday, April 27. (Closed Mondays.)

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**CARL ANDRE**—Steel squares or rectangles arranged side by side on the floor to form long strips. Through Wednesday, May 1. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**FRANCES BARTH**—Large abstract paintings and drawings; first solo show here. Through May 8. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**ROBERT BECHTLE/ROBERT COTTINGHAM/RICHARD BERGER**—Realist paintings./Realist paintings./Sculptures. Starts Saturday, April 27. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**BLTYE BOHNEN**—Abstract markings done in graphite on paper. Through May 8. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

**WILLIAM COPLE**—Paintings and drawings from 1946 to 1972 in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the New York Cultural Center. Through May 25. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

**RAFAEL FERRER**—Crayon drawings done on paper bags and on navigational maps, plus works resembling kayaks and oars which hang from the ceiling. Through May 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**RICHARD GAFFNEY/HOWARD GOLDSTEIN**—Crisp, clear-cut ink-and-wash drawings of structural elements around the artist's studio./Geometric paintings. Through Thursday, May 2. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**JULIE GROSS**—Large abstract paintings. Through May 11. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**ROBERT HENRY**—Raw-looking paintings that lament, and exploit, the frailties of man. Through Thursday, May 2. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**CASPAR HENSELMANN/ULRICH NIEMEYER**—Sculptures and other pieces, all involving fractured glass./Circular fibre-glass structures containing water and based on geometric progressions. Through May 8. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**RON KLEEMANN**—Photo-Realist paintings devoted to automobiles—gleaming yellow cabs, chrome-laden hot rods, racers laid open for repairs. Through Saturday, April 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**PAT MAINARDI**—Paintings of junked cars in open fields; also portraits. Through Thursday, May 2. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**ROBERT MORRIS**—Graphite impressions on paper done by the artist with his eyes closed while concentrating on the passage of time and on his respiration; also a contrasting series of black-and-white geometric works. Through Saturday, April 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)... A sculpture installation with sound. Through Saturday, April 27. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**JOHN MURRAY**—Large photographic enlargements on canvas. Through May 10. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**ED PASCHKE**—Paintings of women by a Chicago artist. Starts Saturday, April 27. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**MURRAY REICH**—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 27. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

**MARTIN SCHREIBER/ANSELL BRAY**—Abstract steel sculptures and paintings with progressive forms./Figurative drawings and stone and bronze sculptures. Starts Saturday, April 27. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**MAY STEVENS/MARGE HELENCHILD**—Paintings of a political nature, with an ominous dictatorial figure whose right-hand man is a bulldog./Oversized soft sculptures, plus two series of small, delicate constructions, one with actual oranges and the other with pecans. Through May 15. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**JAMES WOLFE**—Abstract steel sculptures. Starts

Saturday, April 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**ROBERT ZAKANYCH**—Abstract paintings. Through May 10. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Abstract paintings by Marilyn Lenkowsky, Elizabeth Murray, and John Torreano. Through Wednesday, May 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Paintings by Tom Boutis, Ruth Ann Fredenthal, Emily Mason, and Gabriele Roos. Starts Saturday, April 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

### OTHER GALLERIES

**RUTH GIKOW**—Fifteen large paintings and seven drawings of social protest. Through June 6. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

**LLOYD GLASSON**—Bronzes, ceramics, and drawings of the human form. Through Saturday, May 4. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

**DONALD PUTMAN**—Oils and watercolors of the West and of the circus. Through Saturday, April 27. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

**JEAN SARIANO**—Recent graphics, in which toy-like creatures cavort on backgrounds of clear, startling colors. Through Saturday, May 4. (Rosenhouse, 33 Greenwich Ave., near 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, First Ave. at 47th St.: An exhibition of traditional art and crafts from the states of Chad, Mali, Mauritania, Niger, Senegal, and Upper Volta. Through Saturday, May 4.... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Helen Daphnis-Avlon, Theodore Fried, Morris Gluckman, Nell Perret, and Kathleen M. Zimmermann. Through Sunday, April 28. (Fridays, 5 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**ANSEL ADAMS**—A hundred-and-fifty photographs spanning his career of more than fifty years. Through June 30. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**JUDY DATER AND JACK WELPOTT**—Mostly black-and-white portraits of women, by a couple from California. Through May 11. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**CHARLES PRATT/EDWARD S. CURTIS (1868/1952)**—An exhibition of concise and evocative black-and-white landscapes and nature studies./Historical photographs of Indians and Eskimos. Through May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**LUCAS SAMARAS**—Self-portrait photographs distorted by the artist. Through Saturday, April 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**KEITH SMITH/BARBOZA**—Photo etchings, hand-made books, and collages./Photographs. Through Saturday, April 27. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. An emotional quality runs through it that seems to arise from the ancient city itself and from its heady effect on the participating photographers, each of whom has contributed a written statement that is posted along with his work. Each is represented by between one and sixteen photographs, and each has selected a different aspect of the city's architecture, culture, and population, so that the viewer gets the same impression of variousness and richness and strangeness that he might get from an actual visit to a foreign city. Regarded as an exhibition of photography, the show is less impressive; there are not many outstanding photographs. One of the exceptions is Leonard Freed's picture of a Simhath Torah celebration in the Chassidic district—a rich, dark, dramatic composition showing a large room filled with men in big fur hats and medieval-looking coats standing in groups and conversing animatedly, while a smiling boy in a wide-



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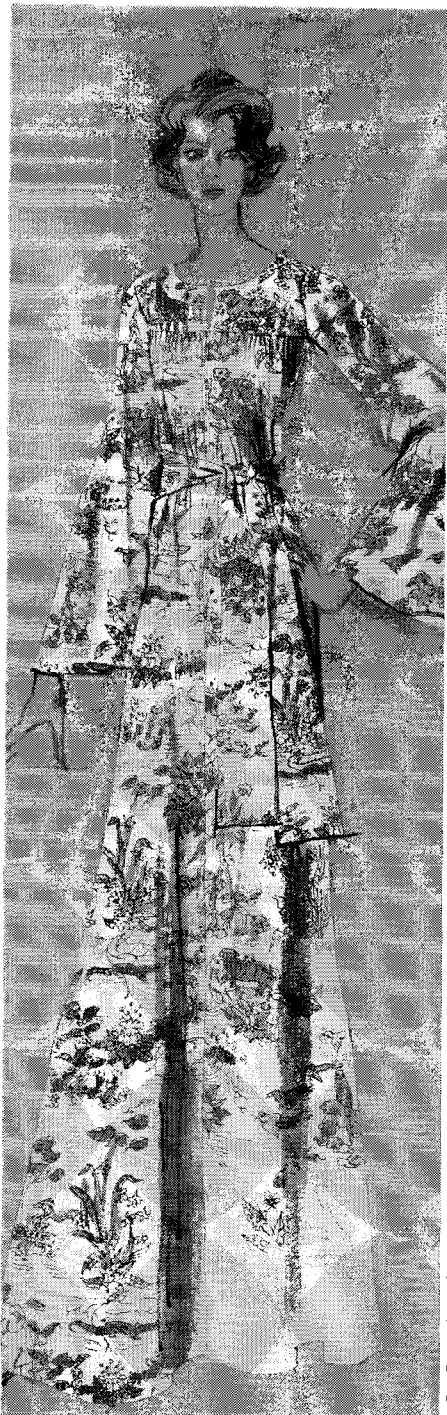
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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

brimmed hat sits pensively in the foreground. It has the atmosphere of one of the overheated evening parties in a Dostoevski novel, and is reminiscent, in its formal qualities, of Stieglitz's "The Steerage." Other noteworthy photographs are Alfred Bernheim's portrait of the bearded, mouthless Martin Buber; Aliza Auerbach's romantic picture of lovers sitting on a bench in the Garden of Gethsemane; and Bhupendra Karia's picture of two wicked Arab curio dealers at the Jaffa Gate. In his introduction to the catalogue, Teddy Kollek, the Mayor of Jerusalem, tells a fine story illustrating the conflicting views—which have created problems for the city—between European and Oriental Jews in regard to the Protestant work ethic, which the former have acquired over the centuries, and the latter have not. The story is about "a Mr. Cohen from Rochester, New York, who comes and meets a Jew from North Africa and asks him, why don't you work harder? And the North African Jew says, what would I do if I worked harder? The American says, you would make a little money and buy yourself a little shop and then, if you work still harder and treat your customers nicely, eventually you would have two shops, and in the end you would have five; this is how I did it. What will I do then? asks the North African. And the American replies, you would save a little money. And what will I do with the money? Well, says the American, you would have leisure. And the North African shrugs and says, I have leisure already." Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Approximately two hundred prints by fifteen Japanese photographers. Through May 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Character studies by Jill Freedman, photographs of old photos and discarded objects by Robert Borsuk, nature studies by Bob Scherer, and foreign scenes by Anna Maria Sarmiento. Through Tuesday, April 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)... **SONNABEND**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Photographs by Beaton, Horst, Hoyningen-Huene, and Nadar. Through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The exhibition on two floors here of American Pop Art done between 1953 and 1972 includes such classics as Oldenburg's "Bedroom Ensemble," Rauschenberg's "Bed," Warhol's "Marilyn Monroe Diptych," and Lichtenstein's "Blam," along with works nearly as hallowed by Wesselmann, Johns, Ruscha, Dine, Rivers, Ramos, D'Arcangelo, and others, and it reveals that Pop Art is actually a member, rather than a poor relation, of the family of American abstract-art styles. The mass-culture iconography—which was taken to be the whole point of Pop Art when it first burst upon the art scene of the late fifties as an alternative to the dominant nonrepresentational modes—today appears almost incidental to the formal concerns of the Pop artists. The viewer is struck by the affinities between the works here and the works of Abstract Expressionists and hard-edge abstractionists, and by the disparity between the unbuttoned statements of Pop artists (such as Oldenburg's exuberant manifesto in "Store Days," in praise of brand names and crassness, and Warhol's characterization of Pop Art as "faking things") and the studied, almost academic appearance of their productions. Through June 16....  
 Paintings, including several diptychs and triptychs, executed between 1969 and the present by Joan Mitchell, a second-generation Abstract Expressionist. Through May 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)  
**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—"The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31....  
 A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3....  
 A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title

"Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Six paintings by Gerald Murphy (all that have survived of the fourteen he did), plus photographs of the Murphys and their friends, and some charming watercolors that Léger did while sailing with the Murphys in 1934. Through May 19....  
 Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallotton depicting all levels of Parisian society. Through Sunday, April 28....  
 Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through Sunday, April 28....  
 Environmental sculptures by Rafael Ferrer, a Puerto Rican artist. Through May 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), dealing with his development from early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, cousin, and godfather. Through June 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Fluorescent and electric-light works and transparent sculptures by Antonakos, Flavin, and others. Through May 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through June 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W., at 79th St.—Realistic wood carvings, by Gilbert Maggioni and Grainger McKoy, of shore birds, waders, birds of prey, waterfowl, and gamebirds characteristic of South Carolina's coastal inlets and marshes. Through May 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan show of Indian temple hangings of the Krishna cult, executed during the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries in the province of Rajasthan, in Northwest India. Starts Friday, April 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**CHINA HOUSE**, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Through May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—Seventy manuscripts from the Middle Ages, collected by Pierpont Morgan. Starts Friday, April 26....  
 About forty Rembrandt etchings. Starts Friday, April 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART**, 49 W. 53rd St.—New York stoneware and redware from the past two hundred years. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle—Erotic paintings and drawings by William Copley, an American Surrealist. Through May 19. A complementary show is at the Onnasch Gallery, 139 Spring St....  
 Forty-two prints by Richard Hamilton, the English Pop artist, covering his entire work in the medium, from 1950 to 1973. Through Sunday, April 28....  
 Forty-five Impressionist paintings by Susan Kahn, mostly of young people. Through May 5....  
 A hundred and fifty drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), among them studies for Minimal works, nonsites, an airport project, and earthworks. Through June 16....  
 Monumental fibre-glass sculptures by Walter Redinger, a young Canadian. Through May 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave., at 42nd St.—"Byron on the Continent & Lord Byron's Women," a two-part exhibition of letters and books commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the poet's death. Through Tuesday, April 30....  
 "Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women



of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER**—More than ninety stage and costume designs by the Russian-born Constructivist Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Carved wood sculptures by Tonnice Jones, and oils, bronzes, and etchings by Betty Blayton Taylor. Through May 12. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**NEW YORK CITY OPERA**—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 24, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Ruth Welting, Kathleen Hegierski, Gene Bullard, Adib Fazah, Robert Hale, and David Griffith; conducted by Ross Reinmuller. . . . Thursday, April 25, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Margaret Yauger, Janice Yocs, Beverly Evans, Francisco Ortiz, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinou, Jerold Siena, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel. . . . Friday, April 26, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Noelle Rogers, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Muriel Greenspon, Alan Titus, and Thomas Jamerson; John Nelson. . . . Saturday, April 27, at 2: "Medea," with Maralin Niska, Anna Giaccotti, Samuel Ramey, and Erik Townsend; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . Saturday, April 27, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Ruth Welting, Muriel Greenspon, Beverly Evans, Tulio Pane, and Vasile Martinou; Franklin Choset. . . . Sunday, April 28, at 1: "The Consul," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Greenspon, John Darrenkamp, Edward Pierson, and Nico Castel; Christopher Keene. . . . Sunday, April 28, at 7: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Noelle Rogers, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Alan Titus, and Brent Ellis; John Nelson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

**JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER**—Benefit performances of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), preceded by Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (in shortened form and in English). Staged by Gerald Freedman, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Peter Herman Adler. Also taking part will be students of the drama and dance departments. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 2-4, at 8, and Sunday, May 5, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, April 25, and Saturday, April 27, at 8:30 (both with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone); Friday, April 26, at 2, and Tuesday, April 30, at 7:30 (both with Eliot Chapo, violin); and Friday, May 3, at 2, and Tuesday, May 7, at 7:30 (both with Sol Greitzer, viola; Philip Sterling, narrator; and the Camerata Singers). . . . **NOTE:** Mr. Boulez will also conduct the orchestra in an informal performance of Varese's "Equatorial" (with the Camerata Singers), as well as discuss, explain, and illustrate Varese and his music (and answer questions) on Thursday, May 2, at 8:30, at Alice Tully Hall.

**CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Georg Solti conducting the final concerts of the season here. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, May 1, at 8, with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano, and Zoltán Kelemen, bass-baritone; and Saturday, May 4, at 8, no soloists.)

**ORQUESTA SINFÓNICA NACIONAL DE MÉXICO**—Gerhard Samuel conducting a program of works by contemporary composers, with Hermilo Novelo, violin. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, May 2, at 8:30.)

**ENGLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA**—Pinchas Zuker-



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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 26, at 8.)

**BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, this one a program of music by Polish composers, with commentary by the composer Krzysztof Penderecki. Also with Mark Sokol, violin; Jonathan Rigg, tenor; the Concord String Quartet; the Long Island Symphonic Choir; and the New Jersey Percussion Ensemble. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 27, at 8.)

**AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting the final concert of the season, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 29, at 8.)

**COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CONCERT BAND, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB, AND COLUMBIA-BARNARD CHORUS**—A joint concert, with Roger Nierenberg and Gregg Smith directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**MUSICA SACRA OF NEW YORK**—Richard Westenburg directing the last in a series of concerts of Bach cantatas, with Benita Valente, soprano; Shirley Love, alto; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 25, at 8.)

**PRINCETON UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB**—Walter Nollner directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 25, at 8.)

**GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK**—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

**ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**—David Randolph directing, with Sandra Darling, soprano; Carole Walters, mezzo-soprano; John Morrison, tenor; and William Metcalf, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

**CONCORDIA CHOIR**—Ralph C. Schultz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 3.)

**GREGG SMITH SINGERS**—Gregg Smith directing a program of twentieth-century music. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, April 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**METROPOLITAN GREEK CHORALE**—Dino Anagnost directing a program of Greek music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 4, at 8.)

### RECITALS

**LORIN HOLLANDER**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 24, at 8.)

**CONCORD STRING QUARTET**—With George Rothenberg, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 24, at 8.)

**DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS**—The last in a series of programs of contemporary music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 25, at 8.)

**PROSPECTIVE ENCOUNTERS WITH MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—Pierre Boulez conducting two programs of contemporary chamber music. Both the performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, April 26, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and Friday, May 3, postponed from March 1, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

**GUSTAV LEONHARDT AND SIGISWALD KUIJKEN**—Harp-sichord/fortepiano and baroque violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 8.)

**GUARNERI QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 27, at 8.)

**SPECULUM MUSICAE**—The second of two programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

**LOIS WHITEMAN**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 2:30.)

**YEHUDI AND HEPHZIBAH MENUHIN**—Violin and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 28, at 3.)

**DIANNE CHILGREN**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 29, at 8.)

**BOSTON SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAYERS**—A benefit concert, with Claude Frank, piano. (Town

Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, April 29, at 8.)

**CLEVELAND QUARTET**—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Raphael Hillyer, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 29, at 8.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER**—Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; the Juilliard String Quartet; Walter Trampler, viola; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. The final concerts of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 30-May 1, at 7:30.)

**DAVID BAR-ILLAN**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 30, at 8.)

**COMPOSERS STRING QUARTET**—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, May 1, at 8.)

**JOSÉ ITURBI**—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, May 2, at 8.)

**NEW YORK HARP ENSEMBLE**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 4, at 2:30.)

**ZARA NELSOVA AND GRANT JOHANNESSEN**—A program of sonatas for cello and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 4, at 8.)

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**INTERLUDES**—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 24, at 5:45: **GEORGE PLIMPTON**. . . Wednesday, May 1, at 5:45: **JACQUES KAYAL**.

**ROLAND HANNA TRIO**—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8.

**NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY**—The eighth in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Duke Ellington, with Sy Oliver, Stanley Cowell, Stan Getz, and Billy Taylor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8.)

**DUKE ELLINGTON TRIBUTE**—Bob Wilber leading former members of the Duke's band in a program of Ellington music. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, April 28, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

**MARTIN MULL**—Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 8:30.

**FANNY**—Town Hall. Tuesday, April 30, at 8.

**KING CRIMSON**—With Robin Trower. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 1, at 8.)

**HOT TUNA**—With Acoustic, Jorma Kaukonen, and Jack Casady. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, May 2-3, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

**ROD MCKUEN**—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, at 8.

**SONNY ROLLINS**—With Freddie Hubbard. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8.)

**GENESIS**—Academy of Music. Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5, at 8.

**QUICKSILVER AND COUNTRY JOE McDONALD**—With Barry Melton. (Academy of Music. Saturday, May 4, at midnight.)

### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**BASEBALL**—At Shea Stadium—**METS**: Vs. San Diego, Friday, May 3, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 4, at 2:15. . . **YANKEES**: Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday and Thursday, April 24-25, at 2. . . Texas, Friday, April 26, at 8; Saturday, April 27, at 2; and Sunday, April 28, at 1 (doubleheader). . . Oakland, Tuesday, April 30, at 8, and Wednesday, May 1, at 2.

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, April 26, at 8, if necessary). . . American Basketball Association championship playoffs, Nets vs. Indiana or Utah. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Depending on the Western Division's finishing order, the opening date will be either Thursday, April 25; Saturday, April 27; or Tuesday, April 30.)

**CREW**—Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Syracuse, and Navy. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 27). . . Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 27). . . Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia. Sun-





On my vacation,  
I'll be sailing on the  
smooth Caribbean.

You'll see me on  
a stretch of silky  
white beach.

I want to look in  
all the shops.

I want to vacation  
in a sophisticated  
spot with a foreign  
accent.

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day, April 28.)...**Adams Cup Regatta:** Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge, Saturday, May 4.)

**HOCKEY**—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Madison Square Garden, Thursday, April 25, at 8:05; Sunday, April 28, at a time to be announced; and, if necessary, Thursday, May 2, at 8:05.)

**RACING**—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 27, and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, May 4. ... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27. ... **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 4.

**TRACK**—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 26-27.)

**TROTTING**—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 18. ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

### FOR CHILDREN

**MUSIC**—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "The Gondoliers," Saturday and Sunday, April 27-28, at 4. ... "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, May 4, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) ... **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the final children's concerts of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, May 4, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

**PLAY**—The Meri Mini Players presenting "Alliwhishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturday, April 27, at 12:30 and 2:30, and Saturday, May 4, at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "It's About Time," through May 6. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

### ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... **Hour-long tours** leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**POETRY READINGS**—Robert Fitzgerald, John Malcolm Brinnin, and Elizabeth Bishop reading from the works of T.S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas, and Marianne Moore. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 1, at 7:30.)

**DISCUSSIONS**—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Leonard Harris, discussing Mr. Cook's and Mr. Moore's work in the theatre. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 28, at 8.)

**FLEA MARKET**—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

**AUCTIONS**—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 24, at 2: English and Continental silver, from many sources. ... Friday, April 26, at 2: Oriental rugs, from various owners. ... Saturday, April 27, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from a number of collectors. ... Wednesday, May 1, at 8: Fifty-nine twentieth-century works of art, including five sculptures by Giacometti and one by Brancusi, and paintings by such artists as Picasso, Braque, Léger, and Gris; from the Arnold Marent Collection. Exhibition starts Friday, April 26. ... Thursday, May 2, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures by van Gogh, Cézanne, Matisse, Max Ernst, and others; from a variety of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 26.



On my vacation,  
I'll be surfing in the  
roaring Atlantic.

I'll bet on a silky  
horse that's first  
in the final stretch.

I want to look  
on all the ships.

I want to vacation  
in a spot where the  
accent is on the  
wild side.

I want to make the  
scene in Barbados.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)  
"The Three Musketeers."

**THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)  
Through April 27: "Good Girls Go to Paris" and "She Married Her Boss."  
April 28-30: "Grand Hotel" and "Dancing Lady."  
From May 1: "Tarnished Lady" and "Zaza."

**ST. MARKS CINEMA**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)  
Through April 30: "The Laughing Policeman" and "The Boy Friend."  
From May 1: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "Visions of Eight."

**CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)  
Through April 30: "The Paper Chase" and "The Heartbreak Kid."  
From May 1: To be announced.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)  
"Blazing Saddles."

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)  
"The Sting."

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)  
"The Super Cops" and "Where's Poppa?"

**EASTSIDE CINEMA**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)  
"American Graffiti."

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)  
"Our Time."

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)  
"Conrack."

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)  
"Claudine."

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)  
"The Exorcist."

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)  
"The Day of the Dolphin."

**CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)  
"The Conversation."

**EAST 59TH STREET I**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)  
"Blazing Saddles."

**EAST 59TH STREET II**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)  
"The Last Detail."

**CINÉ MALIBU**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)  
"A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)  
"The Exorcist."

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)  
"The Sugarland Express."

**FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM**, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)  
"Attica."

**COLUMBIA I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)  
"The Three Musketeers."

**COLUMBIA II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)  
"The House on Chelouche Street."

**BECKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)  
"Badlands."

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)  
"Lovin' Molly."

**LOEWS TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)  
"The Great Gatsby."

**72ND STREET EAST**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)  
Through April 30: "McQ."  
From May 1: To be announced.

**JULIET I**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)  
To be announced.

**JULIET 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)  
To be announced.

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)  
"Blazing Saddles."

**U. A. EAST**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)  
"The Sting."

**LOEWS ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)  
"The Great Gatsby."

**LOEWS CINÉ**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)  
"Conrack."

**86TH ST. EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)  
Through April 30: "The Super Cops."  
From May 1: "Black Eye."

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S • M • T • W • T • F • S |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|---------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
|                           |    |    | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 28                        | 29 | 30 | 1  | 2  |    |    |

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

**R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1**, Lexington at 86th. (280-8900)  
"Thomazine & Bushrod."

**R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2**, Lexington at 86th. (280-8932)  
"Foxy Brown."

## WEST SIDE

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)  
"The Mother and the Whore."

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)  
Through April 30: "The Last Detail."  
From May 1: "Sleeper" and "Bananas."

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)  
Through April 30: "Partner" and "In the Name of the Father."  
From May 1: "Long Day's Journey Into Night."

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)  
"Blazing Saddles."

**QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and 4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)  
Through April 30 at one or another of the theatres: "Paper Moon" and "Save the Tiger"/"The Merchant of Four Seasons" and "The Spider's Stratagem"/"Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" and "The Way We Were"/"Mean Streets" and "Fat City."  
From May 1: To be announced.

**ELGIN**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)  
April 24: "Boccaccio '70" and "The Organizer."  
April 25-27: "The Damned" and "Repulsion."  
April 28-29: "The Conformist" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."  
April 30: "Les Biches" and "La Femme Infidèle."  
From May 1: "Freaks" and "Fellini Satyricon."

**23RD ST. CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)  
Through April 30: "The Last Detail."  
From May 1: "Walking Tall."

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)  
"The Three Musketeers."

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)  
"Mame."

**ZIEGFELD**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)  
"Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones."

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)  
"Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" and "The Way We Were."

**PLAYBOY**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)  
"Blazing Saddles."

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)  
"Love and Anarchy."

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)  
April 24: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."  
April 25: "Red Desert" and "La Notte."  
April 26-28: "All About Eve" and "Sunset Boulevard."  
April 29: "Fahrenheit 451" and "The Wild Child."  
April 30: "Torn Curtain" and "Topaz."  
May 1: "The Touch" and "The Stranger."  
From May 2: "Psycho" and "The Birds."  
Special matinee programs: Wednesday and Thursday, April 24-25: "Boris Godunov"

(1955). Sunday, April 28: "The Sea Hawk" (1940), with Errol Flynn and Flora Robson.

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)  
"The Exorcist."

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)  
"The Great Gatsby."

**CINEMA STUDIO**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)  
"Sleeper."

**REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)  
April 24: "Double Suicide" and "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan."  
April 25-27: "The Sword of Doom" and "Kill!"  
April 28-30: "Sanshiro Sugata" and "Throne of Blood."  
May 1: "The Saga of Anatahan."  
From May 2: "Trail of Blood, Part I" and "Sanjuro."

**EMBASSY 72ND ST.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)  
Through April 30: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "César and Rosalie."  
From May 1: "Walking Tall."

**BEACON**, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)  
"The Three Musketeers."

**LOEWS 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)  
"Blazing Saddles."

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)  
Through April 30: "The Last Detail."  
From May 1: "Notorious" and "Rebecca."

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)  
"The Sting."

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)  
Through April 30: "A Clockwork Orange" and "THX 1138."  
From May 1: "Don't Look Now" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."

**OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)  
Through April 30: "Le Sex Shop" and "Cries and Whispers."  
From May 1: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."

**NOTE**—A few specialist film houses: **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. This weekend is nonmusical—Friday through Sunday, April 26-28: "Of Human Bondage" (1934; Bette Davis and Leslie Howard) and "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (1935; Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon)... **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays... **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

## FILM LIBRARIES

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 24 at noon: "Raoul Walsh" (1973), written and directed by Richard Schickel... ¶ April 24 at 5:30: "The Silence" (1963), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom; recommended for adults only... ¶ April 25 at 2: "Raoul Walsh" (1973)... ¶ April 25 at 5:30: "The Red Dance" (1928), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Dolores Del Rio and Charles Farrell... ¶ April 25 at 8: "Sadie Thompson" (1928), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Gloria Swanson, Lionel Barrymore, and Mr. Walsh... ¶ April 26 at 2: "The Loves of Carmen" (1927), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Dolores Del Rio and Victor McLaglen; Czech titles only, a Czech print of the film being the only surviving one available... ¶ April 26 at 5:30: "The Red Dance" (1928)... ¶ April 27 at noon: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1941), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney... ¶ April 27 at 3: "In Old Arizona" (1929), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Warner Baxter and Dorothy Burgess... ¶ April 27 at 5:30: "Sadie Thompson" (1928)... ¶ April 28 at 2: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1941)... ¶ April 28 at 5:30 and April 29 at 2: "The Monkey Talks" (1927), directed by Raoul Walsh,



with Don Alvarado and Raymond Hitchcock. . . . April 29 at 5:30: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. . . . April 30 at 2: "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1926), an Italian film, directed by Carmine Gallone and Anleto Polermo; no English titles. . . . April 30 at 5:30: "In Old Arizona" (1929). . . . May 1 at 5:30: "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1926). . . . May 2 at 5:30: "The Cock-Eyed World" (1929), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. . . . May 2 at 8: "What Price Glory?" (1926), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

**NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three Italian films directed by Roberto Rossellini: April 24 at 3 and 6: "The Age of the Medici, Part One" (1973). . . . April 25 at 3 and 6: "The Age of the Medici, Part Two" (1973). . . . April 26 at 5 and 7:30: "The Age of the Medici, Part Three" (1973). . . . April 27-28 at 2 and 4: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), directed by Leo McCarey, with Charles Laughton and Mary Boland. . . . May 1 at 2 and 4: "The Epic That Never Was" (1969), a documentary on the unfinished film "I, Claudius," with Charles Laughton, Josef von Sternberg, and Merle Oberon. . . . May 2 at 3 and 6: "The Sign of the Cross" (1932), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, and Charles Laughton. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th

St.—April 24: "The South," a program of six short films. . . . April 25-May 1: "Third World Films," a program of three short films. . . . Starting May 2: "The Baddest Daddy in the World," directed by Fred Haines; and "Chisholm: Pursuing the Dream," directed by Robert Denby and Tom Werner. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

**BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—April 24 at 8: "Ecstasy" (1933), directed by Gustav Machaty, with Hedy Lamarr. . . . April 25 at 8: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich. . . . April 26 at 7:30: "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow. . . . April 26 at 9:15: "Bay of the Angels" (1962), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Jeanne Moreau.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.  
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

**ALL ABOUT EYE** (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the business, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 26-28.)

**AMERICAN GRAFFITI**—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Eastside Cinema.)

**ATTICA**—An aching, precise study in a calm mood, produced, directed, and edited by Cinda Firestone, about the terrible days of waiting at Attica State Prison between September 9 and 13, 1971, which ended in a massacre of twenty-nine inmates and ten of their hostages by state troopers. At the later McKay Commission hearings—represented by footage cut into the documentary record of the days of the Attica rising itself—the government showed itself guilty of malfeasance and duplicity, yet all sixty-one of the indictments were against the prisoners. The picture is a study of public rumor and prisoners' just grievances, lit by the amazing and commodious eloquence of the prisoners. Not a horror film. See it. (4/15/74) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

**BADLANDS**—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes: Terence Malick's debut picture extends that uninvolved to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. It's like a brilliant student's Ph.D. thesis; the picture is so pre-conceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Beckman.)

**BANANAS** (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often

very, very funny. (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 1.)

**BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY**—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Thalia; starting May 1.)

**LES BICHES** (1968)—St. Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Elgin; April 30.)

**THE BIRDS** (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects took over in this Hitchcock scare picture, and he failed to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 2.)

**BLACK EYE**—With Fred Williamson, directed by Jack Arnold. (86th St. East; starting May 1.)

**BLAZING SADDLES**—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can from the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehearsed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Gramercy, East 59th Street 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.)

**BOCCACCIO '70** (1962)—The Fellini segment features Anita Ekberg as a big blonde on a gigantic poster, advertising milk; the skit is as padded as Ekberg. The Visconti segment is an elegant though overextended sketch featuring Romy Schneider in an attractive performance as a wife who holds her husband (Tommas Milian) by making him pay for her favors. The De Sica segment—the liveliest, and the only one with a Boccaccio flavor—features Sophia Loren as a girl who works with a travelling carnival; in each town she is the prize of a Saturday-night raucous. The way she looks, the whole world would buy tickets. In Italian. (Elgin; April 24.)

**THE BOY FRIEND** (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 30.)

**CÉSAR AND ROSALIE** (1972)—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (1/13/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 30.)

**CLAUDINE**—With Diahann Carroll and James Earl Jones, directed by John Berry. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Fine Arts.)

**A CLOCKWORK ORANGE** (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Thalia; through April 30.)

**THE CONFORMIST** (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Elgin; April 28-29.)

**CONRACK**—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his hurrying through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepented man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Loews Ciné.)

**THE CONVERSATION**—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping and bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying picture of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Coronet.)

**CRIES AND WHISPERS** (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of



## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (Olympia; through April 30.)

**THE DAMNED** (1969)—Luchino Visconti's harrowing attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, slug-gish. (Elgin; April 25-27.)

**DANCING LADY** (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 28-30.)

**THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN**—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Baronet.)

**THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE** (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Elgin; April 28-29.)

**DON'T LOOK NOW**—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Thalia; starting May 1.)

**DOUBLE SUICIDE** (1969)—A magnificently photographed film based on the eighteenth-century play by Chikamatsu, with an introduction that cues the viewer in on the style of Bunraku puppet drama. The film finds the ethics of modern Japan as absurd as in the earlier period; however, despite the cues to the stylization, the meaning is less apparent than the artistry of the director, Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Regency; April 24.)

**DUCK SOUP** (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Olympia; starting May 1.)

**THE EXORCIST**—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

**FAHRENHEIT 451** (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. The performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 29.)

**FAT CITY** (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner

wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and breads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (7/29/72) (Quad Cinema; through April 30.)

**FELLINI SATYRICON** (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Elgin; starting May 1.)

**LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. With Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet. In French. (Elgin; April 30.)

**FOXY BROWN**—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

**FREAKS** (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naive, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Elgin; starting May 1.)

**GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS** (1939)—Joan Blondell, who works at a lunch counter, suares college professor Melvyn Douglas. This broad, forgettable farce involves Walter Connolly and a lunatic family of millionaires. Alexander Hall directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 27.)

**GRAND HOTEL** (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and the despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-face Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 28-30.)

**THE GREAT GATSBY**—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlesons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow, with a voice that whispers like a bird on the lawn in the Fitzgerald Long Island summer. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously

rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum, ... Paramount. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Reserved performances—not seats—only.)

**THE HEARTBREAK KID** (1972)—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (12/16/72) (Cinema Village; through April 30.)

**HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Rivà's splendid performance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 24.)

**HORSEFEATHERS** (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Olympia; starting May 1.)

**THE HOUSE ON CHELOUCHE STREET**—With Gila Almagor, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (Columbia II.)

**IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER**—A gaudy, splintered piece of work in which a satanically clever boy at a Jesuit school outwits the priests at their own game of power-by-diabolism when he asks for more science and less Dark Ages obscurantism, though his raucous cruelty actually drags science back to the day of the thumbscrew to serve his megalomaniac purpose. A beautiful-looking, muddleheaded film, directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (4/8/74) (5th Ave. Cinema; through April 30.)

**KILL!** (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Regency; April 25-27.)

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE ROLLING STONES**—A concert on film. (Ziegfeld.)

**THE LAST DETAIL**—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (East 59th Street 11... 8th St. Playhouse, 23rd St. Cinema, and New Yorker; through April 30.)

**LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 24.)

**THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN**—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 30.)

**LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT** (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting May 1.)

**LOVE AND ANARCHY**—With Giancarlo Giannini,



directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

**LOVIN' MOLLY**—Woman as Earth Mother. Produced and written by Stephen Friedman from a much more coherently motivated novel by Larry McMurtry. Beau Bridges is fine as one of Molly's two lifelong lovers; he ages believably and looks right in the Texas landscape. As Molly, Blythe Danner's hair-aging jobs to take her through the years are a fright, like everyone's skin-wrinkling make-up in the cast. Anthony Perkins, that subtle actor, looks rather elfin and urban when he is struggling with a plow. Simply directed by Sidney Lumet, with flashes here and there of his usual feeling for community, though you wish for more. (4/22/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**MAME**—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Music Hall.)

**MCQ**—Prostratingly dull. John Wayne, eager to change his image, plays a tough cop, modelled on Clint Eastwood's Harry Callahan. As a member of the Seattle police force, Wayne clutches a little gun in gnarled hands the size of cattle hooks. John Sturges directed, at a funereal pace. (2/11/74) (72nd Street East; through April 30.)

**MEAN STREETS**—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a ripper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Quad Cinema; through April 30.)

**THE MERCHANT OF FOUR SEASONS** (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmüller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Quad Cinema; through April 30.)

**THE MOTHER AND THE WHORE**—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-five-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (3/4/74) (Waverly.)

**NOTORIOUS** (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains,

Louis Calhern, Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (New Yorker; starting May 1.)

**LA NOTTE** (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was also about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful: his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness. The characters are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems an empty pose. Mastroianni plays a blank-faced famous novelist; as his wife, Jeanne Moreau walks endlessly, with the camera fixated on her rear; and Monica Vitti is a brunette with money up to her ears and nothing to do. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 25.)

**THE ORGANIZER** (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though oversimplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (Elgin; April 24.)

**OUR TIME**—From an overprotected script by Jane C. Stanton, aged twenty-six, about a swanky girls' boarding school full of incredibly euphemistic and ignorant seventeen-year-olds who whisper about sex as though it were some kind of strictly forbidden Sanskrit. License ends in disaster, and so this story of 1955, which was certainly meant to be a piece of lyrical/tragical propaganda for legal abortion, finishes up meaning hellfire for those who, in the film's words, "go all the way." Directed by Peter Hyams, with a beauty named Pamela Sue Martin as Abby, born lucky, and Betsy Slade as Muffy, a plain Jane whose plastic barrettes define something about her hopelessness about herself. (Sutton.)

**THE PAPER CHASE**—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Cinema Village; through April 30.)

**PAPER MOON**—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Ciné Malibu. . . Quad Cinema; through April 30.)

**PARTNER** (1960)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema; through April 30.)

**PSYCHO** (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 2.)

**REBECCA** (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sand-

ers, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. Academy Award as best picture of 1940. (New Yorker; starting May 1.)

**RED DESERT** (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 25.)

**REPULSION** (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Elgin; April 25-27.)

**THE SAGA OF ANATAHAN** (1952)—Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In Japanese. (Regency; May 1.)

**SANJURO** (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Regency; starting May 2.)

**SANSHIRO SUGATA** (1943)—With Susumu Fujita, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Regency; April 28-30.)

**SAVE THE TIGER** (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbars; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (2/17/73) (Quad Cinema; through April 30.)

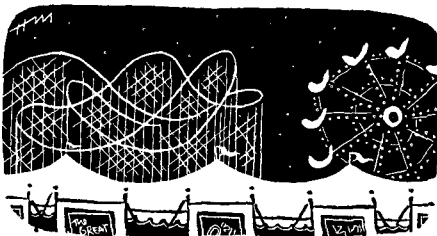
**THE SCANDALOUS ADVENTURES OF BURAIKAN** (1970)—Mid-nineteenth-century Japan, and not a bit scandalous, though the picture—directed by Masahiro Shinoda—has a bright sense of mischief. About feudalism and rebellion. Any Japanese picture must be about this, even if it is about contemporary business executives struggling onto the world's most advanced trains and playing weekend clock golf. In Japanese. (Regency; April 24.)

**LE SEX SHOP**—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (8/6/73) (Olympia; through April 30.)

**SHE MARRIED HER BOSS** (1935)—The flat title tells the whole story of this uninspired office romance. Claudette Colbert, a chic, hyper-efficient secretary, is in love with her rich, miserable department-store-owner boss (Melvyn Douglas). He has a spoiled brat (Edith Fellows) by a previous marriage and a rotten sister who keeps house for him. When he finally marries Claudette, she takes on his domestic mess and discovers that he expects her to be Miss Efficiency forever. This is one of those movies in which all problems are finally solved by the hero and heroine getting drunk and throwing bricks through plate-glass windows. Gregory La Cava directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 27.)

**SLEEPER**—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Cinema Studio. . . 8th St. Playhouse; starting May 1.)

**THE SPIDER'S STRATAGEM** (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating,





# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through April 30.)

**THE STING**—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, U. A. East, and Symphony.)

**THE STRANGER** (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

**THE SUGARLAND EXPRESS**—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) gets off a bus in Texas, and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: "I want it now." Whatever it is, Lou Jean can't wait for it. The film is about the foul-up she causes when she and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet it has eagerness and flash and talent. The director, Steven Spielberg, is twenty-six and a wizard at action sequences; in terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal debut films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (Cinema II.)

**SUMMER WISHES, WINTER DREAMS**—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (Festival.... Quad Cinema; through April 30.)

**SUNSET BOULEVARD** (1950)—Brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past, narrated by a corpse. A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once great silent star, Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past, and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salomé." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight burial of a pet chimpanzee. Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were Salomé, yet the acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. Charles Brackett produced, Billy Wilder directed; the script is by Brackett and Wilder and D. M. Marshman, Jr. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 26-28.)

**THE SUPER COPS**—With Ron Leibman and David Selby, directed by Gordon Parks. (34th St. East.... 86th St. East; through April 30.)

**THE SWORD OF DOOM** (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Regency; April 25-27.)

**THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE**—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Rec-

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ommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 30.... St. Marks Cinema; starting May 1.)

**TARNISHED LADY** (1931)—Limp. George Cukor's first directorial solo, Tallulah Bankhead's first talkie, and a flop for both. Donald Ogden Stewart shaped the script for Bankhead, and it was conceived on the elegant model of her stage successes; she's a socialite who marries Clive Brook for money and is torn when she falls in love with a Greenwich Village writer. But the Bankhead of tubercular hollows and *soigné* sagging posture who had become a stage idol was never to become popular in movies; only the later boisterous, bellowing Bankhead succeeded with the public. And you can see why. As Cukor has said, "She had beautiful bones, but her eyes were not eyes for movies. They looked somehow hooded and dead.... Her smile didn't illuminate." With Osgood Perkins, Alexander Kirkland, and Elizabeth Patterson; about half of the picture was shot in actual New York City locations. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 1.)

**THOMASINE & BUSHROD**—With Max Julien and Vernetta McGee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

**THE THREE MUSKETEERS**—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Art, Columbia I, Guild, and Beacon.)

**THRONE OF BLOOD** (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Regency; April 28-30.)

**THX 1138** (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocoteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Thalia; through April 30.)

**TOPAZ** (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature. A larger, slower, duller version of the spy thrillers he made in the thirties. Full of wax-work Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking romances, an Arrow-collar hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab facsimiles of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 30.)

**TORN CURTAIN** (1966)—Sloppy, clumsy Hitchcock thriller with Paul Newman as an American nuclear scientist who says he's defecting, and Julie Andrews as the girl who tags along—pure heart, piping voice, and all. With Lila Kedrova. Tamara Toumanova, and Ludwig Donath. Brian Moore is credited with the original screenplay, but probably his friends don't mention it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 30.)

**THE TOUCH** (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a

calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

**A TOUCH OF CLASS**—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an ant-eater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American, Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (Ciné Malibu.)

**TRAIL OF BLOOD, PART I**—Directed by Kenji Mizumi. In Japanese. (Regency; starting May 2.)

**VISIONS OF EIGHT**—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleger, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (8/20/73) (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 1.)

**WALKING TALL**—A rabble-raising movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there is a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (23rd St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 1.)

**THE WAY WE WERE**—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (Festival.... Quad Cinema; through April 30.)

**WHERE'S POPPA?** (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (34th St. East.)

**THE WILD CHILD** (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeenth-nineties, about a doctor (played by Truffaut himself) who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 29.)

**ZAZA** (1938)—Overdressed, stultifying "period" picture, heavy on recriminations and renunciations. Claudette Colbert is miscast as a rowdy wench, the darling of the French music halls, who becomes involved with a married gentleman—Herbert Marshall, so respectable and courteous and boringly nice that his adulterous duplicity is scarcely believable. Colbert wears big feathered hats and works herself up to the appropriate tantrums and spasms of nobility, but it's all mild and lifeless. (The script, which had to be laundered to get through the Hays office, faded away.) Bert Lahr blooms (briefly) as Zaza's manager, and Helen Westley, liquored up and beseequined, plays her greedy stage mother; Constance Collier and Genevieve Tobin are also in the cast. George Cukor directed; the musical numbers have a little more flair than the rest of the movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 1.)



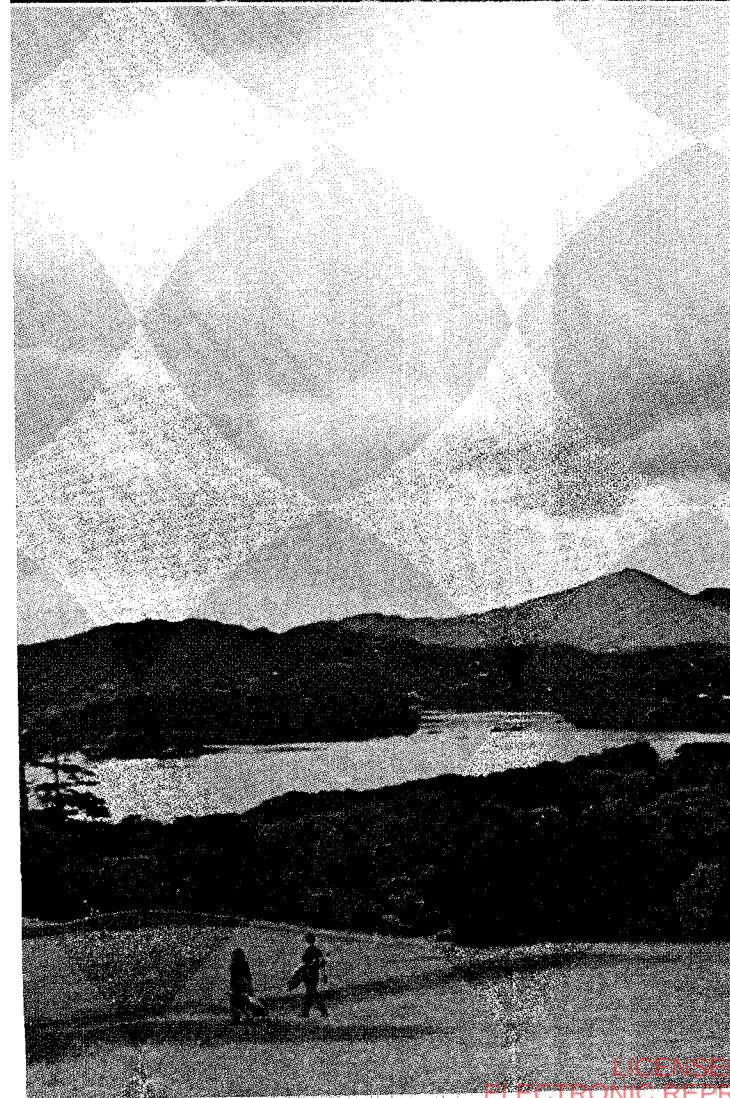


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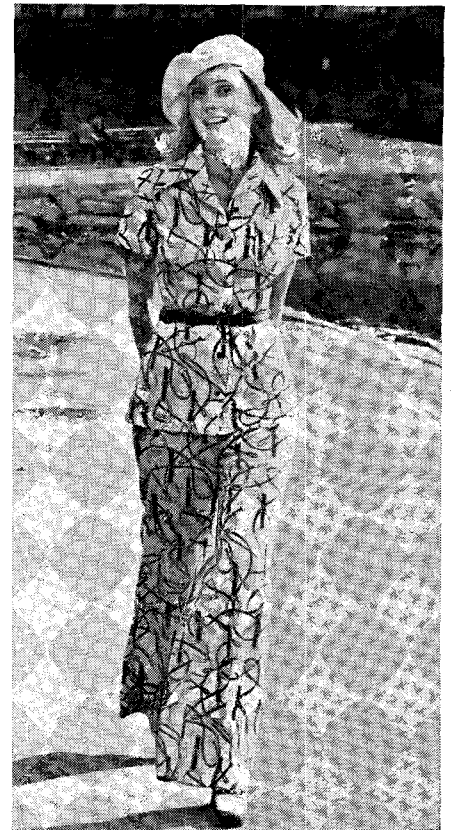
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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

OUR scholarly friend Ephraim Blueprint, who rarely leaves his fourth-floor carrel in a large university library, has written to us on the subject of spring: "Well-apparelled April! April in her prime! Between paralipsis and Wynkyn de Worde, I had almost forgotten about April. Buds buddeth, grass groweth, summer is icumen in! *Reverdie*, regreenment. Years ago, years before the S.E.C. was discovered or mental health invented, in that period of history covered by 'The Oxford Book of Medieval English Verse,' men would greet the revival of bud and blossom, the mating of doe and buck, the quickening earth and wantoning wind with chants of *reverdie*—regreenment chants. April was the month, April was always the month well versed in poem, play, and proverb: Till April's dead change not a thread. A cold April/the barn will fill. The April's in her eyes. The time was when everyone knew at least one such regreenment chant, those lilting lines with which old Chaucer opens his 'Canterbury Tales,' but a young friend assures me *he's* never read a word of Chaucer, never heard of anyone welcoming the spring in song, and besides, he insists, you don't warble lays to Nature, you backpack robustly through it. Well, I remember those lines: 'Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote/ The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote/ And bathed every veyne in swich licour/ Of which vertu engendred is the flour...' Now, isn't that good? And don't you want more? Oh, there is more—much more. I could take us back to marmoreal Rome, to Vergil, to Ovid, to Horace, for I am April-foolish now, and soon to be May-mad! '*Diffugere nives: Redeunt iam gramina campis*' ('The snows have fled. The grass is already returning to the fields'). Or we could stick to honest kersey English, to Shakespeare ('He writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and

May'), to Milton ('When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns/ Brisk as the April buds in primrose season'), to Herrick ('I sing of Brooks, of Blossoms, Birds, and Bowers:/ Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers'), to Marvell ('No white nor red was ever seen/ So am'rous as this lovely green'), to Housman ('And since to look at things in bloom/ Fifty springs are little room'), to Browning and Tennyson, to Keats and Yeats. So forget for a moment about taxes and tapes, and pick up a book, and go outside!"

Inspired by our friend's letter, we decided to visit our favorite bench in Central Park. We put down our pen and put away our papers, and, pocketing a book of lyric verse, we walked out of the building into the uncertain glory of an April day, When April-tide was melting into May (it's catching, it's catching), and on the gray street we passed a bank, a discount record store, an Orange Julius, another bank, until we came at last to the Park and our bench in its green shade. And there we sat, in the middle of our diminutive *rus in urbe*, our few little acres of Arcady, and thought some more about old books, and young April, and regreened.

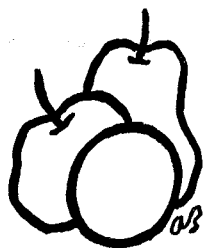
### Green (Continued)

IN October, 1931, the McGraw-Hill Company, publishers, having outgrown its previous quarters, optimistically moved into a new sea-green skyscraper, designed by Raymond Hood, on West Forty-second Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. The company intended to occupy about eighty per cent of the building and to lease out the rest. The Great Depression kept tenants away, and Harold W. McGraw, Jr., who is now the president of the McGraw-Hill book division but was then a boy of thirteen, remembers the vast expanse of unrented floor space as a marvellous place for roller-skating.

In June, 1972, McGraw-Hill, having again outgrown its quarters, moved from the skyscraper that architectural historians consider one of New York City's most influential buildings to a more spacious, if less colorful, structure in Rockefeller Center. Two years before the corporate move, the McGraw-Hill Building was sold to the C.R.F. Equity Corporation for sixteen million two hundred thousand dollars, and McGraw-Hill received a four-million-dollar down payment, as well as a twelve-million-two-hundred-thousand-dollar mortgage, from the late C. Russell Feldmann, C.R.F.'s principal. Last year, McGraw-Hill bought the building back. We've recently taken a tour of the green wonder, which is up for sale for under fifteen million dollars, and can report that it is once more a nifty place for roller-skating.

Our tour guides were Frank Micallef, an electrician with the H.R.H. Construction Corporation, and Don Moser, manager of press relations for McGraw-Hill, whom we met at ten o'clock on a windy morning in the lobby—Art Deco.

Only a couple of nineteen-thirties lobby lights were on, but the bold turquoise, dark-blue, gold, and silver stripes gleamed. The building's last tenant, a branch of the Chase Manhattan Bank, went quietly about its business on the ground floor. The other ground-floor enterprises—a big bookstore, a small newsstand—were long gone (they are flourishing in the new building), the lobby's wall phones had been removed, its information desk was dark and deserted, its electric wall clock had stopped. We spent a few minutes in the dim, sparkling lobby while Mr. Moser explained that the empty building was costing McGraw-Hill about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year in taxes, plus about three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in maintenance charges—rather expensive upkeep for a roller-skating es-







*"So what if the Arabs have all the dough? They still have to come to us for Yankee know-how."*

tablishment, we thought, but cheaper, Mr. Moser assured us, than the cost of repairing the damages that often occur in untenanted, unmaintained structures. When McGraw-Hill decamped, Mr. Feldmann engaged H.R.H. to look after the building, and after Mr. Feldmann withdrew, McGraw-Hill kept H.R.H. on. Mr. Micallef, a forty-six-year-old native of Malta, who went to work as an electrician for McGraw-Hill in 1956, was among the company's employees who lost their jobs as a result of the '72 move. (Rockefeller Center has its own maintenance staff.) H.R.H. hired him, and he is one of ten men—handymen, elevator mechanics, engineers, electricians, night watchmen—working in shifts (at least one maintenance man is on the premises at all times) who keep the heating, air-conditioning, plumbing, and electrical systems in good repair.

Mr. Moser wanted us to see the view from the former corporate boardroom, which is on the top floor, so we stepped into an elevator and Mr. Micallef drove us up to 33. When we stepped out, we could hear the wind howling. Mr. Micallef led the way with a flashlight along hushed corri-

dors to a very large, bare room, where he turned on an overhead light. A gray carpet with a gray-and-green border still covered the floor, but the large table and the many chairs that had left their indentations in the carpet had been dispatched to the new building. Mr. Moser described the table as an exceptionally handsome one, and we decided it must have been oval—the shape of the only unworn piece of carpet in the room. Mr. Moser pushed a button, and a screen descended from the ceiling. (The projector was no longer there.) He pulled open the draperies, revealing a number of windows. Through the windows, Mr. Moser pointed out McGraw-Hill's pre-1931 headquarters, the old Hill Building, at Tenth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, and its post-1972 tower, on Sixth Avenue between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets. The three buildings are on a diagonal line, with the green one midway between its predecessor and its successor.

We took the elevator down a floor. Two flowered sofas with broken springs and two murals—a North Polar projection of the world, with a nineteen-thirties plane flying through

room. Clifford Irving had held his first major press conference, shortly after Howard Hughes' spokesmen had denied the authenticity of Irving's book, which was to have been published by McGraw-Hill.

We rode down to 30, where McGraw-Hill's World News headquarters had been. McGraw-Hill publishes *Business Week*, *Aviation Week*, *Medical World News*, *National Petroleum News*, *Nucleonics Week*, and fifty-five other newsletters and magazines in the United States and abroad, and we saw a good-sized room that used to contain the teletype machines that received and transmitted four hundred thousand words a day. The machines were gone, but a few wastepaper baskets still contained tangles of yellow perforated teletype tape. The room was as silent as the rest of the building. Mr. Micallef said that whenever he entered it he could still hear the clatter of the machines. Whereas the executive hardwood furniture from the uppermost floors had been trucked to the new building, most of the other floors' metal furniture had been left behind: Mr. Moser said that it was cheaper to buy new furniture than to move the old.



Many thirtieth-floor offices were filled with gray steel desks, chairs, file cabinets, file dividers, typing tables, "in" and "out" boxes, and contracks.

Our last stop was the company's former cafeteria (still-posted seating capacity: 508), on the second floor. Tables for four and six; a bank of plastic plants; machines that had dispensed coffee, hot water, hot chocolate, and tea; stainless-steel counters that had held hot sandwiches, cold sandwiches, salads, and desserts; steam tables; stacks of trays; and salt and pepper shakers were all in their proper places. Mr. Micalléf looked at his watch. "Twelve-fifteen," he said. "At this time of day, a great crowd would congregate here. It was like a happy family gathering. I know this building well, and I'd like to stay here, but I certainly hope someone moves in soon. An empty building is a damn lonely building."

### Pontus Hultén

FOR some time now, we have chafed with curiosity about the Centre Beaubourg. A vast cultural complex scheduled to open in late 1975 or early 1976 in the Marais district of Paris, not far from the now abandoned site of Les Halles, the Centre Beaubourg, *on dit*, was nothing less than an act of French cultural aggression: its purpose was to wrest the mantle of artistic supremacy from upstart New York and bring it back where it belonged.

In addition to a million-volume public library, an industrial-design center, an institute for musical and acoustical research under the direction of Pierre Boulez, and any number of cinemas, *cinémathèques*, theatres, artists' studios, and other spurs to creation, the plans for the Centre include a new museum of modern art, which will take over both the collections and the functions of the old Musée National d'Art Moderne, on the Avenue du Président-Wilson, and of the Centre National d'Art Contemporain, on the Rue Berryer. We had heard that the ever-inscrutable French, who three years ago selected a German-Swiss named Rolf Liebermann to rejuvenate the Paris Opéra, had chosen a Swede named Pontus Hultén to direct the new modern-art museum. Mr. Hultén happened to be in New York a

week or so ago, attending a meeting of the International Council of Museums, from whose deliberations he extricated himself long enough to have lunch with us. He is an amiable bear of a man with a reputation for avant-gardism in museum circles—in Stockholm, where he served as director of the Moderna Museum, his lively exhibitions of "Movement in Art" and other advanced trends often attracted more attention than Swedish officials like to attract—and his attitude toward the Centre Beaubourg struck us as splendidly injudicious.

"It's a real monster," Mr. Hultén told us. "But I think a good monster. Basically, it's not at all a bad idea." He explained that the Plateau Beaubourg for thirty years or more had been used mainly as a parking lot for the trucks that delivered produce to Les Halles; when it was decided, in the early sixties, to move Les Halles out of town and turn that area into a commercial center, a number of people also started thinking about what to do with the Beaubourg. The original plan was to build an American-style library there—

in France there is no major library open to the public on an unrestricted basis—but the Beaubourg site was too big for that. "There was also the need to update the artistic situation in Paris," Hultén went on. "Somebody thought of combining the library with a new modern-art museum, and then Boulez and the music center were added, and finally the industrial-design aspect."

Hultén said that he had anticipated a lot of questions from his colleagues at the I.C.O.M. meeting the day before, when he had delivered a slide-talk on the Centre Beaubourg, but that there had been very few. His impression was that the magnitude of the project left many of his colleagues slightly stunned. "I even had an answer to the question of how much the whole thing will cost," he said, "but nobody asked." We asked, and Hultén said he wouldn't actually say it out loud but he would write it, which he did, on a paper napkin. The figure he wrote was 10,000,000,000. "In dollars," he said.

Having heard that the late President Pompidou was very much behind the





Beaubourg, we asked whether his death was likely to change anything.

"I think not," Hultén said. "It's gone too far for that. More than thirty art galleries have announced plans to move to the Beaubourg. The leaders of all the political parties are in favor of the Centre, including the Socialists and Communists." For reasons of chauvinism, perhaps? "Well, that's been useful to some degree in getting it approved. But I think that by 1976 that kind of reasoning will not be heard much anymore. Paris is going through a time of transition, like New York. Things are loosening up. And there is also the fact that more and more artists live neither in Paris nor in New York. Actually, I find that being a foreigner is an advantage for me in some ways. I'm not supposed to know too much about art-world politics, I don't belong to any faction, and if people don't like what I do they just say, 'Oh, that crazy Swede.'

"I had very bad information about the French bureaucracy, by the way. The trouble in Sweden is that you have very diligent bureaucrats who don't know how to be bureaucrats—they don't really understand the system. In Stockholm, you always have people telling you that you can't do this or that. But the French bureaucrats are totally professional—they understand all the problems, and you can enter into conversation with them. Also, the top people running the Centre are very clever. They are thinking in highly specific terms. Perhaps the thinking about Lincoln Center was more abstract, more idealistic? In Paris, we are entirely factual—there is this place in the center of town, within walking distance of the Grands Boulevards, of the Louvre, even of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, and what do you do with it?

"There are two basic ideas. First, to try to make contemporary art available to a much wider public. We will stay open until ten or eleven in the evening, and many parts of the museum will have no admission charge. The big area where you enter will be really a continuation of the street. We want to have exhibitions that begin in the street and continue inside. Then, secondly, we are trying not to have a museum mentality. One of the great things about the Centre is that we haven't had to define it too carefully. A lot of what will go on there would probably give trouble if it were called 'art.' For example, I want to have a newsroom, where you can read all the wire-service bulletins as they come in. I want to have a Telex room, where people can send and receive messages. The idea is

not so much a museum as a sort of platform of modern sensibilities, an open and non-stratified situation about modern sensibility and communication. What we aim for is a flow of people into a building where you won't really know what you're going to find. A building where artists will come to work with scientists, with technicians, with the kind of tools that are too expensive or too complicated for them to have access to otherwise. I really think that in the future the museum will be a different kind of place.

"Of course, there will also be classical shows and modern shows and all that sort of thing, too. We are opening with a big exhibition on a theme that may be a little too obvious, but we'll do it anyway—the relationship between Paris and New York in this century in the arts. Mostly in terms of painting and sculpture. It starts with Stieglitz and 291, then goes on to the Armory Show, Duchamp's activities in New York during and after the First World War, the Surrealists who came to New York in the forties, the impact of the new American painting of the fifties on Paris, and so on. The whole Ping-Pong game, up to 1970. If all goes well, we'll open with this in April, 1976. Not so far off when you think about it. A hundred and four weeks."

### Rehearsal

EARLY last Tuesday afternoon, we went over to "New York's most popular supper club," featuring "star entertainment, sumptuous dining, romantic dancing, and two shows nightly," as the *Maisonette*, at the St. Regis-Sheraton, is described by its entrepreneurs, and we encountered the following characters:

Theodore Bikel—the star.

Rita Bikel—wife and adviser.

Fred Hellerman—arranger and conductor, once member of a singing group called The Weavers.

The Anthony Terini Orchestra—nine musicians.

George—the light man.

Channel 5 and Channel 11—two TV crews.

A hotel public-relations woman.

The maître d'.

During the first break in the rehearsal for Mr. Bikel's opening that night,

we find Mr. Bikel standing in the center of the stage, suffering, according to his wife, from a head cold and bronchitis.

"This is the first time it's ever happened to me," Mr. Bikel is explaining to Stuart Klein, a reporter from Channel 5. "At least on opening night."

Crash. Mr. Hellerman absentmindedly knocks two coffee cups, three glasses, a bowl of ice, and a couple of bottles of beer from a mobile serving table. He is worrying about the shortage of rehearsal time. "The rehearsal was called for two, so I came down here at one-thirty, and there was a French—some affair, a luncheon, going on, and they were just starting the speeches. I figured they wouldn't be out of here till four. Anyway, we didn't get started till about a quarter to three, and we have to be out by seven at the latest. One of the musicians told me that Barbara McNair came in a couple of weeks ago with only six arrangements, and she paid for two rehearsals just to work on those six arrangements. We've got fifteen arrangements that have never been tried out or worked on anywhere, and we've got to do them in less than one rehearsal."

Mrs. Bikel declares herself moderately distraught about the condition of her husband's nose and throat, the failure of certain theatrical and political celebrities to accept invitations to the opening, and the absence of a sound man. "We don't have a sound man because the sound man is at the Waldorf doing another show, so the light man is going to be the sound man. I haven't thought about my children for two days."

"Why don't The Weavers get back together again?" Mr. Klein is asking Mr. Hellerman, off the record.

"George, are we going to have a mike for the instrument?" Mr. Bikel calls out to the light/sound man, referring to his guitar.

"All right, fellas, let's make it," Mr. Hellerman says, and the orchestra heads back to its seats.

"When do we get our checks?" the clarinet asks the piano player.

"All right, guys," Mr. Hellerman says. "Are we sort of straight on notes now? More or less? O.K. 'Rich Man,' from the top. Here we go."

"Why don't we film?" Mr. Klein suggests to his cameraman.

"I'd fill my yard with chicks and turkeys and geese and ducks," sings Mr. Bikel.

"The camera broke," Mr. Klein announces at the end of the song.

"That's too fast," says Mr. Bikel.





"I can't do my big dance number to that."

"Guys, the very last four bars, the runoff—take 'em at tempo," says Mr. Hellerman. "And let's get the notes right."

Mrs. Bikel is reading a list of the songs to be performed: "'Amsterdam,' 'Jerusalem of Gold,' something he calls 'Little Fiddler,' 'September Song'..."

Channel 5 finally succeeds in filming a performance of "If I Were a Rich Man," and Mr. Klein moves onto the stage to be filmed smiling at the star. "This is Stuart Klein with Theodore Bikel," he says.

The orchestra starts to rehearse "September Song" while Mr. Bikel talks to a young woman from Channel 11. Mr. Hellerman fills in on vocal. "When I was a young man courting the girls," he sings. "Guys, at letter E... Take it again from letter E."

CLARINET: Let me have the second-bar concert notes.

MRS. BIKEL: "Next," "It," "Tomorrow Lies in the Cradle"—that's Freddie's song—"Rich Man," "Old Folks"...

GEORGE: I keep hearing these clicks, and I thought the lights were going bad.

MR. BIKEL: Are we going to have an instrument mike?

MR. HELLERMAN: O.K. Two bars from letter F. Everybody got the right notes?

MR. BIKEL: "These precious days, I'll spend..."

During another break, Mrs. Bikel asks her husband how he feels.

MR. BIKEL: It's like the two psychiatrists that meet in the street. "You're fine. How am I?" (*He turns to the light/sound man.*) In "Rich Man," where I talk to God...

GEORGE: No offense, but God's going to be over there. (*He points to a spotlight over stage left.*)

MR. BIKEL: Show me. I don't think I can play it over there.

MRS. BIKEL: Are you doing the hard ones first?

MR. HELLERMAN: They're all hard.

MRS. BIKEL: There's God, darling.

MR. BIKEL (*with a shudder*): I don't even like the way he looks over there.

MR. HELLERMAN: All right, guys. Let's take a look at "Old Folks."

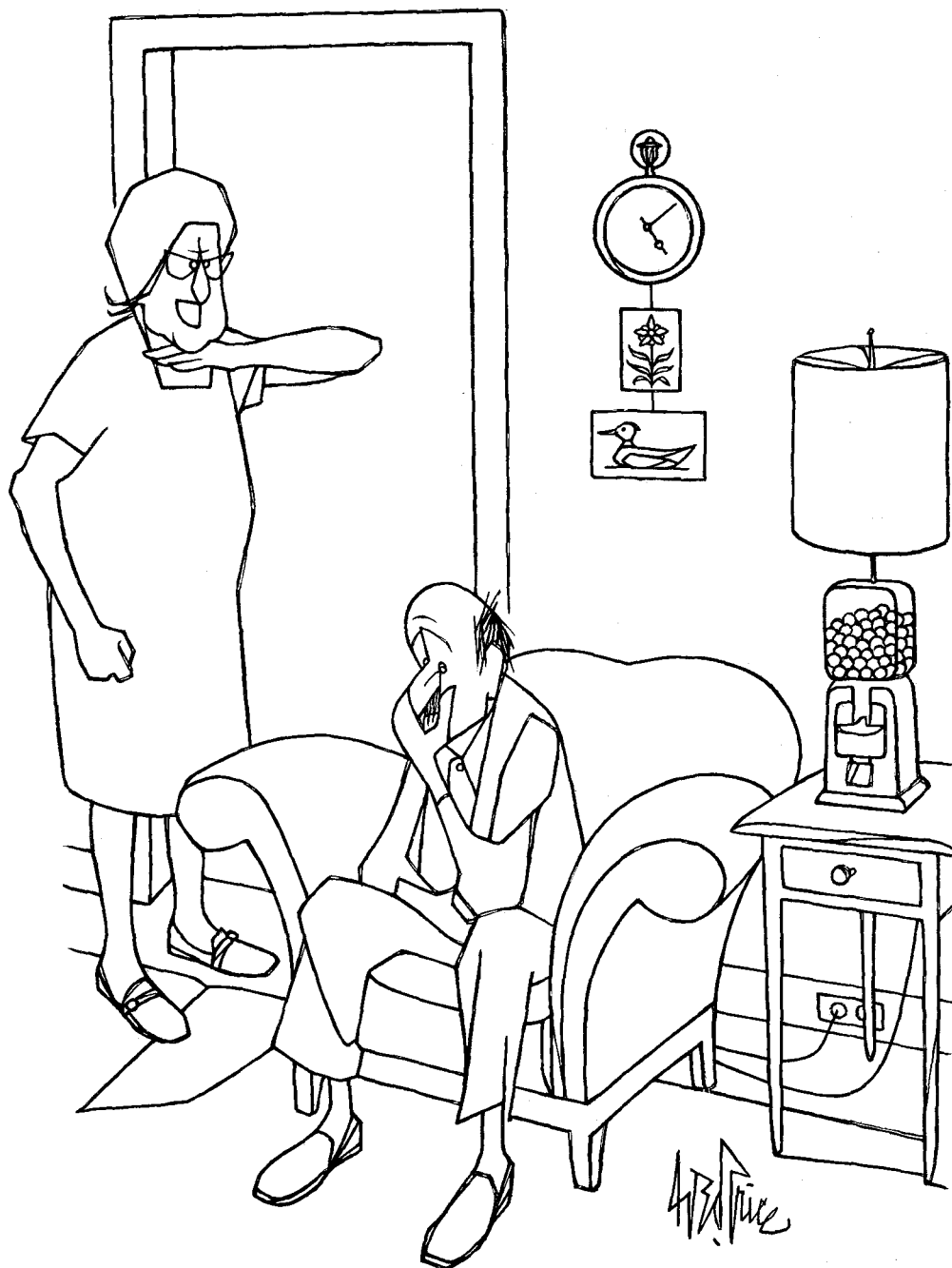
MR. BIKEL: It's time for my pill. Where's my jacket?

MRS. BIKEL: Maybe if we could put God closer...

GEORGE: There are no outlets.

MR. BIKEL: It's not important.

MR. HELLERMAN: Guys, all repeats



"And I'll tell you something else. I've had it up to here with your one redeeming quality."

are good in here, all repeats are good.

Waiters begin to bring in the glasses and silverware.

TRUMPET: Is that a minor or a major chord at the end?

MR. BIKEL: You used to be able to tune all instruments to the telephone dial tone.

MR. HELLERMAN (*looking at his watch*): We're not too bad. We're not good, but we're not too bad.

MRS. BIKEL: You took the Vibramycin at four o'clock? You haven't been coughing as much.

MR. HELLERMAN: The brass was two bars behind. You're going to have to watch me very carefully on this.

MR. BIKEL: "Those were the days,

my friend; we thought they'd never end..."

WAITER: Da da de di da da...

As the waiters set the tables and the telephone rings with requests for reservations, the level of sound onstage and off becomes just about even.

MR. BIKEL: We don't need a microphone for the instrument—is that it?

MR. HELLERMAN: O.K. The second repeat of A.

MR. BIKEL: Just from where we went wrong?

MR. HELLERMAN: Yeah, from where we went wrong. The second time of the second time.



## BELIARD

THERE was a time when the spring called Barenton was the most renowned thing in the fairy Kingdom of Brocéliande—more renowned than the court, than any of its queens, than Vivien who imprisoned Merlin in her spells; more renowned and better thought of. Its water was cold, even in the sweltering days of late summer. It had never been known to freeze over. Winter and summer, the spring jetted in a quiet twirl of silver from the sandy bottom of the pool, filled it always to the same level, and flowed away unseen through a bed of reeds. It was as though it had a life of its own, apart from the rest of the world. There was nothing striking about it, except itself. The peasant women who resorted to it sometimes found a lady there, bathing or sitting thoughtfully beside it. She was tall, stately as a queen, and always very pleasant, talking to them in the patois. It was as if she too had a life of her own, apart from the world of Faery; for she was visible to any mortal, familiar as a neighbor, and helpful in their mortal misfortunes. But as time went on and religion spread through

the district, they came to mistrust her and be of two minds about her character; when they resorted to the spring, they did so secretly, and if she happened to be there they crossed themselves and drew back. And so by degrees it became a sin to go to the spring, and also a waste of time, since one had only to go to the new church to find Our Lady of Brocéliande and the stoup of holy water, with no sin about them and always available.

Dando the Cosmographer, the Court Archivist, who wrote the standard work on Elfindom, maintained that Barenton was coeval with the stones of Carnac, and that the Kingdom of Brocéliande was formed around it, probably about the time when the forest, overthrown by the Great Gale, had put up enough second growth to afford shelter to the vagrant tribe of Fairies, or Peris, driven out of Persia by the magicians Aaron and Moses. He held that the first settlement consisted of simple reed huts round about the spring, and that it was not till much later that the court was established in another part of the forest, over two miles away. Be this as it may (Dando's conclusions

were questioned by some later scholars), the court of Brocéliande paid a respectful lip service to Barenton—such as the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury might pay to Stonehenge. It figured in sonnets (ladies as pure, and even colder). Its water was an ingredient in the famous Eau de Brocéliande, till it was superseded by a distillation of Hamamelis. A ceremonial picnic took place beside it every twenty-five years, and if a visitor happened to be of the party Queen Melior would tell the legend of the beautiful lady who bathed there at midnight on Midsummer Eve—to which an ambassador from the Scottish Kingdom of Elfhame had replied by telling her of a kraken in Loch Ness. Apart from these polite acknowledgments, Barenton fell into disesteem. It was in an uncouth part of the forest, all midges and brambles, and had regrettable associations with poaching mortals, who soused their scabby children in it and threw in farthings for luck. True, it was a very long time since any poaching had gone on; only peasants desperate for firewood or acorns ventured so deep into the forest. But its reputation was dubious—not to speak of that bathing person, whoever she was. Dando had no

doubt who she was: one of those indigenous fairies of Brittany, contemporary with the Nine Maidens of miraculous power mentioned by Pomponius Mela, whom common speech referred to as "the Old Lot." Dando, invisibly frequenting alehouses and the company of midwives, learned that the indigenous fairies were still remembered by mortals. It was from two old women scalding a pig that he heard about the fairy who pulled a drowning boy from the pool of Barenton and took such pity on him that she followed him into the mortal world to be his nurse.

It was from Dando, grown very old and ramshackle, that Beliard heard the same story in his childhood, and he was immediately seized by a passionate longing to be nursed by a fairy. His nurse and nursemaids were fairies; his mother, Lady Pervenche, was a fairy of unblemished lineage; he was born into the most distinguished of Elfin courts; he had never



*"Actually, I'm a mime by profession, but I must admit there are times when I do enjoy a nice chat."*



seen anything but fairies—and he longed with childish violence to be nursed by a fairy. Now he was grown up, unassuming and short-sighted, but for all that a credit to his upbringing. He had an intermittent ambition to play the flageolet, and used to steal off to the pool of Barenton, where he could practice undisturbed.

He was working at the open-pipe octave, where a hoot at the bottom and a squeak at the top are equally hard to avoid, when he heard approaching wings and saw Puck, the old whipper-in of the royal pack of werewolves, and four stout kennel lads carrying buckets alight by the pool.

"Sorry to disturb Your Lordship, I'm sure," said Puck righteously. "And if it had been tomorrow, we wouldn't have. But today's their last chance, poor creatures! Tomorrow, it'll be worms."

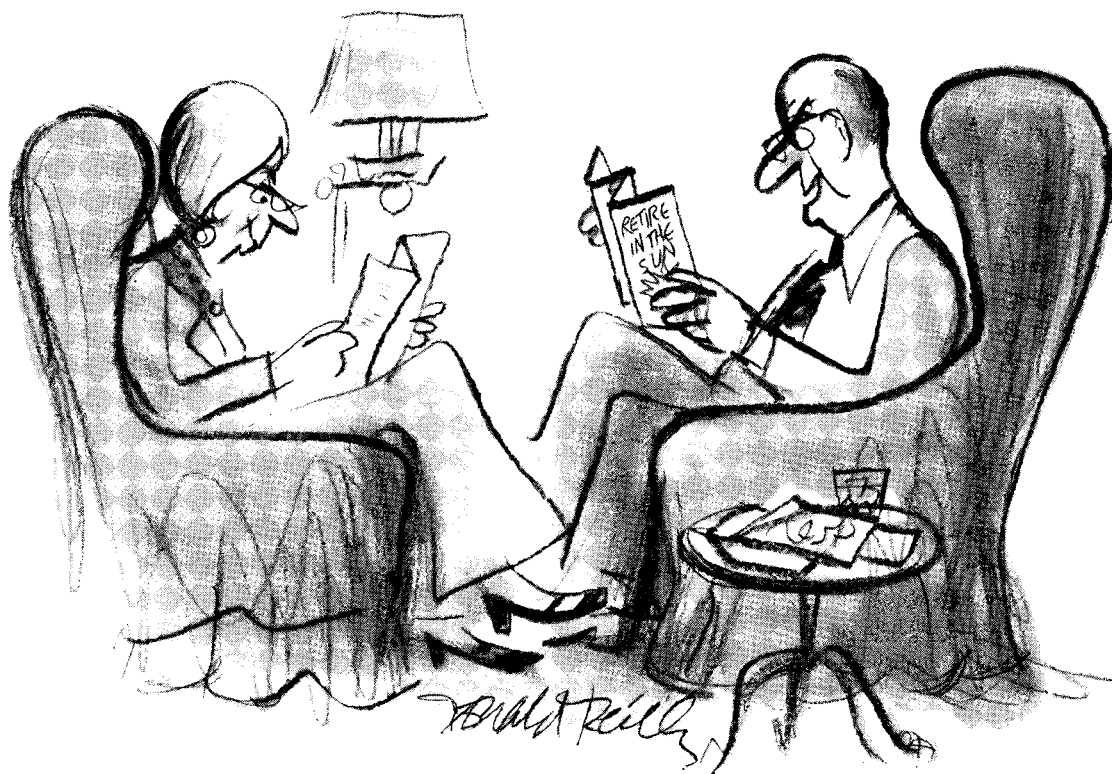
"Do you mean the pack is to be killed?"

"No. He wouldn't do that. It would be hurting their feelings. And he's all for feelings, is My Lord Melilot. But he thinks it's hard on the lads to be fetching water from here, so the drinking troughs are to be filled from the rainwater tank. You can't drink rainwater without getting worms, that's a known fact. But it's no part of my place to know better. Time will prove, that's all."

They flew off. The ripples slapped against the bank, slowed, died into silence.

It was the end of September. The reeds were changing color, and they whispered more harshly, as though admonishing him. He had meant, this time, to work at his flageolet seriously, to practice every day, to master the chromatic scale, soar into the upper octave, play gavottes and airs with graces instead of the melancholy little tunes within the compass of a fifth, which had been all he could manage before. But the reeds were turning color, it would soon be too cold to practice by the pool, and he had not done half as well as he had intended.

As he was a bachelor, he still shared his mother's apartment. This made indoor practicing difficult. When he had gone up the scale without a hoot or a squeak, she would interrupt him with



*"Leisure Valley Estates has barbed wire and looks nice, but for the same price Happy Village has a minefield."*

a "Don't go on, dear. You'll strain your heart," or ask why he didn't play those nice little tunes he used to play. Lying—practice had made him nearly perfect at that—he would explain that he had promised to attend a cockfight or play a match with So-and-So, and leave. Picking his way down back stairs, skirting the tennis courts, he would walk demurely till it was safe to run, run like a hunted stag till he came to the pool, recover his breath, take the flageolet out of its velvet sleeve, and begin his preliminary exercises. *Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, DO. Do, mi, la, DO, la, mi, do.* And so on, a degree higher; for by now he could practice agility most of the way up the scale. The silver twirl rose through the stilly water, the unchanging level of the pool flowed away through the reeds and sank beneath a small swamp. And Lady Pervenche would glide along the gallery which the younger members of the court called "the Hen's Parade," to visit her friend Lady Renoncule (they belonged to the epoch when it was fashionable to be called after field flowers), to declare that Renoncule's Persis grew prettier every day, to drink a cup of chocolate, and to conceal her sorrows: for as she hoped to make a match between Persis and Beliard it would not have done to admit how much it distressed her to see Beliard always passed

over when there was a court appointment going.

"Have you heard about poor old Dando? I must admit I had almost forgotten he was still alive."

Dando the Cosmographer was dying. He had been brought down from his garret and laid in the State Death Bed, amid black curtains and under a black tester. His mind was decayed, but he was conscious and complained that the mattress was lumpy. His feet were rubbed, his beard combed, he was given strengthening soups, and for a time he rallied and talked in a wandering way about things long past and forgotten. Once, he called for a secretary, as he wished to have an annotation set down. But he was far away from the cares of this world, for when the Queen's Justice Clerk arrived with two witnesses and suggested he might like to make his will, he replied there wasn't enough to trouble about. A couple of days before his end, he was heard to chuckle and sigh and repeat snatches of ballads learned in his alehouse days. A coughing fit nearly finished him, but he got the better of it and began to clamor about a boy: he wanted to see the boy. He became so insistent that they eventually asked him which boy. The boy who wanted to be nursed by a fairy, he said. It was plain he had some mortal boy in mind, and this made it even more impossible to oblige



him. "Be-li-ard!" he shouted. It was like the angry bellow of a ram. Beliard was fetched to the bedside. Dando's glance wandered up him from a boy's height to a man's. "Did you get her?" he asked. Beliard shook his head. "None left, none left," said Dando, and an attendant, thinking he spoke of his empty bowl, came up with more soup.

The funeral was superb. Music, specially composed in the antique style, was performed, and several panegyrics were spoken. Of these, the most eloquent came from the Archivist of a Kingdom in Wales, so small and unimportant that it had not been notified; but he had somehow heard the news and travelled to Brocéliande to praise Dando, above all for his compelling hypothesis of the Great Gale.

BY the time all this was over, it had grown too cold to practice by the pool of Barenton. Beliard put away his flageolet and settled down to the customary gaieties. It was an implacably hard winter. There were skating parties on the ornamental moat, with braziers set at intervals along it. Lady Pervenche's ankles did not allow her to skate, but as she was young at heart she sat in an ice sleigh and was pushed by Beliard. Persis, she thought, could not fail to observe how strong he was, and how kindhearted: such a husband is a treasure for centuries. Observing Beliard's kindheartedness, Melilot skated up to them to suggest he should have the pleasure of pushing the sleigh for a few rounds. Beliard, who was more out of breath than any scale passage could have left him, was ready to accept, but Lady Pervenche cried out, "No, thank you, no, thank you! You are really too kind. But you have *other* duties, you know." She had known Melilot to be a scheming interloper ever since his appointment to the Mastership of the Werewolves, a post she had designed for Beliard.

Melilot smiled, bowed, hoped for another time, and skated away.

At the assembly that evening, Beliard detached himself from watching the cardplayers to make some atonement. Melilot bore no malice. His wish to please everybody extended into a belief that everybody was pleasing. When Beliard asked how the pack were doing, he said how grateful they were for an issue of blankets. "Splendid fellows! You should have seen how they snatched at them." Blankets were not his only innovation. He had begun to add vegetables to their diet. After a spell of carrots they looked much glossier—or so it seemed to him. If Beliard could spare

## GUARDIANS

Fine rain drifts along mountains to the south of me  
graying the first month  
one migrant bird scolding in misted noon  
in the pear tree  
dogs yapping beyond mud walls  
echoing back and forth wooden bells  
who is listening  
eight sacred fears keep watch over me  
behind each of them one of the porches of dissolution  
in the place of the ninth an open gate  
each of them holds the end of one strand  
of a rope made of the eight ribs of the world  
which leads through the fearless gate

the swan drifts over mountains to the south of me  
in the first month  
and in the white cloud small birds begin to sing  
hair-roots of trees stir  
fear is one aspect of joyful guardians  
because of the way I came  
and clearly I have been in love with some of them  
with her who is Fear of the Journey  
who has repeatedly and faithfully led me  
most of them I cannot even see  
in the white sky over my travelling cradle  
watching me  
ready to bear me up in ageless hands  
of cloud and glass  
for as long as I need them

—W. S. MERWIN

time to look in at a morning feed—

Beliard woke the next morning with the agreeable thought of having something to do. As he neared the kennels he heard hammerings: they were breaking the ice on the rainwater tank. He remembered Dando's statement that the pool of Barenton never froze. Dando had some scientific explanation of why this was so, which Beliard could not remember. He had not read the *Cosmography* very attentively. He decided that after doing the polite at the kennels he would walk on and see for himself.

The snow was speckled with dead birds. They were so weightless with starvation that they lay on its surface like decorations on a pudding. The sky was lead-colored; the dull dazzle of snow wrenched at his shortsighted eyes. A shinier patch of snow, trodden down into ice, and a few trampled wisps of hay showed where fodder had been put out for the deer.

The pool lay before him, black and alarming. He felt his heart jolt. An old woman was crouched beside it. The hood of her peasant's cloak had fallen

aside; he could see her grizzled hair, and the cadaverous face she bent over the water. It was because she was so unexpected that he had been frightened. But his fright kept him motionless, staring at the blotch of darkness she made. After a while she scrambled to her feet and made off through the reeds and was gone. In his fright he had almost forgotten his reason for being there. He went forward to the pool, and saw that the water was unfrozen, the spring twirling up as usual. Thus looked down into, the pool did not seem dark and alarming at all; the sandy bottom gave it an appearance of being sunlit. And the old woman was nothing to be alarmed by. The frost was everywhere, a stranglehold on mortals, on cattle licking snow with parched tongues. She had known in her old woman's memory that the pool of Barenton never froze, and had come with her pitcher, defying regulations, chancing the poacher's death on the gallows, to fetch water.

All the same, she had given him a fright.

He returned to the palace to be told what he had missed: the Queen had been reading aloud from the *Cosmography*.

The expense of the funeral had not been in vain. Dando was rediscovered as a classic. His accounts of other







*"Where is everybody?"*

Kingdoms were most entertaining, his theories ingenious, his solemn language a delight. Books Three and Four, "Of Brocéliande" and "Of Customs," were indisputably Dando at his best. Who could have believed that the quiet old man, so retiring in his habits, so shabby in his apparel, was—here opinions diverged, some saying, "Such a man of the world," others, "Such a master of the occult." The readings continued. There was talk of an abridged Cosmography—with some of the scandals,

some of the Druidical bits left out—for children. Only the Directors of Piety held aloof. Dando should certainly not be abridged for children: his sources were dubious, his opinions those of an atheist. Nowhere in Book Three was there a word about Afrits—malign spirits peculiar to the Brocéliande dynasty, whose malevolence could only be ward off by the intervention of the Directors of Piety.

During all this, Beliard said nothing of his familiarity with the pool of Bar-

enton; he wanted to keep it for his flageolet. The snow was still lying, the kennel lads hammering, when he visited it again. He had half an idea the old crone might still be drawing water from it. She was not there. It was natural to suppose that she was dead. He had taken his flageolet with him, and with freezing fingers he played a little tune, just to hear what it sounded like in that icy, dying world.

A week before the Spring Ceremony, there was a sudden thaw. He



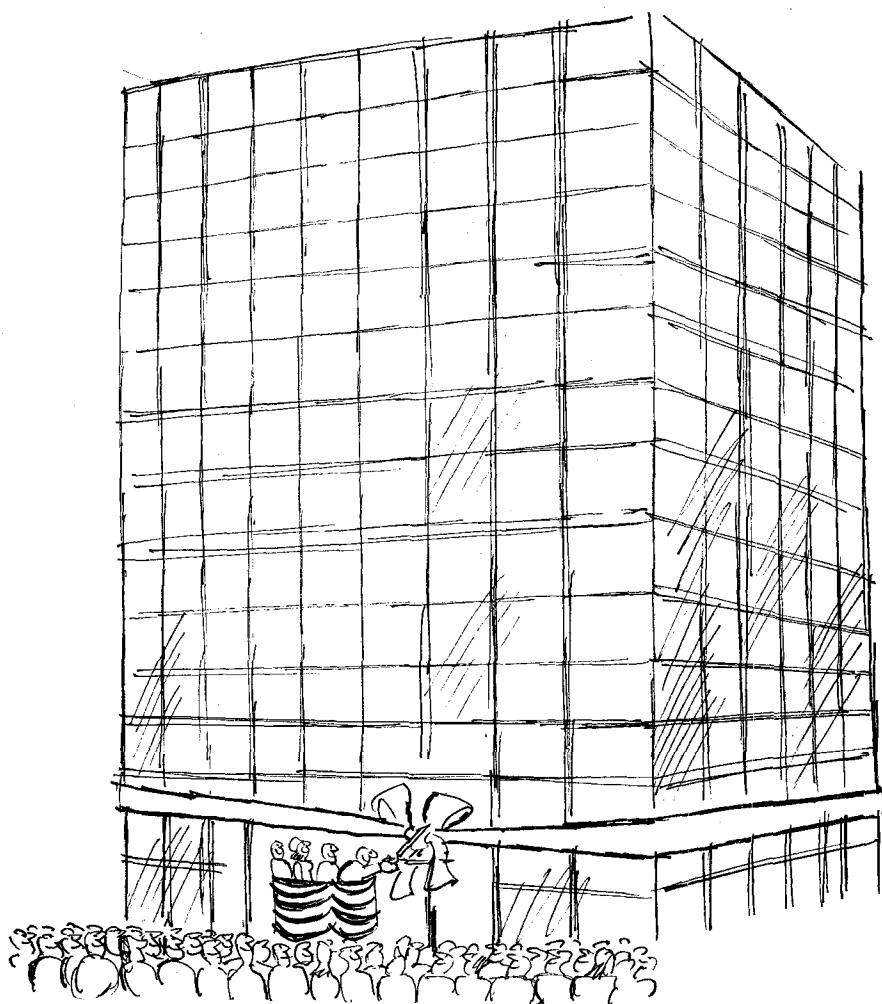
went to the pool two days running, and each time she was there. He had not the courage to approach her. He did not know what to think. Dando would have known. But he was glad that Dando was spared from knowing. It would have grieved him to know that the benign, stately lady who bathed there, sat musing on the bank, talked like a neighbor to the peasant women, had shrunk into this pitiable old crone.

**T**HE Spring Ceremony took place in a violent hailstorm. The day after, it was warm as summer and the Directors of Piety emerged like tortoises and basked in justification. The Afrits had struck—Melilot had been killed by the werewolves. He had gone into their enclosure to distribute some tidbits, and stumbled over a bone. In an instant they rushed on him, pulled him down, and tore him to pieces. The court went into mourning, the Directors of Piety imposed a general fast, the opening of the hunting season was postponed, the Cosmography was put on the Index, Puck was sacked. In the storm of controversy over the future of the werewolves, various positions were put forward: They were a traditional glory; they were quite out of date; no one wanted them; they were the envy of every other court. Melior seemed to incline to the traditionalists; then, for she prided herself on her spontaneity, passed the death sentence. They were hanged.

With history being made at such a rate, it was easy for Beliard to slink off to the pool. As an excuse to himself, and an insurance against the disappointment he would feel if the old woman were not there, he took his flageolet. Once, when he was practicing, she passed behind him and sat down in her usual place. He wanted to speak to her—some noncommittal remark about the beauty of the morning—but he was afraid to. For all he knew, he was invisible to her: her survival (he was convinced by now she was a survival) hung on so delicate a thread that the smallest shock might blow her away. And that would be a cruel deed; if she were so faithful to the pool, she must love it a great deal. He looked at her as little as possible: a direct glance might fall on her like a blow. In the light of spring, her age was more apparent, and her ugliness. It was not a solemn ugliness: it was grotesque, a clay likeness of a frog.

When she was not there he felt a dull bereavement, like a bruise.

It was ironical that at this time he should hear so many evocations of her at court. With the Cosmography



on the Index, not to admire Dando was dowdy. Barenton again figured in sonnets, but now—for fashions change—as the water of youth where the poet's mistress had been immersed, where immersion would be superfluous. Book Four, "Of Customs," governed taste. Round dances ousted cotillions, monoliths were a passion. Melior was importuned to revive the custom of bathing in Barenton, and the Court Architect designed a light tent. Beliard did not feel his tenancy menaced. He knew that the more a project is talked of the less likely it is to take place. Meanwhile he had found a new way to practice undisturbed, by hiding in the laurels and serenading Persis. His heart was cold, his feelings engaged elsewhere, and he probably played the better for this. One night it occurred to him to leave his hiding place and to play by the pool. Persis had opened her casement and said something about nightingales—but he stole away and followed the path, which was now so familiar and in its hoarfrost of moonlight curiously strange and peopled by mysterious shadows.

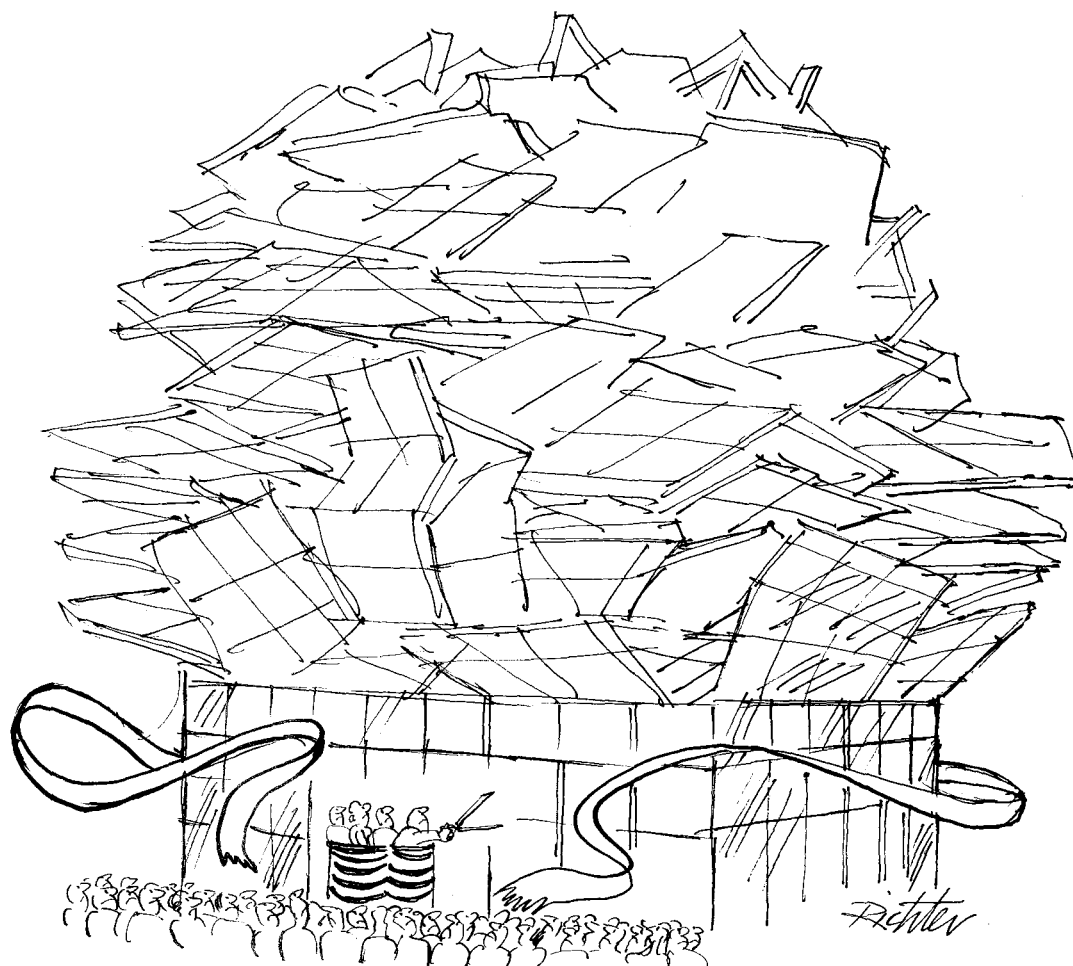
She was there—a darker blotch of darkness in the moonlight than ever by day. The impersonality of moonlight made him bold. He walked up to her,

stopped beside her. She was staring down at what he took to be the reflection of the moon in the water. But it was not the moon. It was her own reflected face she was staring at: a smooth, calm, youthful face, with faintly smiling lips.

He felt no astonishment, no awe. He felt at ease and profoundly contented, as though he had come to the end of a journey and was looking down into the valley which was his birthplace. The dawn wind brushed the reed bed, he heard her breathe a slow, contented sigh; she got up, gave herself a little shake, and hobbled away. The sun had risen, the dragonflies were hawking over the pool, the midges swarming round him, before he walked back through the awakened forest.

It was as though he had won some transcendental bet—a bet against all odds. She was one of the Old Lot, persistent as the little twirl of the spring, indigenously young. Her disguise of old age was as trifling as a cobweb. He was so sure he had seen her that he was sure he would see her again, her true likeness, her self smiling at herself in the pool. How would it be by daylight? Did she, did he need the moon? By now copies of the forbidden Book Three and Book Four were





passing from hand to hand, vanishing up cuffs or into bodices. He borrowed a copy of Book Three and read it attentively. There was no particular mention of moonlight. Moonlight came in later, with the Druids. And why should moonlight be needed? If she had bathed only by moonlight, Dando would have said so. He went early to bed that night, and fell asleep in a trance of trust.

A dream stabbed him awake. In the dream, the Court Architect exhibited a small straw hat, saying it was the Queen's bathing tent. He woke in a panic. If that bathing scheme came to anything, she might be driven away, affronted by the invasion of her solitude. He would never see her again.

It was late; he had overslept. The Hens were rushing up and down their Parade, calling for daisy chains. In the Morning Saloon, the program for the day was being read out. The Queen with her ladies, pastorally dressed, would be carried to Barenton in litters. The bathing tent would be set up near the pool. The litter bearers and tent peggers would wait at a distance. Her Majesty, assisted by her ladies, would disrobe and enter the pool at noon precisely, wearing a gossamer shift and protected by a Chinese parasol. The

Queen would bathe in the pool for five minutes. Bath towels, warmed, would be in readiness. After she had reposed, there would be a light collation and the party would start back, reaching the palace at 3 P.M. The program had been decided on overnight, at the last moment, but it was hoped that all would go smoothly.

"You'll be eaten alive by midges!" he shouted. Melior turned and beckoned him toward her. "Are they awful?" she asked. "Swarms of them," said he. "And frogs? Are there many frogs? I'm terrified of frogs." If he had kept his wits about him, he could have made as many frogs as midges and the bathing party might have been cancelled. It was a fatal omission.

Melior was so amazed that anyone in court could consider her welfare before his own that she kept him in conversation for some while after; and when she had thanked and dismissed him, and ordered that every member of the party should be sprayed with oil of verbena and the Court Physician be in attendance, and made a mental note to find some post for her honest man, Beliard was so buttonholed, questioned, and congratulated that he despaired of getting away in time.

But he was in time—she was there.

And moonlight was not essential; the pool reflected her daytime face, which was slightly more rounded and mature. She seemed to listen to him as he poured out the news of the bathing party, the invasion of her privacy, his inability to protect her. But how could he tell if she really were listening? That momentary pucker on her brow might just as well have been a tremor on the surface of the pool. It would only be for a few hours, he assured her. By the evening, all would be as it had been.

"Beliard, dear! What are you thinking of? You mustn't be here. The Queen will arrive at any moment."

He heard the violins strike up, a clatter of voices, his mother's skirts catching on the grass as she hurried to take her place with the rest. He cast himself down headlong to kiss the face in

the water. It vanished under his lips. The ripples darted up the bank, his mouth was full of grit, he felt the water evading him, deserting him. The reeds heeled over in the vehement current as the pool of Barenton drained away.

When the pages unrolled the carpet from the bathing tent to the rim of the pool, they saw Beliard lying face down on the wet sand, his hand clutching the last trickle of water from the spring.

The carpet was rolled up, the tent dismantled, the litters filled higgledy-piggledy, no precedence observed. Melior sat behind closed curtains, her gloves half buttoned, her mind in bitter disarray. Only that morning had she found an honest, disinterested courtier. He was not dead; the Court Physician had revived him and diagnosed his malady. But he could never be given a post of confidence. Brocéliande would not accept a Minister with epilepsy.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

When are our executives going to start using smaller cars?

Exxon USA no longer has limousines in its fleet of cars. The company has switched to standard Cadillac sedans instead.—HQ Houston, an Exxon house organ.

The Austerity Kids!



## MILKMAN'S BOY

WHEN I was twelve, because my mother was sick I had to leave home in Providence for four years and live with my aunt in the country. She was a rangy, moody woman—a suppressor of exuberance. She had married late in life and had two young children of her own. My father could not come to see me and sent her a small sum each month to pay for my food. None of us got a lot to eat. She talked of saving for a rainy day and feared a new depression. I had always been a city boy—had gone to movies and played street games until late at night, taken books out of the public library, sledded down dangerous traffic-filled hills in winter, and ridden a bike wildly all over town in spring.

My aunt made us stay on her land to play. I could not go anywhere after school, and so I read books from the school library until there were no more I wanted to read. Then I wanted to buy books and go to the movies. There wasn't any money, my aunt said. She sent us to bed early at night, and I lay awake for a long time dreaming about the city. I woke up early in the morning and heard her getting breakfast for

my uncle, who had to drive to work in Providence, fifty miles away; he was up at five-thirty to be at work by eight. I heard my aunt sighing downstairs and smelled the coffee brewing. No one knew I was awake, and after my uncle had gone I lay in bed imagining ways to change my life and wondering how long I would have to live there. I heard the milkman pull into the gravel drive. The bottles rattled in the back hall. Sometimes he and my aunt said a few words, mostly about the weather. Then my aunt knitted and listened to Arthur Godfrey on the radio until it was time for us to get up and get ready for school.

One late-fall day, I said I wished I had some money to buy a set of classics I had seen advertised, and my aunt said, "Michael, they're expensive." I said I could work. She looked at me as if I were insane. I was small and thin for my age. She said I would have to wait until I was sixteen and had working papers. I said I could get a part-time job—other boys I knew had jobs: paper routes, chores, lawns. She said that there wasn't money to buy a paper route and that I was too little to cut a lawn; the mower was

bigger than I was and I couldn't push it. She laughed in a private way—the way my friends and I had laughed in my old neighborhood at some sexual joke.

In school, I daydreamed about the movies. On Saturdays, I asked my aunt if I could go into town to one, and she said she didn't have the twelve cents it would cost. I wanted to see John Payne and Betty Grable, Bette Davis, John Garfield.

I kept talking to her about a part-time job. She got angry and told me to shut up and go outside.

Early in the morning, when the radio was on, I could faintly hear the newsman talking about Andrei Gromyko and the United Nations Security Council and problems with Russia's always vetoing proposals. The milkman came. He clanged bottles in and out of the metal racks and said it was a tough life but you should keep on smiling, and my aunt said yes, it was a great life if you didn't weaken. He said that he was tired and had a big route and dreaded the cold weather ahead, that his helper had gone away to college. When I heard that, I wanted to jump out of bed and go down and say, "I'm your man." It would be a perfect job. I could work every morning before school and I would earn money. I could get the set of classics and go to the movies—maybe even start saving for college.

I waited a day and then asked my aunt if I could be the milkman's boy. Again she looked at me as if I were insane. But I persisted and said that I was awake very early every morning anyway, that I had heard what the milkman said. I told her that I might as well be useful. She was still unconvinced. I said that I would give her half of my earnings. She faltered but said no. I kept bothering her every few days, and perhaps my offer to share my money with her helped, because one day she said that she had had enough, that she would ask. More days passed. I strained to hear when she spoke to the milkman in the morning; she never mentioned me. I asked her once more. She glared. For a few weeks, I didn't ask. Now it was dark in the morning, and the wind blew hard, and there was thick ice on the edges of the windows and snow in the driveway. I told her that I had to have money, that she must ask the milkman or I would steal. She swore at me as I went out the door on my way to school.

The next morning in the darkness, I could see the stars from the window beside my bed. I wished the sunrise would hurry, so that I might read. The



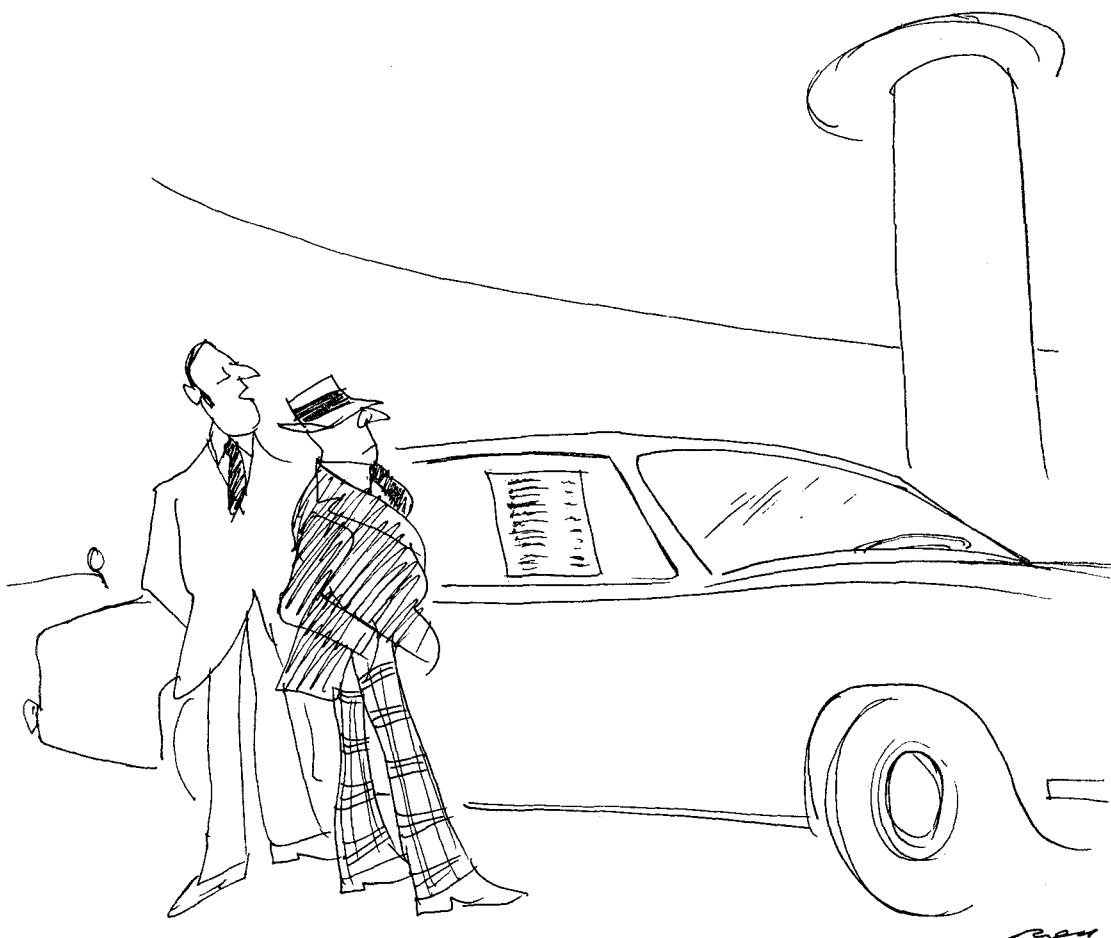
*"You must be those neat new paddle-tennis freaks Tina Brantley found."*



milkman came and complained about the cold and a pain in his shoulder. My aunt stammered that she had a nephew living with her for a while and that he would like to be his milkboy. The milkman hesitated and made the excuse that he had to pay a boy out of his own pocket, that he wasn't rich but that he might think about it. I actually stood up on the wooden floorboards, ready to go downstairs in my pajamas and be hired. But in a few minutes the milk truck clattered over the ice, and I went to another window in time to see its back, like two red Christmas lights, disappearing in the snow.

A week or so later I spoke again, and the next day I heard her mention me to the milkman. Then she called me downstairs and introduced us. He was tall and beefy and had a pale, freckled, pleasant, comic face. He looked me up and down quickly, shook his head, told me I was too small, and looked away. I said I was strong. Still looking away, he said he would think about it, he would let me know.

I never became the milkman's boy. I never heard the subject spoken of, and I didn't ask about it. Instead, mornings, lying in bed, I listened for him, remembered him. My mind shifted. I got up, dressed, ate a bowl of hot oatmeal, and went with him in the dark—lifted the round, freezing milk bottles in and out of metal-bound wooden cases, put them into metal racks, hopped down off the truck, stepped quickly over the snow and ice and to houses, porches, back halls, front steps. I nodded to sleepy people, who smiled and said good morning. At some places there were big soft purring cats waiting for me, blinking. Standing in the milk truck on the right side behind a heater, I smelled warm leather and the winter odor of exhaust fumes as the truck bounced along noisily. The milkman laughed and talked, said ribald things that he thought shocked me. With his permission, I opened pints of milk and gulped them down and started growing strong and tall; I



*"The sticker price includes front and rear bumpers, headlights, tail-lights, windshield wipers, radiator grille, and so forth and so on."*

put on weight. He smoked and drove; sometimes he was quiet, and sometimes he told me about his dream of retiring to a warm place in Florida. His lighted cigarette glowed red in the dark. He said his dream would never come true.

**T**HAT year when I was twelve (and all the years I lived at my aunt's), my uncle seldom spoke to me. His two children were girls, and he spoke even less to them. When he wasn't working, he listened to ballgames on the radio or went fishing.

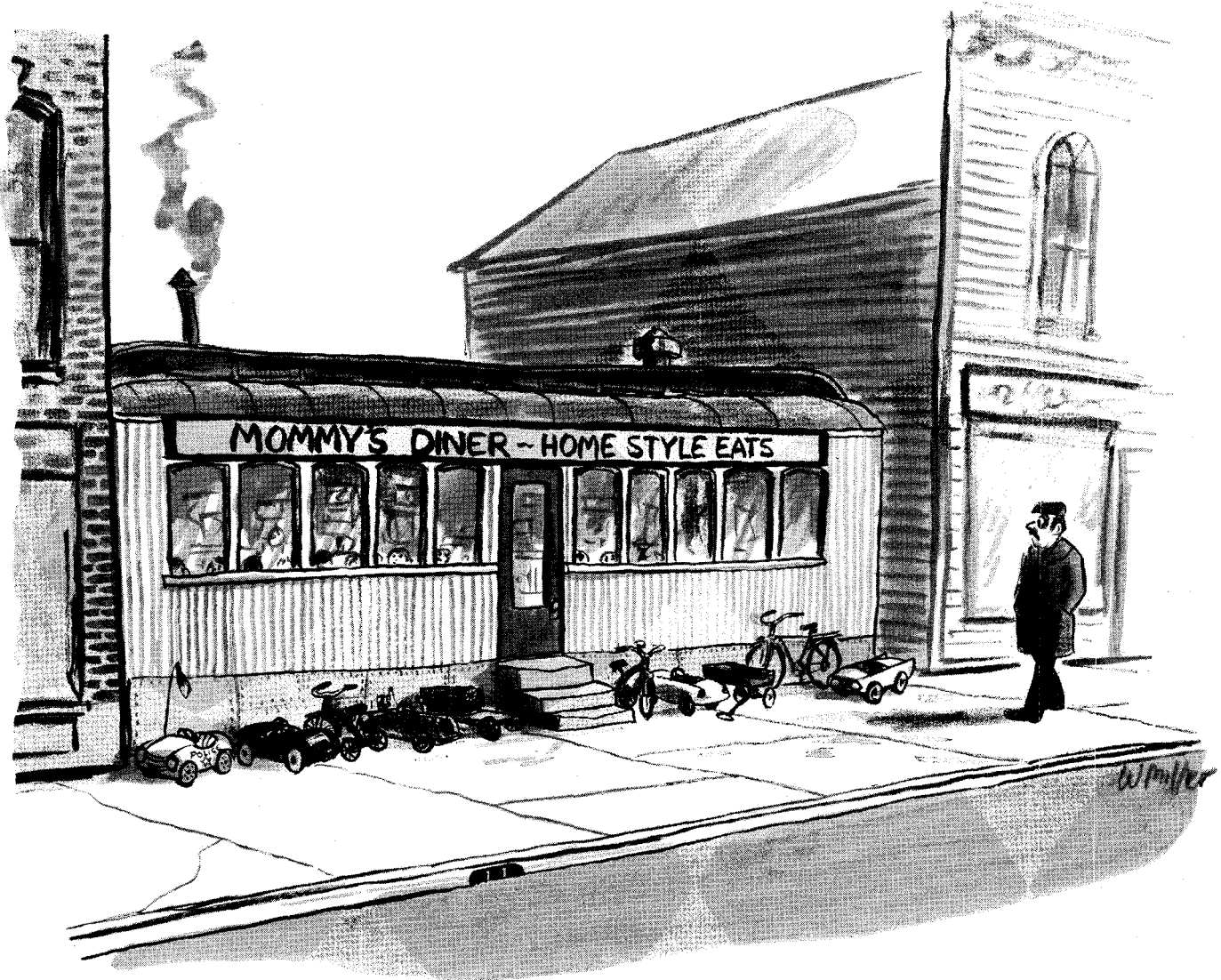
My aunt thought I read too much and didn't do enough boyish things. I said how could I, she never let me out of the yard to see anyone from school. I said I could do and had done boyish things that would take her breath away, and someday I would do them again, and more. She said to stop being insolent and immoral. I said I could do no boyish things here because I was trapped in this house with her and these two girl cousins younger than I. She cursed her sister's sickness that she should ever have had to take care of me.

I dreamed of doing boyish things: playing shortstop for the Boston Red

Sox, driving a car, being in a war movie, catching a big fish and having my picture taken for the newspaper as I held up the fish.

I had a good idea. First I bothered my aunt to ask my uncle about it, but she wouldn't. Then I bothered him directly: to do up a rod for me, to let me go fishing with him. In the cellar, he varnished his rods, fixed his flies, his reels, small floats, hooks, and catgut lines, and prepared his net, knives, pail, and creel. I asked if he would take me with him someday. He said, "Someday." He chuckled when I tried to convince him that I'd be O.K. He was a gentle man. But still, weeks passed and he always went fishing by himself. Evenings, I sat in the cellar beside his workbench as close to him as I could and looked at his thick woollen red-and-black plaid jacket, smelled his bitter-sweet outdoor smell, looked at his strong hands with nicotine stains on the right thumb and forefinger. Softly, over and over, he whistled the song "Oh, You Beautiful Doll." I talked—asked him about the equipment, where he went, what he caught. His glasses shone yellow in the pale light of the bulb overhead. He never said much,





and after a while he began to look irritated. Trying not to annoy him further, I sat on a pile of newspapers and did what I could of the crossword puzzles in them and watched him preparing his fishing gear close by.

One rough, windy spring day, after my uncle had hurried off in his old Buick to go trout fishing, my aunt told me that my uncle didn't want me with him because I talked too much. I never asked him to take me after that, and I stopped visiting him in the cellar.

**T**ODAY, my five-year-old son asked me to take him fishing. He had watched a TV show about sport fishing. I still don't know how to fish. I told him we had no equipment, but it meant nothing to him. He insisted. I looked at my wife. She didn't speak.

Reluctantly, I took him down to the docks late in the morning and we stood close together and watched some boys fishing. They talked easily, casting their baited lines like professionals. They explained politely to me and my

son what they had caught and what they were doing. They caught several butterfish and one snapper blue, scaled them deftly, cleaned them with knives. They swore pleasantly. My son's eyes were huge and shiny as he held on tight to my leg. He asked in a loud voice about the depth of the water and whether you could drown here. I told him you could, but not if you knew how to swim.

He said, "Is the dock moving fast, Daddy?"

"No, it's the water, though the dock may be shaking slightly."

"The fishes in the pail—are they alive or dead?"

"Alive."

He never stopped talking, but no one told him he talked too much. I had my hand on top of his head, and he held on to me and smiled and asked questions.

When he had been there long enough, I took him home and went alone to lunch with a friend. While we were talking, my friend said that his youngest son was now earning three dollars a week in his shop, clean-

ing up for him. He wondered if his son were too young to work.

"How old is he now—eleven, twelve?" I asked.

"Thirteen."

"Does he want to work?"

"Yes. It's his idea."

"It won't hurt him. He can earn some money of his own. Thirteen isn't too young as long as he's happy doing it."

I thought of the dark winter mornings when I had been a milkman's boy.

—H. L. MOUNTZOURES

**GATHERING THE GOLDEN EGGS.** Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz commented recently on the way some groups try to get the goose to lay golden eggs. "Some organized groups say 'I'll squeeze the goose and more eggs will come out.' Others say, 'Let the government eat the goose and lay the eggs itself.' But some of us believe that the best way to get more golden eggs is to put a little fat on the goose and let him eat eggs once in awhile so that he knows how they taste. If he likes eggs, he will lay more."

—Farm Journal.

Butz is Secretary of *what*?



# REFLECTIONS

## STREETS ONCE REALLY SEEN OR SEEN IN DREAMS

**T**HE train, on this early-autumn morning, is leaving behind it the wastes of the Karelian Isthmus, where a young second growth of birch and evergreen now covers the scars of recent warfare, and is moving onto the wide, flat reaches of the northern Leningrad suburbs. The land lies under a milky mist—the characteristic good-weather mist of the Northern European autumn. The foliage—every leaf—glistens with moisture; in some places the tops of the evergreens are concealed. Soon the mist will wear off, and the far, slanting sunshine, still palpable and enjoyable if it is the right time of day and you get out of the wind, will break through.

The suburban stations begin to flick by: long, narrow wooden platforms crowded with waiting commuters, who witness impassively, with a cultivated indifference, the passage of our privileged, thinly populated sleeping car. The scenes multiply in variety. Here, on the road below us, a smartly uniformed officer emerges from the door of a long, low residential building and hurries off toward the station, briefcase in hand, armed, obviously, for the bureaucratic day. There, at the barrier, the ubiquitous Soviet construction truck, muddy and battered, workers of both sexes huddled in the back, waits for our train to pass. Now there is another commuter, a civilian this time, also hurrying to the station, and he is accompanied by a child, who clings to his hand and talks eagerly to him as they go.

On the horizon, a forest of construction cranes marks one more of the multitudinous undertakings of a regime that has always preferred to build rather than to maintain. Stretching to this remote horizon are great avenues of cement apartment blocks, rising, gray and heavy, from the mud of the construction sites. One senses the proximity, beyond that horizon, of the sea—in this instance the end of the Gulf of Finland at the Neva delta—and for a few moments the mind of one traveler, at least, becomes lost, as it is repeatedly to do over the course of these coming days, in flights of memory and association. The flight this time is to the curious island town of Kronstadt that lies in the middle of the bay, with its old naval base and its great cathedral and its gloomy history. I think particularly, for some reason, of the scene of its evacuation at the close of the unsuccessful Kronstadt Uprising of 1921:

members of the sailor garrison, revolting now against the Soviet authority they had once assisted to power, trying desperately to fight their way across the ice to the northern shore—the villalined shore that must, come to think of it, lie right there, beyond the construction cranes and the distant tree line. This city—this region—has always had for me an inexhaustible historical eloquence, beautiful, terrible, and tragic. I feel the spell descending upon me before we are fairly in its precincts.

Here, at last, is the Finland Station: the same old tracks and platforms, but a new station building, modern and handsome—one of the better things, in fact, that I have seen Soviet architects do. At one side of the large open-air foyer that divides the station proper from the platform gates, there stands, in honored dignity, on a little track of its own, the locomotive that pulled Lenin's train into the station on that memorable night in April, 1917: a fine piece of Edwardian machinery, looking somehow surprised but pleased as well to find itself, after all the years of mundane labor, thus preserved and honored, and all for the performance of a task that must have seemed at the time like many another.

But now I am whisked away by kind friends, over streets familiar yet unfamiliar. Whether they are streets once really seen, or seen in dreams, or merely imagined from reading about them, I cannot distinguish. Here on the Liteini (the former Alexandrovski) Bridge, the whole breathtaking panorama of the Neva and its magnificent

banks opens up again in all its calm, quiet vastness. And soon we are in the streets of the central city, where associations tumble in in such profusion that they form a meaningless roar and numb the mind.

**I** WANDER almost aimlessly about, this first morning, in the old Admiralty Quarter, somewhat drunk, as it seems to me, with the past. I find myself following the banks of the Moika Canal: past the Summer Garden and the Field of Mars, toward the Palace Square. These streets, despite, or perhaps because of, the intimidating profusion of great palaces that frown down on them, seem strangely empty, neglected, almost deserted. One is tempted to suspect that this emptiness is some sort of punishment inflicted upon them by the Soviet authorities, resentful of their onetime glamour; but then one recalls that precisely this same observation—about their emptiness—was made by travellers who visited the city a good hundred years ago.

At the Pevcheski Most, the old Singers' Bridge (because the Court Singing School once occupied one of the buildings that look down upon it), I find myself facing the windows of the eastern end of the enormous crescent-shaped structure that frames the southern side of the square before the Winter Palace and once housed (and this with ease) the General Staff offices, those of the two great Ministries of Finance and Foreign Affairs, the palatial residential apartment of the Foreign Minister, and even the home of his senior assistant. What confronts me now is the Foreign Office end. Behind those windows, it occurs to me, such men as Nesselrode and Gorchakov and Giers must once have lived, given their ponderous diplomatic receptions, edited their elegant diplomatic notes—normally in French—and sparred poisonously with the foreign ambassadors. I would like to go in and see the rooms where all this took place, but this part of the building seems now to be used as some sort of clinic, and I am afraid of bewildering the medical personnel, or bringing them into embarrassment, if I simply appear and try to explain so curious a purpose.

Instead, I wander into the courtyard of a building on the Moika, the old Volkonski Palace, where, in a modest apartment overlooking the canal, the poet Pushkin died, in February, 1837, from the wounds incurred in his duel





with a wretched hanger-on of the diplomatic colony. For a full century, the place was used as a regular apartment, occupied by a long succession of ordinary tenants (and at one time by a police office). Despite a plaque on the outer wall, for many of the tenants those tragic hours in 1837 can have been little more than a vague legend. But the Soviet authorities, greatly to their credit, have now reclaimed and restored the apartment—restored it with that peculiar and impressive love which Russians devote to such things when they address themselves to them at all—and today one can see it all: stocked partly with original items from the Pushkin ménage of the time, partly with others of the period, the rooms arranged as they were at the moment of the poet's death, still indicated by the hands of the stopped clock. In a brilliant inspiration of the curator's art, there have been pinned to the old entrance door, still visible from the staircase by which one ascends to the apartment, two scrawled chits, the second of them sad and despairing, that friends of the dying man actually pinned to the door at the time to inform the crowd outside of the progress of the poet's agony.

A little flock of Soviet visitors has assembled here to go through the apartment. Fading as best I can into this human landscape, I go with them. The guide is a wary-looking young man who has learned his lines (not too well) by heart, mumbles them in a hurried, evasive monotone, and obviously could not be less interested in the people who stand before him. But nothing could diminish, for anyone who cares about Russian literature, the mute expressiveness of the scene. Here, surrounded by all these bits of genuine Pushkiniana, one feels that one can see the frail, tortured frame of the writer—the man without whom the Russian language as we have known it would be unthinkable—stretched out on the leather *couchette* beside the partition of bookcases: the strong, calm face with the high forehead, the curly sideburns, the slightly African features, as they appear in the death mask.

## FOR THE RECORD

"I was asked to demonstrate the step," said England's Wayne Sleep, 25, a soloist with the Royal Ballet and specialist in the *entrechat*. . . "Then the producer said how about breaking the record? So I did." . . Sleep's acrobatics on a London TV program stunned balletomanes all over the world; he became the first person in recorded history to cross and uncross his legs five times in a single leap. The feat is known as an *entrechat douze* for its twelve movements: the leap, five crossings, five uncrossings and the landing. Not only was Sleep's feat unprecedented, but only Russia's late, great Vaslav Nijinsky had ever been credited with an *entrechat dix*.—*Newsweek*.

A dreamlike leap  
By England's Sleep!  
He didn't doze,  
He did a *douze*.  
His legs arose  
In curlicues.

He shrugged, "O.K., I'll make a run,"  
And then went heavenward (that's one),  
And five times crossed, and uncrossed five,  
And then returned to earth alive.

And on TV, no less. *Voilà!*  
Sleep's the king of *entrechat*.

Nijinsky, may he rest in peace—  
Would that he were above the ground!  
Nijinsky settled for but *dix*  
Movements in a single bound.

A joy forever. He will last.  
And yet . . . his mark has been surpassed.  
Will Chaplin, too, be cast in doubt?  
Will someone edge Caruso out?

But look! As consternation reigns  
Among the world's balletomanes,  
We see Nijinsky rise again.  
His spirit jumps into our ken:

He climbs, descends, meanwhile with ease  
Weaving patterns with his knees,  
And stops just off the ground, and says,  
To open with some humor, "*Treize*."

And now he's serious; now he soars  
Sufficiently to cry "*Quatorze*!"  
And now, although he starts to pant,  
Up he goes—he's done a *vingt*!

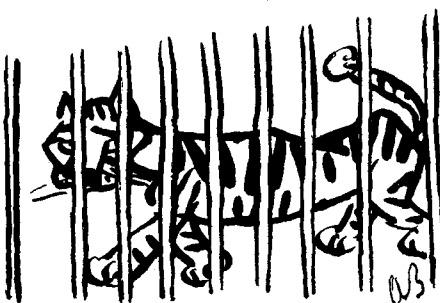
And now he's really going good.  
Nijinsky, folks, has just *vingt-deux*'d.  
We sense he could go on to *cent-deux*  
But evidently doesn't want to.

For now, with one great closing spring,  
He goes through untold scissoring  
And disappears—a quantum leap—  
And leaves the blinking world to Sleep.  
—ROY BLOUNT, JR.

"I have erected to myself," Pushkin once wrote, "a monument not fashioned by the hand." Well, so he did; even a foreigner knows it and understands it, and I emerge onto the sunlit embankment of the canal scarcely less shaken, it seems to me, than must have been some of those who stood there, waiting for the end, on that epochal winter afternoon.

The return to my quarters is made by bus. The stop is on the former Morskaya, or Sea Street, which is now called Ulitsa Gertsena. (How much more natural and attractive were some of the old czarist street names than the self-consciously political ones that have replaced them.) As one stands there waiting for the bus, one finds oneself confronted, across the street, by the

high façade of what was once the famous Imperial Yacht Club: the swankiest and most exclusive of the Petersburg establishments of this sort, the haunt of grand dukes, Cabinet ministers, diplomats, and other dignitaries, most of whom had never been nearer to a yacht than the premises of the club itself. There is nothing remarkable today about this building. Its façade looks little different from that of any of the other four-story row houses of that section of town. The place now houses (one suspects an ironic smile on the lips of the Soviet official who committed it to this use) some sort of state administration for internal waterways. Theoretically, and from the social standpoint, this is no doubt a better use. But one sighs a bit, looking up at this once so formidable and exclusive façade, to think of the meals once eaten, the wines once drunk in the rooms behind it, not to mention the service, which must have been incomparable. And one finds oneself asking the question (a blasphemous one indeed in these surroundings) whether it did not actually add something of color and variety to the city for the people of that day to know that here, in these prem-







*"It's a tradition at this time of year. Dean Dodd always licks the first envelope."*

ises, there was being prepared, even if they didn't eat it, some of the finest food eaten anywhere in Northern Europe—that here things were being done elegantly, impressively, to the connoisseur's taste. Is there, in other words, not a certain reassurance, a certain twinge of hope, to be derived from the reflection that someone, at least, in the place you inhabit, even if it is not you, lives well—from the knowledge that to live well is at least theoretically a possibility?

The bus lurches exuberantly down the wide reaches of the Nevski Prospekt, its standing passengers protected from the dangers of unsteadiness by the density of their collective mass. (No one has enough room to fall.) I sneak glances of avid curiosity out the windows to every side, insofar as the heads of fellow-passengers permit. The lanes of wooden-block pavement, on which in earlier days the horse-drawn vehicles moved so silently and comfortably along this thoroughfare, have made way now for those vast expanses

of unbroken asphalt which Soviet city planners seem to favor. But the street is still very much the main street. Thick, antlike streams of pedestrians choke its sidewalks. The city fathers seem to have recently made a serious effort to restore something of the traditional variety and elegance of the storefronts that line it. But only within limits is the effort successful, and I finish my bus trip pondering the reasons for this failure.

The question is wider than just the Soviet Union. Why is it that only capitalism—free enterprise, if you will—in all its greed and selfishness and reputed social blindness, is capable of making, on occasion, an interesting street? Why is it that no European Communist-Socialist country (except Yugoslavia, and then only partially, and to the extent it has compromised with the devil of personal economic incentive) has been able to get away from drabness, colorlessness, and lifelessness in the urban thoroughfare?

Surely it is not just the absence of outdoor advertising, because much of that which exists in the West could very well be done without, and, besides, signboards are not wholly lacking even here.

I ask myself, as the bus roars its way down the Nevski Prospekt, what would happen if one were to open, somewhere along this street, one really smart and tasteful modern enterprise, well lighted, comfortable, and inviting, be it restaurant or shop or hairdressing establishment. The answer is readily apparent: it would, of course, be at once swamped, deluged with thirsty and curious humanity, torn to pieces. Why? Partly because of the general overcrowding of the city, which causes it to house three and a half million people whereas prior to the Revolution it had only a little more than two million, but partly, also, because of the immense repressed demand.

The overcrowding is, of course, a function of the depopulation of the



countryside and the compulsive pressure to live in cities. And this, in turn, is a product of the characteristic Marxist contempt for the village and the agricultural process: the fact that the ideology was invented in Western Europe and carried forward in Russia by people who were in overwhelming degree urban intellectuals, interested in the worker rather than the peasant, convinced not only of the "idiocy" of village life, as seen by Marx, but also of its theoretical obsolescence and unimportance. The result was neglect of the village, concentration on the cities, and a consequent suction of population from country to town. The drabness of Russian cities, in other words, thus may actually be viewed as a part of the price the Soviet authorities are paying for their failure to make reasonably attractive any mode of life other than the urban one.

But then who are we to be talking—we who pay people several times as much for being on relief in New York City as we would pay similarly, or perhaps even as they could earn, in certain other parts of the country? Is there a country in the world where this same process of suction, in one form or another, cannot be observed?

The route from the bus to my lodgings takes me through a long side street in the eastern section—one that was never exactly fashionable but was at one time a habitat of the semi-affluent bourgeoisie and intelligentsia. It is a street like many others: treeless, cheerless, stretching cavernously along between rows of heavy, high façades. These are now fading and peeling. Formidable as have been the achievements of the city fathers in restoring buildings after the deterioration occasioned by revolution, civil war, five-year plans, and finally war and blockade, there have been limits to what they could do. But on one side of the street, I notice, along the sidewalk at intervals of some forty yards, someone has placed square boxes of nasturtiums. They must have been faithfully watered, for they appear to be thriving. Not only that, but

on one of the buildings lining the street, next to a police station, there is a hopeful, almost wistful, sign: "This house is competing with others for supremacy in the maintenance of exemplary good order and a high level of culture in everyday life."

There is always something moving in these attempts to achieve by collective social effort something of the tidiness and freshness and smartness that are often, not always, achieved elsewhere by individual initiative. One is conscious of a theoretical superiority of motive here; of course, it should be possible for people collectively to do for the benefit of all what in the West is done, as a rule, for the benefit of the individual proprietor—either for his material gain (in the case of commercial establishments) or for the sake of his social

prestige with his neighbors, or sometimes even for the gratification of his own sense of good taste. And yet, as everyone can see, it never quite works that way. Things never look quite the same. Can it be that the imperfections of man are such that the development of individual taste—or, if you will, selfish taste, even class taste—must come first, until habits are formed, expectations inculcated, and aversions bred against what is not tasteful at all? Still, one feels, as one walks through the side street, the impulse to cheer the flower boxes and the ambitious sign, and to wish the inhabitants of this particular house well in their competition for supremacy in the maintenance of an exemplary good order. May the effort not just flag, as so many similar efforts have done in Soviet Russia, from discouragement, from indifference, or from the transfer elsewhere of some enterprising Party Secretary.

But once one has repressed this sort of spring, how does one safely release it? In a free-enterprise economy, one could begin—usually does begin, in fact—with a few very high-priced establishments. These contrive to set and maintain elitist criteria of one sort or another, which limit the number and protect the quality of the patronage. In this way, they manage to protect themselves from engulfment by the "masses." The Soviet authorities are not always wholly averse to this sort of thing. They resort to it, on a small scale, in practice, but they cannot embrace it as a general policy. So they are left with the task of trying to raise all standards simultaneously, and this proves difficult. It is still not hard to see, in this city, the spectacle of a truck-load of some desirable but scarce commodity arriving at curbside for delivery to a store but its contents not even getting as far as the door of the store itself—the harassed and despairing shop manager selling it all off, right there on the sidewalk, to an aroused cohort of housewives, shopping nets in hand, women whose trained nostrils sense any such delivery from afar



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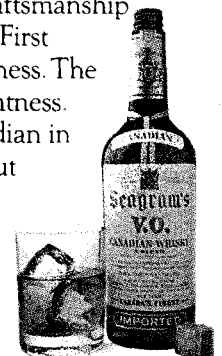


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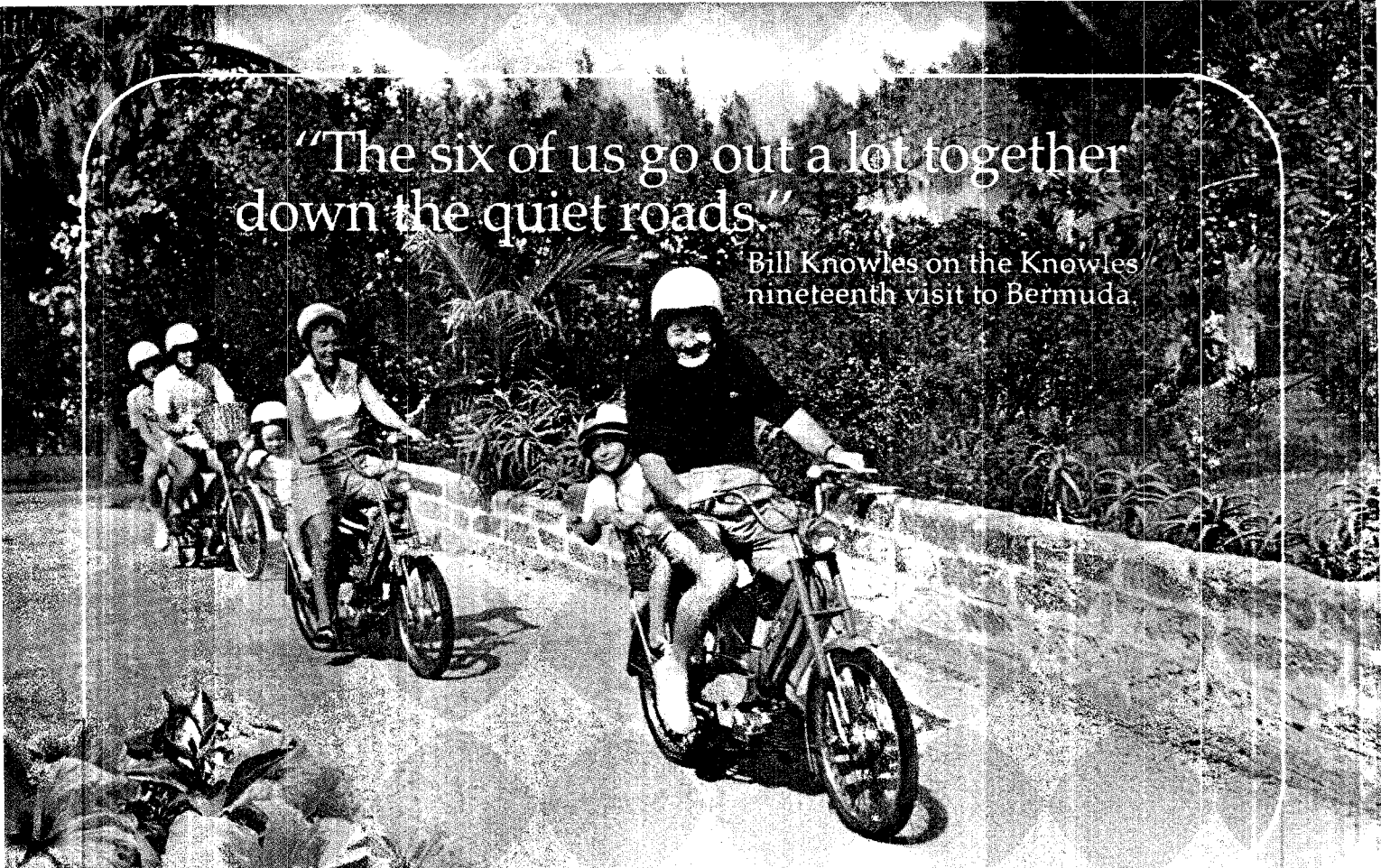
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"There's a remarkable, fascinating  
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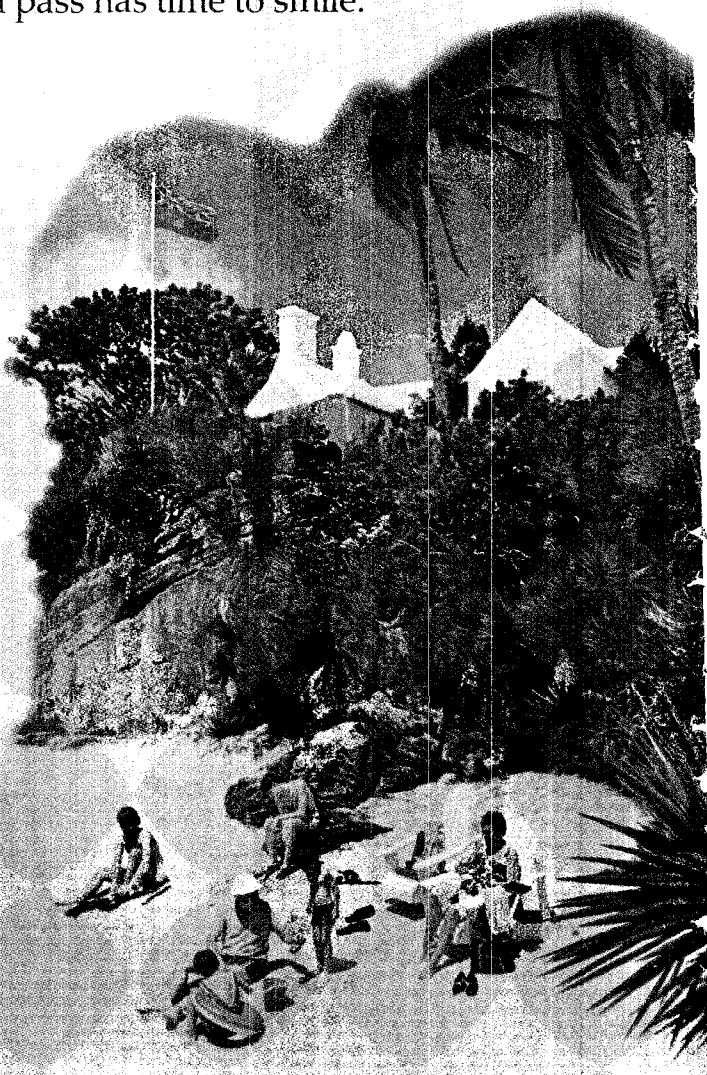
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and then home in on it like a swarm of angry hornets, taking "nay" from no one.

LEAVING aside the canalized channels of the estuary, there must be twenty miles of artificial canals in just the main portion of this city, south of the Neva. They are all legacies from the original design of Peter the Great. He had actually envisaged far more of them. They add, of course, to the picturesqueness and the uniqueness of the city; it would not, in fact, be the same city without them. Yet, comparing them with canals elsewhere, one cannot say that they are entirely successful. Their granite-faced sides are too high, too steep, too forbidding. They lack the intimate quaysides of Amsterdam, the lower embankments of the Seine. They are not enlivened by any floating traffic. The odd oarsman—the chap who has hired a skiff at the Summer Garden to take his girl for a cruise and ventures out into the turnings of the Moika or the Fontanka—looks forlorn, seen from the bridges or the streetsides: so far down there, between the steep, frowning sides, with no place to hold on to, few places to land. One has the feeling that if he fell overboard there would be, as in some great cistern, no place to swim ashore to.

The pleasantest of these canals, it seems to me, is the Fontanka. It has the air (I can, of course, be wrong on this) of being a bit wider and less sluggish than the others. One of the best places to see it from, surely, is the old Bridge of St. Simeon, halfway between the Nevski Prospekt and the Summer Garden. Here, looking to the north, the eye follows the embankments to the gardens of the Engineers' Palace, where, when the building was young, the unfortunate Emperor Paul I was strangled one night by his amiable courtiers, and where, for decades since, generations of students have struggled to expiate that untoward event by their bouts with slide rule and drawing board. The view to the south, reaching to the fine façade and canalside garden of the erstwhile Sheremet'ev Palace, is no less pleasing. Off to

the west is the old building of the Circus—one of the few notable relics of the high period of nineteenth-century Petersburg architecture that still serve the purpose for which they were built. All this is eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Petersburg at its best.

But most agreeable, on a fine September morning, is a tiny square, lying at the eastern end of the bridge, that looks as though it might have been inadvertently created by the destruction of a building there during the war. A single birch tree rises from it; there are also bushes and a few benches. The sun strikes into it in the morning and at midday, and the tall surrounding structures protect it from the northerly winds. There, obviously, people like to sit in the warmer hours of the day: older people, for the most part—some of them, no doubt, people who experienced the siege and famine, and are now content to enjoy whatever peace life can offer. On the paths before them the children play (for in Russia babysitting and baby-walking are the great occupations of the elderly), and pigeons strut about.

I watch this unself-conscious little company of benchsitters, basking, gossiping, and feeding the pigeons, and wonder what it is that makes the scene so welcome. It occurs to me that here is something one misses elsewhere in this spacious but severely ordered city: something we might call the pleasingly unstructured, unexpected, and unintended. The little park breaks symmetry in this most symmetrical of urban designs, and the effect is star-

tingly agreeable. How long, one wonders, will it take the city planners, here as elsewhere, to realize that what people really want in an urban community is not—or, at least, not entirely—great ordered vistas and tidy geometrical configurations but variety and intimacy: the crooked street, the sudden turning, the niche in which nothing is straight, the place, the house, the room that is like no other place or house or room. This is not *all* they want: in Leningrad, of all places, no one would wish to dispense with the magnificent squares and parks and "prospekts" with which a bygone dynasty endowed the place. But one does long at times for some of the genial disorder of Rome or London, or even that of pre-Revolutionary Moscow, which the fathers of that city are now working so hard to destroy. While both have their place, the search for grandeur is obviously the enemy of coziness, presumably because it attempts to remove man from the reassuring disorder of nature, in which he once had his habitat, and in the incalculability of which he was accustomed, over millions of years, to look for his security.

IT is another morning, and another part of the town. From the sidewalk on the south side of the Nevski Prospekt one can step directly into the inner-entrance court of what is now a Pioneer (scouting) center but was formerly the Anichkov Palace: a gilded prison in which, from time to time, members of the imperial family, including the unfortunate Nicholas and Alexandra, resided. The building stood in closest proximity to the great crowded street, and had to be guarded accordingly.

Plainly, if you are to be guarded at all, it makes little difference whether the guarding is for the purpose of keeping you in or keeping others out, or both. The effect is much the same. After the eighteen-sixties, in particular, the czars, like most rulers who hold many others prisoner, were in effect prisoners themselves, as their successor Stalin was to be. Not for them the freedom of obscurity and anonymity. Not for them the priceless privilege of walking down a







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street—any street—observing and yet unobserved. The physical appointments of the prisons in which they were confined were, of course, comfortable by comparison with those of their victims (though not always as comfortable as people suppose); but the warm sociability and camaraderie that went so far to make life tolerable in the ordinary Russian prison were not for them, nor was the solace of considering oneself the victim of somebody else's injustice. The sentences *they* were serving had been passed upon them by the accident of birth: an accident for which, much as they might have wished it had not occurred, they could expect no sympathy from others—only envy and resentment. All of which goes to suggest that the general unhappiness of Russian society in the nineteenth century was not a condition inflicted by happy bad people on unhappy good ones, as the Marxist-revolutionary myth would have it, but a common predicament, embracing them all. The role each was to enact in the common scenario was determined, as a rule, not by his virtue or the lack of it but by that unfathomable selection which decrees that each of us shall be the child of *his* particular parents and no others. The happiness of the role, or its unhappiness, was not necessarily a function of the inherited station in life.

Not far from the Anichkov Palace, on the same side of the Nevski, there opens up the pleasant little park before the old Alexandrinski Theatre (now the State Academic Theatre for Drama, commemorating A. S. Pushkin). The hour, on this occasion, is early. The paths of the park are still clean. The patient, kerchiefed elderly women who—year in, year out, century in, century out—do this sort of thing in Russia have swept them carefully with their twig brooms this very morning, and the patterns cut by the wide, curved swaths of the twigs are still pleasantly visible in the damp sand. The imperious figure of Catherine the Great, sweeping forward, sceptre in hand, after the fashion of sculptured monarchs, still presides over the park from its lofty perch. Having had the good fortune to rule in an age when Russia had neither an industrial proletariat nor a modern revolutionary movement for her to oppress, she survived the dangerous period of the nineteen-twenties and thirties, when she might well have been torn down; and she is probably set, if the gasoline fumes do not get her, for at least another century.

Beneath her, on a circular stone

bench that surrounds her pedestal some halfway up, still sit the legendary figures of her political and personal entourage—people bearing the great names of eighteenth-century Russia: Derzhavin, Rumiantsev, Suvorov, Potemkin, etc. Beautifully costumed, vigorous and animated in posture, but slightly self-conscious, precariously perched and exposed as they are up there, with the pigeon dirt streaking down their elegant coiffures, they look like people on a dais trying to appear casual despite the numbers of eyes trained upon them.



The Alexandrinski Theatre appears unchanged. The original quadriga is still there, the horses rearing and straining and pulling in different directions, after the fashion of quadriga horses everywhere who know their business. Beneath them, on the triangular face of the portico, the two reclining Graces, delineated in white bas-relief against the yellow background so characteristic of Petersburg architecture, stretch out their wreaths, in sisterly communion, to the lyre that now stands between them (replacing, apparently, the imperial double eagle of czarist times).

The theatre is just now undergoing what the Russians call a *bolshoi remont*. Scaffoldings have crept up two of its sides. A placard at ground level permits one to suspect that this is by way of preparation for the forthcoming appearance here of the Arena Stage, from Washington, which is to play "Our Town." I recall that it was from this theatre that the unhappy Anton Chekhov fled after the grotesque, incredible flop of the first performance of his "Seagull," in October, 1896—fled, heartsick and embittered, to wander despairingly until two in the morning among the crowds on the Nevski, avoiding his friends and vowing that he would never write another play. "The Seagull" was, of course, far from being his best play, and remorse over its imperfections was probably never wholly to leave him. But it had in it gropings toward the great plays that were to follow—plays that would in some respects lay the very foundations of the modern stage—and I find myself wondering, as I leave the theatre behind me, whether if Chekhov had not made that initial effort and endured that agony there would ever have been an "Our Town" for the Arena Stage to play.

NO more than the present Lenin-grad was the erstwhile Petersburg a city made up exclusively of scenes of light and space and hopeful



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aspiration. It had its gray, gloomy, oppressive thoroughfares, plenty of them: long, straight streets, narrower than the great "prospekts," lined with unbroken rows of oppressive, ponderous apartment houses in the Wilhelmian-Berlin style (*Mietskasernen*, the Germans would have called them)—unrelieved monotony, hostile, even menacing, to the human spirit. I am approaching such streets now, as I move westward from the Alexandrinski Theatre toward the onetime Hay Market and the area around it. Gogol knew them, as did Dostoevski. They are the streets in which the latter's Raskolnikov wandered in dreamlike misery in the aftermath of his crime. They are the opposite poles to all the beauty and magnificence that lie so near them; and the sinisterness of the one is no less accentuated by the high northern latitude than is the beauty of the other. It would behoove the architects in far-northern cities to bear in mind that all the effects of their handiwork, beautiful or ugly, hopeful or discouraging, are destined to be lengthened, like the shadows, in a world where the sun, if visible at all, is always at a somewhat lower angle than elsewhere. Even the normally indefatigable author of the 1914 Baedeker recoiled, lost his enthusiasm, and retreated when he encountered such districts. The inner parts of Vasili Island, he recorded, "offer no attractions to the stranger."

Yet somehow, even in the dichotomy of darkness and light which marks this city, there seems to be some hidden intent and meaning and unity—the intimation of some veiled design, wider, deeper, and more mysterious than just the crude naval and political ambitions of the ruthless giant, part boy, part tyrant, part genius, who conceived it all and laid it out. Some higher hand, knowing full well what it was doing, was at work here, arranging these bodies of water, these islands, these gardens and squares, these sectors of gloom and menace. The poetry of significance itself eludes one; one gropes vainly for it in memory and imagination, as for something once dreamed which was all clear and coherent in the dream but cannot now be quite recovered—and yet one knows it was there.



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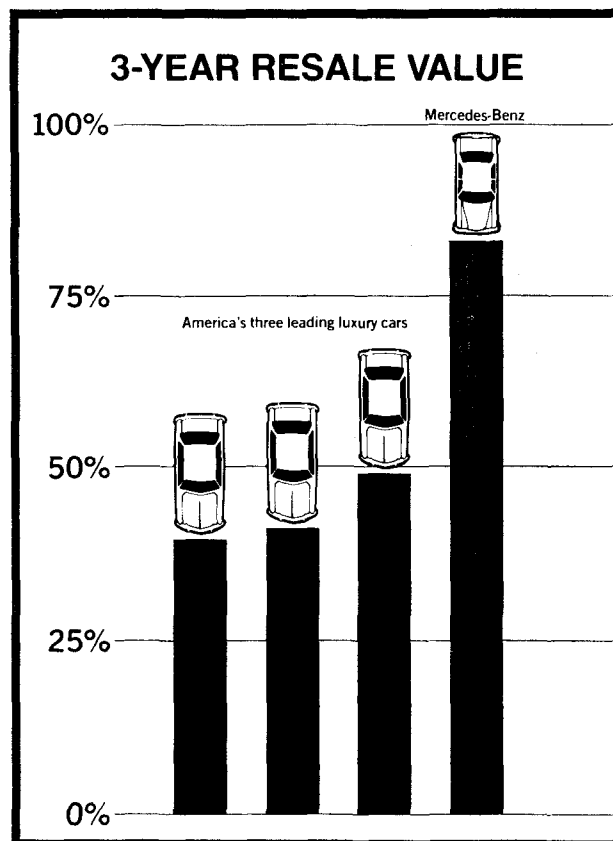


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AN afternoon walk takes me to the eastern end of the southern Neva Embankment—to the point where the long line of palaces (thirty or forty of them) stretching east from the Hermitage ends and gives way to less glamorous habitation. The embankment is





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# IL LIQUORE DEI CONOSCENTI.



basking now in the declining sunshine of an autumn afternoon. The façades of the palaces, facing north as they do, and thus normally deprived of the sun (the inhabitants, for all the grandeur of the premises, often complained about this), are given a brief hour of warm illumination. Near the old Alexandrovski Bridge, fishermen are lined up, leaning across the granite balustrade, poles extended to clear the slope of the stone facing beneath them, brothers all, for the moment, in this most ancient and peaceable of human pastimes. Before them, terns, presumably out after the same tiny fish, wheel and dive over the cold gray-green waters. Across the river, at the entrance to the inter-island channel known as the Bolshaya Nevka, can be discerned the old-fashioned outlines of the celebrated cruiser Aurora, now a museum piece—a vessel that achieved greater fame by merely firing blanks as a signal for the fighting to begin on the evening of November 7, 1917, than most warships have achieved with even the greatest output of live ammunition. Like so many other objects in this city, the vessel has entered now into what we might call the mythology of history, and has meaning not for what it actually did but for what it is popularly conceived to have done.

Behind the fishermen, in the street that runs along the quay, there is little traffic. People are walking dogs; and just beyond the bridge, before what was once the French Embassy, two of the latter are having a mock battle, like dogs anywhere—like capitalist dogs, in fact. Ten or twenty years ago, one would not have seen dogs at all.

On the way home, I pass the pre-Revolutionary American Embassy, on the former Furshtatskaya. The building has now been greatly spruced up, and a new central entrance has been added. It bears a placard describing it in some such terms as "Office for the Registration of Documents Attesting to Personal Status." It is, in other words, the marriage bureau; and the authorities, still concerned to compete with the Church in the solemnization of an event of personal life that people feel an unquenchable need to solemnize, has spruced it up and endowed it with a sort of wedding-cake elegance that it did not have even in the years of its diplomatic function. Here behind those windows, in the harrowing months of 1917, Ambassador David Francis, former mayor of St. Louis and governor of Missouri, smoked his cigars, pursued his French lessons with a lady of German name, and feuded tensely with his more polished career

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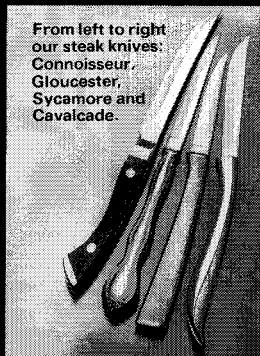
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aides, who suspected the lady of the wrong political connections and harbored dark misgivings as to the consequences of this association. Now in 1973, on this cool autumn evening, a row of special taxis, vehicles provided expressly for this purpose by the thoughtful city fathers and distinguished by linked rings affixed to their roofs, waits at the curb. In the first of them, attired in traditional long white dress and veil, sits the bride, excited and triumphant; next to her is the groom, in dark suit, ruffled shirt, and no necktie, looking unhappy and self-conscious; around them, after the fashion of weddings everywhere, a little crowd of passersby has stopped to gape, to admire, to criticize.

Next door to the marriage bureau is a similar institution for the registration of births—the intended surrogate for baptism. Here, again, there is a little party of participants, but this time they are standing on the sidewalk—the entire family group: grandparents, relatives, father, and, above all, of course, the young wife, bearing the baby on a lace-covered cushion and exhibiting it to be oohed and ahed at by all comers. The half-light of evening is on this little scene; there is a wonderful unself-consciousness about it, and vividness as in a Renaissance painting. One is aware, standing here among the small band of rubbernecks, that one is witnessing the irrepressible insistence of ordinary people on living as people have always lived, hoping as people have always hoped, affirming a species of faith in the continuity of personal life—a faith that has nothing to do with reason and nothing to do with political doctrines but triumphs, in the end, over both.

AFTER long and patient climbing of circular stairs, I stand, this last morning, on the walk that surrounds the base of the dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral. A light rain is falling. The roofs of the city are beneath us. From somewhere in the forest of masonry behind us the canned voice of the official guide-propagandist booms out, informing us that the density of the housing visible to the west of us was the result of the greed of the capitalist developers—true, no doubt, but scarcely the whole story. In the north one sees old Petersburg at its finest and proudest: the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, the Alexander Garden. It could be said, I suppose, that capitalists built them, too.

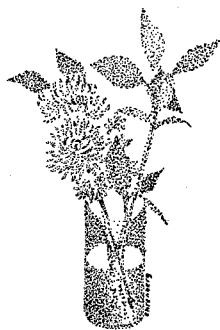
The Marquis de Custine described Petersburg, in all its grandeur, as a monument to the future. The past, he thought, had certainly not deserved it, nor did the present. What we are seeing now is *his* future, and it cannot live up to the grandeur, either. No human society could. One has to concede to the authors of the Revolution that the pomp, the pretense, the implicit claims of this city exceeded every possible dimension of mortal man. No one, least of all poor Nicholas II or the eighteen-odd

grand dukes who surrounded him, could possibly have done justice to it. This inadequacy applied not just to the architecture and décor but to the whole structure of institutional grandeur at the pinnacle of which the monarch stood: the court, the bureaucracy, the guard regiments, even the hierarchy of the state-controlled and bureaucratized Church.

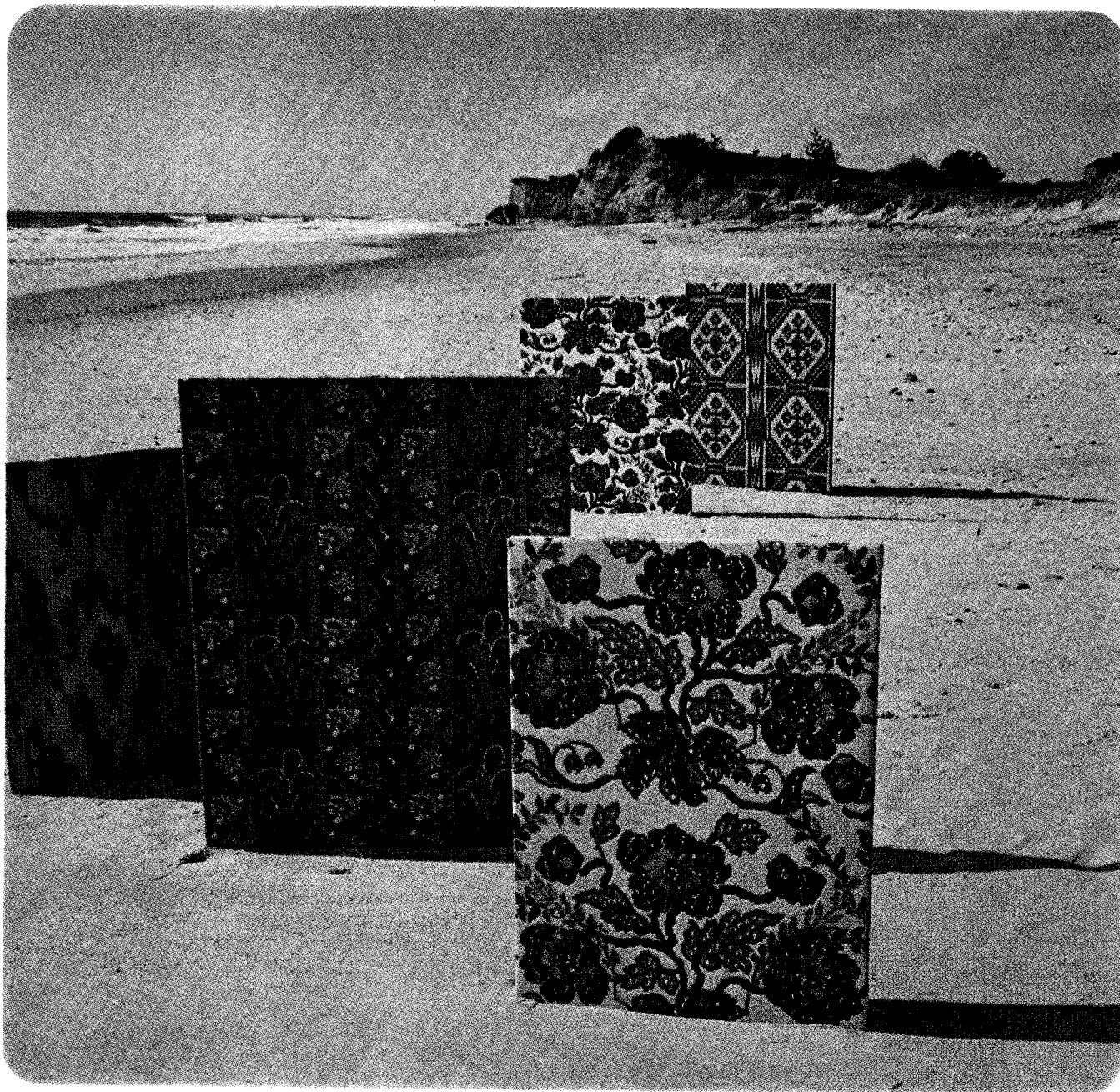
Any mere men, plagued like other mortals by their fears, their passions, their jealousies, and their infirmities, must have usually looked absurd, uncomfortable against a stage setting that so dwarfed them. No one could be wholly oblivious of this anomaly—this hopeless gap between pretense and reality. It invited ridicule and contempt. It produced, with time, a physical isolation of the privileged classes which contributed, in the end, to their undoing.

Well, one may say, the revolutionaries were right: these people were claiming too much, striking poses not justified by their real quality, living in unmerited luxury; they deserved their misery; good riddance to them.

Yes, but . . . This was not just Russia's problem. It was a problem that existed wherever dynasties surrounded themselves with the trappings of grandeur. It existed all over Western Europe, too. It was an unvarying feature of the dynastic age. And was it all so useless? These buildings, this symbolism, these titles and uniforms and decorations—all this pomp: Was this ever supposed to be the reality? Was anyone ever really supposed to be fooled by it? Was it not, rather, the dream, the vision, the ideal of man as he might conceivably be—of man ennobled, inspirited, in command of himself, risen above himself? And without this theatre, without this never-ending ritualistic enactment of that which did not yet exist but which you liked to hope might someday do so—without this testimonial to one's faith in man's future—what would there have been of art and architecture, of design and







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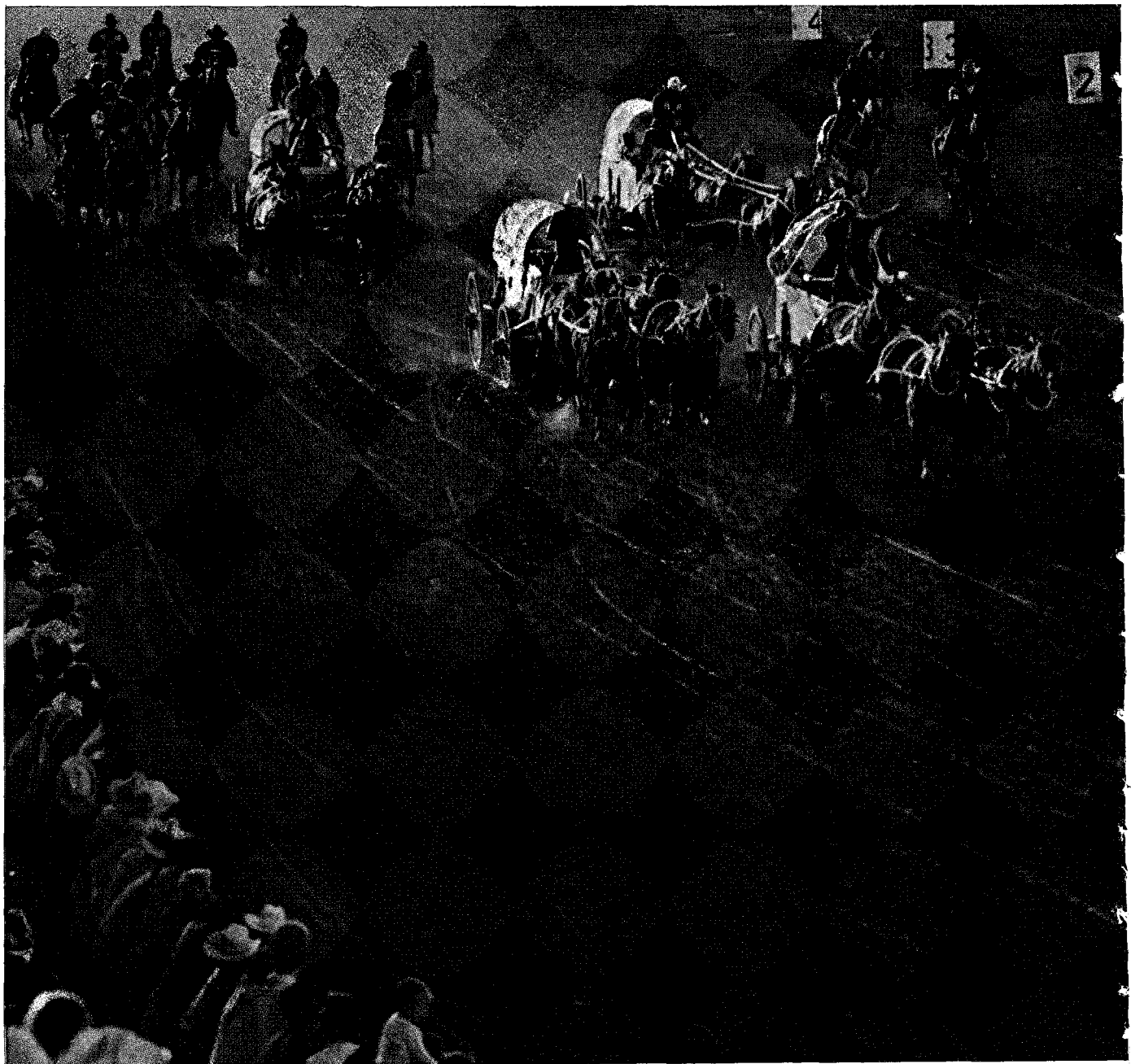
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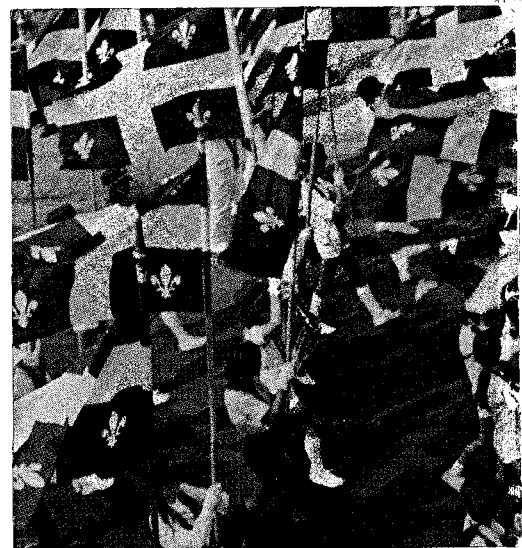




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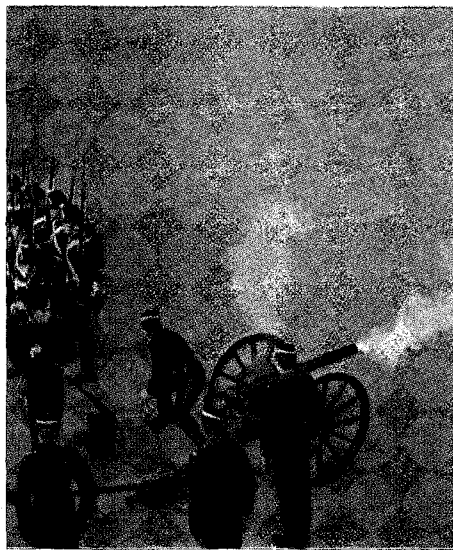


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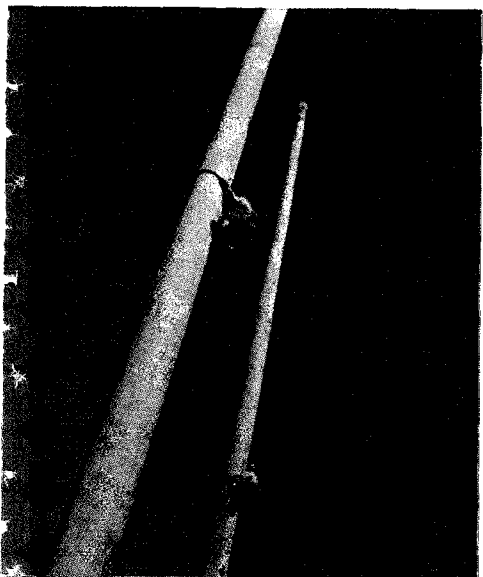
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decoration, of good taste, of imagination and inspiration, in old Europe?

I went out, just yesterday, to see the magnificently restored suburban palace of Pavlovsk. (The Russians can pride themselves here on what is certainly one of the finest works of restoration, if not the finest, of all time.) There is no better illustration of the dilemma of royal grandeur. No man could really *live* in this structure, in the sense of using every room, sitting in every chair, noticing every stroke of decoration, enjoying every touch of elegance and dignity. Any mere human frame was bound to rattle around in it. Yet without it where would have been the model of decorative brilliance and good taste for hundreds of other buildings? Where, in fact, would architecture all over Europe have been without the great royal establishments that set the tone? Was it not desirable, in other words, that some people, albeit ordinary, inadequate people—people who after each performance bathed sweaty feet, said unfitting things, and misbehaved in all sorts of silly ways, like anyone else—was it not desirable that they should act the parts, rather than that these should not be acted at all, if only in order that the settings might have an excuse for existence and might continue to remind people of what men *could* be, or could be imagined as being? It was by just such visions, surely, that men lived through the low moments of history, surviving what would otherwise have been unadulterated squalor, hopeless and intolerable.

One recognizes, in other words, the human unworthiness of the actors, but one cannot regret the performance of the drama. And someone, after all, had to act it. The concrete boxes of apartment houses that are rising in the mud all around this city are no doubt necessary, too. They, too, respond to a need of the time; one can only respect the vitality and the will that cause them to be erected. But where would they be, and where would the city be, without that different concept of city-building, without that lovely setting for the life and work of the superman who never really existed but who everyone liked to think could conceivably exist—that setting which the early Communist leaders repudiated with so much contempt and so much bloodshed?

It is with such rumination, over questions to which there is not and will never be a wholly satisfactory answer, that I make my clattering way down the metal steps of the circular staircase and out onto the great square before the church, where the rain sifts down, the pavement glistens, and the

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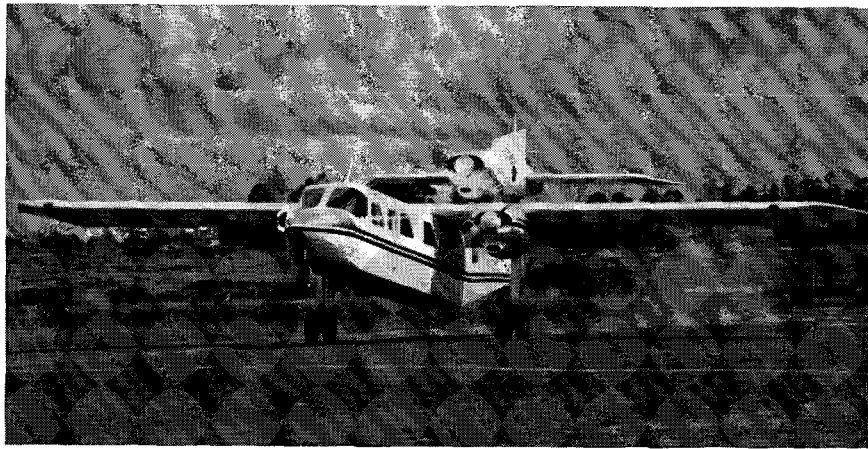
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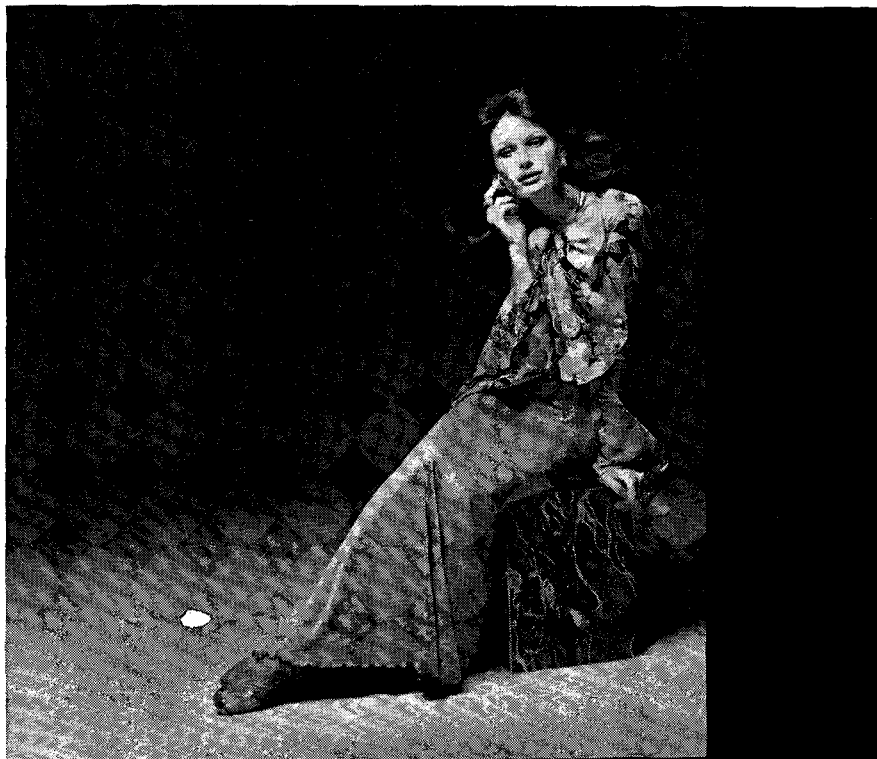
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eye wanders from the old German Embassy, where the mob threw the furniture out the window when war broke out in 1914, to the Blue Bridge and the noble outlines of the Marie Palace beyond.

IT seems to me, on the basis of these few days of exposure, that a real and significant change—or, at least, the beginnings of one—has come over Leningrad in these past few years. It is not just that here, after so many vicissitudes and against the still enduring background of an ideologically militant system, something like normal life is again breaking through: that people fish, dogs play, pigeons are fed, and the great events of personal life—birth, marriage, and death—are again celebrated by the real sacraments or by their imitations. Contemporary Leningrad, beyond that, is rediscovering its own past and, above all, its own enduring bond with that past. It is like a person who has suffered years of amnesia after an accident (the accident being in this case the Revolution) and now begins gradually to recover his memory, and to become aware of the life that was lived before and of his own connection with it. Together with Leningrad's awakening come the beginnings of a revival of the erstwhile quality of the place as a world city. Ten foreign consulates have now been opened here, there having been none since the purges of the nineteen-thirties. Foreign visitors have multiplied, and not all of them are tourists. Foreign students are again in residence. There are the beginnings of a foreign colony. Slowly and laboriously, with creaks and groans, the place is resuming the continuity with the city of the past and the communication with the outside world that made it once one of the world's great cities, capable of giving as well as receiving in its relationship to the world without.

The problem of the relationship of the regime to the cultural and intellectual dissidents, here as elsewhere in Russia, has obviously not been solved. Was it ever solved, in fact, in Russia—except, briefly, in the period of the last three czars, against whom, as though by way of punishment for their relative liberalism, the intelligentsia then rebelled? This failure is no laughing matter. People elsewhere plainly cannot be other than concerned about it. But one wonders, looking at this city, whether beneath the surface other changes, slow, less visible, more elemental, are not also in progress—processes of growth and adaptation more important and more hopeful than



all the current mistakes and timidities of policy that make the headlines in the Western press.

IT is my last day here. To complete this visit, there is the customary, almost obligatory, visit to the Piskarevskoye cemetery, on the northern edge of the city, where the victims of the siege of the Second World War, some eight hundred thousand of them, are buried. It is unquestionably impressive: the long rows of grass-grown mounds, the solemn music, the combined sense of hush and horror and sadness which lies over the place. Everyone feels here that he is in the presence of tragedy beyond the capacity of imagination. Even the one ambiguous and slightly threatening line of Olga Berggolt's otherwise beautiful lament, inscribed on the wall at the end of the cemetery ("Be aware . . . that no one is forgotten, and nothing is forgotten"), cannot ruin the impression that here in these mounds is a silent reproach that goes beyond the passions of the war itself and applies to the weakness and follies of mankind as a whole, so that attempts to relate it to the wickedness of one political regime or the virtues of another appear only as trivial manifestations of poor taste.

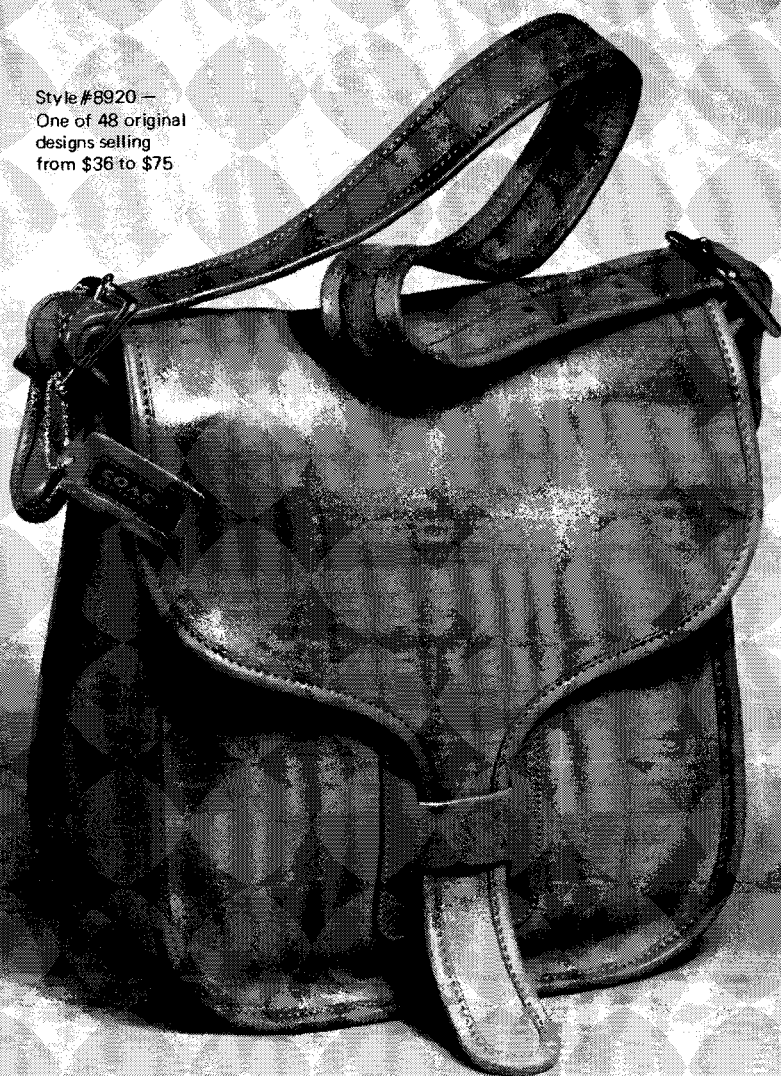
THE return journey to Finland is again by train. Once again the young birch forests of Karelia flash past the windows of the car. I find them, as always, strangely moving, these young birch trees of the North. Fresh, tender, sometimes trembling, full of youth and enthusiasm, they stand as a defiance to the rigors of the climate—as an affirmation of faith in the ability of life to survive hard winters and wars and revolutions, and even individual death. It occurs to me that many of them grow, here in Karelia, on spots where young men fell in the Winter War and now lie buried. In this sense, the young forest strikes me as no less eloquent a memorial to the dead than the cemetery at Piskarev, and I am tempted to say that never does the birch appear more virginal, more beautiful, more appealing than when it draws its strength from the remains of some boy—be he Russian or Finnish—who gave up on this spot the privilege of leading a life through, like the rest of us, in all its satisfactions and disappointments. —GEORGE F. KENNAN

Mrs. William Levitt, whose exotic, dark skin is a wonderful foil for white, made the most of it and wore nothing else.—*Eugenia Sheppard in the Post.*

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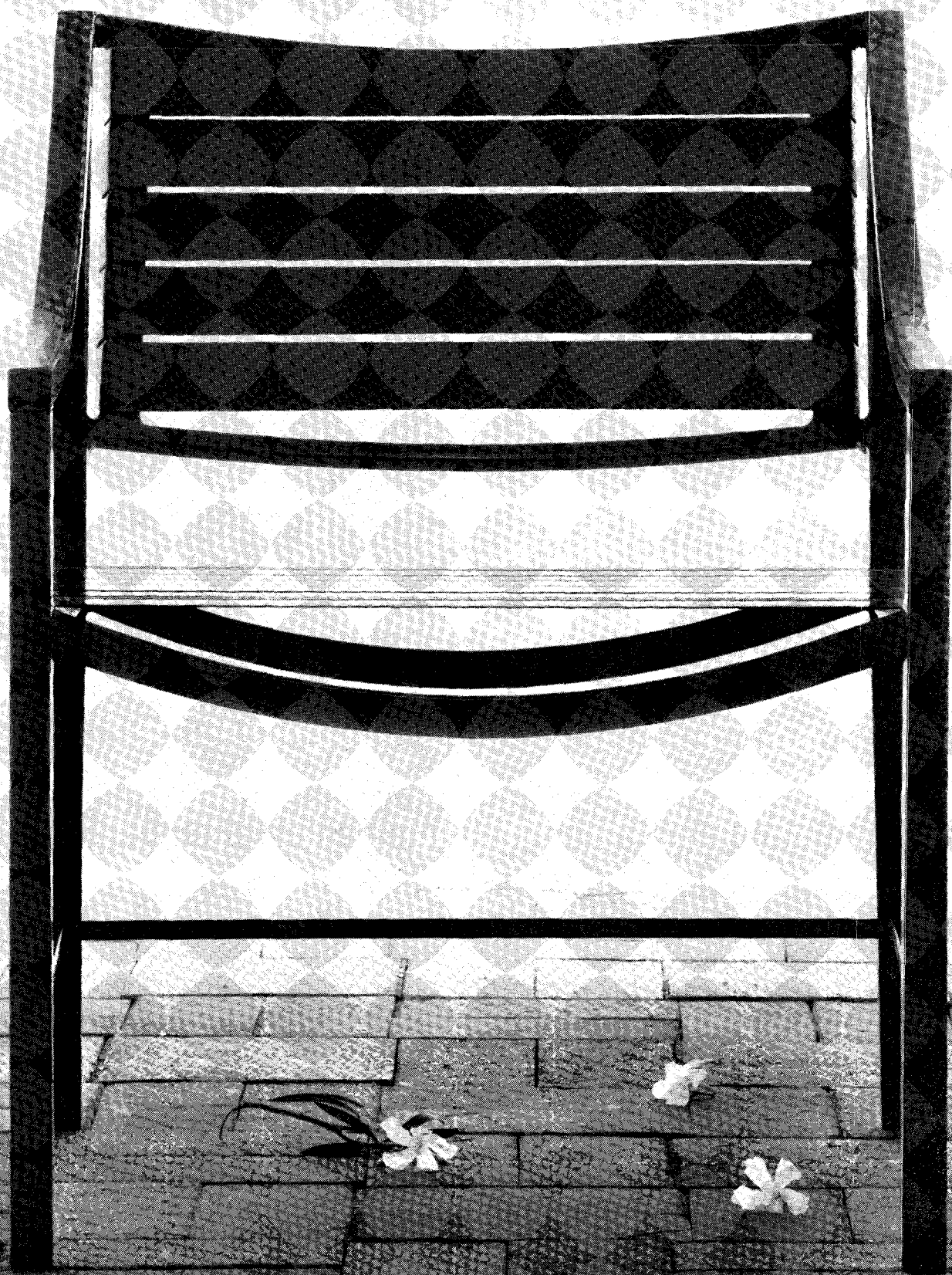
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## KINDS OF CONFIDENCE

MURRAY SCHISGAL'S "An American Millionaire" has opened at the Joseph E. Levine Theatre, and perhaps it will mitigate the harshness of my opinion of it if I say, in a single hurried rush of words, that while it is a very poor comedy indeed, the performers are so charming and are so obviously bent upon pleasing us by every means at their disposal that throughout much of the evening one feels that one's critical faculties have been successfully anesthetized. Alas, the playwright's insistent, bludgeoning presence too often outwits the mercy of numbness; he holds so high an opinion of his handiwork that he gives us nearly every jape and sight gag not once but several times, and though we may ignore them at a first encounter, we can scarcely affect not to be familiar with them when they turn up again and again, hitting us like hammer blows on eye and ear. Ella Wheeler Wilcox said, "Laugh and the world laughs with you," but this advice was surely not intended for tellers of jokes. In that occupation, the proper method is to let the world laugh first, if it laughs at all, after which one may risk the satisfaction of laughing second. I got the impression in the course of "An American Millionaire" that Mr. Schisgal was always laughing ahead of me and was expecting me to find his laughter infectious.

It will amount to comparing Mr. Schisgal to an immortal for probably the first and last time when I say that the plot of his comedy would have given Molière certain opportunities. The hero is the millionaire co-owner of a large textile plant. He is in the prime of life, with the conventional "everything to live for." He has recently married for the third time and deeply loves his wife. He has a daughter who is a brilliant law student. Nevertheless, it soon turns out that he has nothing to live for. His wife has left him, on the reasonable ground that whenever he attempts to make love to her he faints. His daughter is given to prematurely senile natterings about the nature of life and love. He is grotesquely overweight and cannot stop eating. His doctor has warned him to stop smoking and drinking, and he cannot stop smoking and

drinking. Save for his chauffeur, he is friendless; his former best friend, the co-owner of the textile plant, has grown apart from him, and with reason. To make bad matters worse, at this moment his life is being threatened—somewhere outside the hideous, costly suburban house he occupies an unknown enemy is sending him bombs and poisoned candy through the mails and warning him that he must die.

Mr. Schisgal has made the curious decision to give his comedy the shape and tone of a Marx Brothers parody of a nineteen-thirties movie mystery—say, of "The Cat and the Canary." The ghost of Chico Marx is here in the chauffeur's constantly reiterated "boss;" so are the ghosts of Edward Everett Horton and Louise Fazenda. The members of the cast, directed by Theodore Mann, beg us to be amused by their strenuous attack upon the sorry materials provided for them, and often enough we are. Paul Sorvino, Bob Dishy, and Joseph Bova carry the play about in their hands, and Austin Pendleton, that superlative *goyishe* Woody Allen, keeps taking it away from them, tripping over it with lunatic gusto, and ending up triumphant and unconscious.

The setting, by Douglas W. Schmidt, is a model of macabre arriviste bad taste. The lighting is by Martin Aronstein and the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, whom I described last week as "tireless." Maybe "un-sleeping" is closer to the mark.

IF Mr. Schisgal manifests somewhat more self-confidence than the occasion warrants, Sammy Cahn, the celebrated lyricist, manifests just the right amount of self-confidence throughout his little show at the John Golden, which he calls "Words and Music" and which proves to be a delightful skirmish with autobiography, largely in musical terms. Mr. Cahn is a born showman and therefore, perhaps necessarily, a showoff, but he never asks us to admire him more than he deserves; his just view of his literary merits coincides with an irresistible eagerness to put his songs over well as a performer; this he does, sometimes by himself, in a voice very winning in its peculiarity, and

sometimes with the help of three appealing young singers—Kelly Garrett, Jon Peck, and Shirley Lemmon. At the piano, and not taking himself or Mr. Cahn too seriously, is Richard Leonard. The director of "Words and Music" is Jerry Adler, the designer of the elegant set is Robert Randolph, and the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss.

The evidence is that if one can write half a dozen songs one can probably write half a hundred. The Cahn canon contains many more songs than that. Mr. Cahn tells us that he was born sixty years ago on the lower East Side—"so low, in fact, that one step backwards would have landed [sic] me in the East River." He has spent most of his life working in Hollywood, and among the composers with whom he has collaborated are Jule Styne, Nicholas Brodsky, Saul Chaplin, Sammy Fain, and James Van Heusen. In a show like "Words and Music," what the audience wants is for Mr. Cahn to say, "And then I wrote..." At the sound of the ever-so-familiar opening bars the audience gasps and bursts into applause. Among the standards for which Mr. Cahn has written the lyrics are "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön," "Be My Love," "Call Me Irresponsible," "Papa, Won't You Dance with Me," "The Second Time Around," "Until the Real Thing Comes Along," and "Three Coins in the Fountain," so there is plenty of gasping and applauding to be heard at the John Golden these days. Mr. Cahn gives a hilarious account of "Three Coins," the title song of a fantastically successful movie. The reason that the lyrics are—for Mr. Cahn—so unusually short and so unusually full of repetition is that he was asked to write the song without having seen the movie and without being told much of anything about its plot. The climactic words—"Make it mine! Make it mine! Make it mine!"—which seem a deeply felt expression of the singer's longing for happiness, are a consequence of mere paucity of information. Out of what scraps and tatters talent fashions its pretty toys!

—BRENDAN GILL

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JAMES IRWIN'S "The Sea Horse," after a sizable run at the little Off Broadway Circle, has finally opened Off Broadway, at the Westside, and, like "Hot 1 Baltimore" and "When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?," two other projects of the Circle Repertory company, it is realistic in



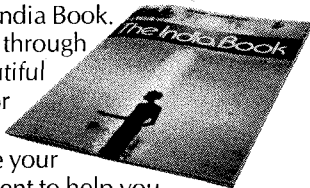


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style, somewhat synthetic and sentimental, and quite entertaining. Considered as a play, it doesn't amount to much, but considered as a dramatic exercise—what used to be called a vehicle (in this case, for two actors, who play beautifully together under Marshall W. Mason's direction)—it makes for quite an evening. The actors are Edward J. Moore and Conchata Ferrell, and Mr. Irwin has provided them with rich, detailed parts, along with stretches of fakery. Time after time, I was snapped out of the play by what seemed to me to be just acting-class stuff, and then snapped right back into it again by a funny line or a shrewd bit of characterization or a moment of plausible feeling. The Sea Horse of "The Sea Horse" is a waterfront bar on the West Coast which is owned and operated by a tough, burly, very fat, and very pretty young woman named Gertrude Blum. For quite a while, she has been sleeping with a seaman named Harry Bales whenever he is in port and, one gathers, with any number of other men when he is not. The entire action of the play, which takes place during a single evening and the following morning, is concerned with Harry's attempts to break through Gertrude's defenses, which takes a lot of doing, and to convince her that he loves her and wants to marry and take care of her—of her whose greatest pride is her ability to take care of herself. She loves him, too, whether she will admit it or not, but her guard is always up, and she rebuffs him angrily whenever he becomes serious. One way to get to her is through humor; he can always break her up. Mr. Moore's comedy and clowning are delightful, and the gleeful rapture on Miss Ferrell's face when he sings a song, "Dirty Gertie," that the sailors have written about her gives great pleasure. But the story of battered Gertrude's life, once she gets around to telling it—of her miserable childhood and her dreadful marriage—sounds pat and secondhand, and the imitations of ship's machinery which Harry keeps doing are just as tiresome as Gertrude finds them. All that matters, though, are those portions of dialogue and action which do ring true. Mr. Irwin certainly seems to belong in the theatre. David Potts's setting is entirely in keeping.

THE weather is turning balmy, and the Roundabout (Off Off Broadway) has opened what I can only describe as a quite respectable summer-stock kind of production of Somerset Maugham's "The Circle." One thing

to be said for the Roundabout, whether the performance is pretty good or terrible, is that it does revive plays you always wanted to see. This time, the performance ranges from so-so to pretty good, and the play, which was first produced in 1921, is still strong. "The Circle" is a drawing-room comedy about the return to her drawing room in England of Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney and her lover, Lord Porteous, with whom she ran off to Italy thirty years before, deserting her husband and small son. The son is now an M.P. and an exceptionally stuffy one, and the husband has been doing quite well chasing young girls. However, the son's wife, still in her twenties, has fallen in love with another young man and plans to run off with him, and it is she who has invited Lady Catherine and Lord Porteous—they have always seemed extremely romantic figures to her. But Lady Catherine has become a raddled, elderly woman, with brightly dyed hair and wearing garish clothes, and Lord Porteous keeps complaining about the fit of his false teeth and snaps everyone's head off at the bridge table. When the son is told of his wife's plans, he and his father concoct various stratagems to block the elopement, even enlisting the aid of the returned lovers, and the play becomes a contest between head and heart—a satisfying contest of wit and truthfulness. "The Circle" is Maugham at his best and, I should think, an enduring theatrical work. A sense of period is maintained throughout the production—we are very much in the twenties—and of all the actors I most enjoyed Christopher Hewett as Lord Porteous, whose shrewd, canny eyes become as eloquent as any of Mr. Maugham's words, and Brian McKeon as the wife's young lover. The agreeable setting and costumes are by Holmes Easley and Charles Gelatte, respectively.

THE Royal Shakespeare Company is back at the Brooklyn Academy with a revival of "The Hollow Crown" (and with another program, "Pleasure and Repentance," which I haven't seen yet), and will be there through April 28th. The show is composed of passages from letters, journals, official and unofficial documents, literature, and firsthand reports, along with traditional songs, all of them pertaining to the kings and queens of England. The selections were made by John Barton, and they couldn't be better; the director is Patrick Tucker; the five players who read, recite, and sing them couldn't





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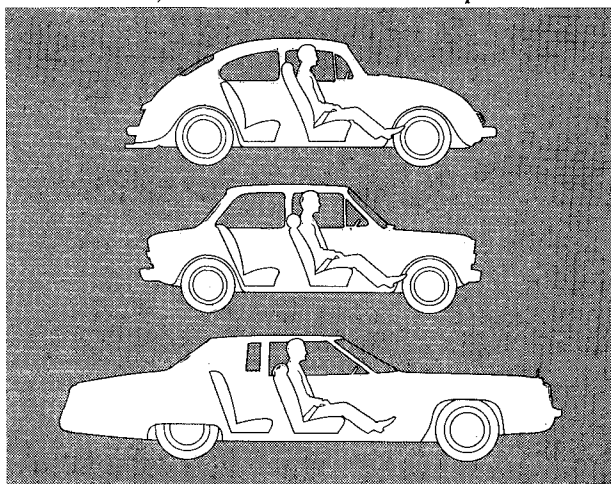
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be better, either. At the opening, there are five empty chairs arranged in a semicircle around a table. On the table are five goblets of red wine, one at each place. The players enter dressed in black—Sir Michael Redgrave, Sara Kestelman, James Grout, Paul Hardwick, and the singer Martin Best. Sir Michael holds up a crown and recites the speech from "Richard II" that gives the evening its title and its point of view. No celebration of royalty here—rather, clear-eyed appraisal, almost always ironic. But, of course, not always: Sir Michael ends the evening with Sir Thomas Malory's account of the death of King Arthur, the Once and Future King, that is heartfelt and beautifully spoken. In between, there is considerable entertainment in a variety of moods. There are accounts of the lives and deaths of a number of early kings, from "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle;" Jane Austen, aged fifteen, reads aloud from her own history of England (*love* the Yorks, *hate* the Lancasters); Lord Hervey describes the death of Caroline, wife of George II; Thackeray discourses contemptuously on George IV; James I delivers a treatise on the evils of tobacco (a treatise that is no more and no less boring than the sermons of the self-appointed evangelists of today); Horace Walpole (twitter, twitter) attends the funeral of George II, at Westminster; boozy Greville reports on William IV ("He isn't stupid, he *is* stupid"); skittish Fanny Burney has tea at the palace with George III; and Marianne Thornton writes a letter to her small nephew, E. M. Forster, about being taken as a child to see mad George III in Parliament. The songs are delightful, too, and include a ballad composed by Prince Albert, with words by his brother Ernest, and the permanently funny "Vicar of Bray." "About the only fault I have to find with 'The Hollow Crown,'" wrote John McCarten of the original production, in 1963, "is that its stay here is limited to a brief four weeks." The only fault I have to find with the current production is that its stay here is limited to only one; it seems even better than it did the first time, if that is possible.

—EDITH OLIVER

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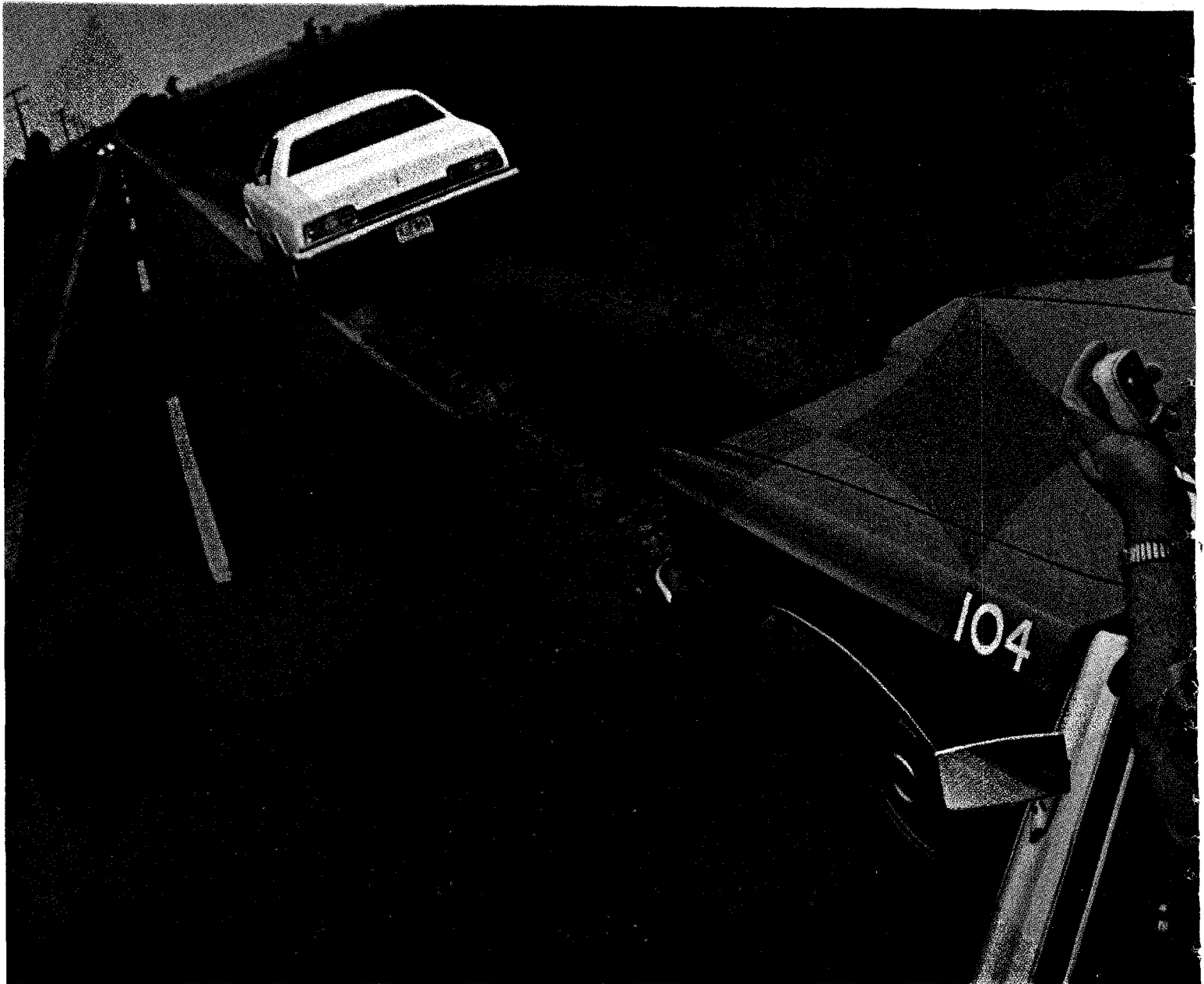
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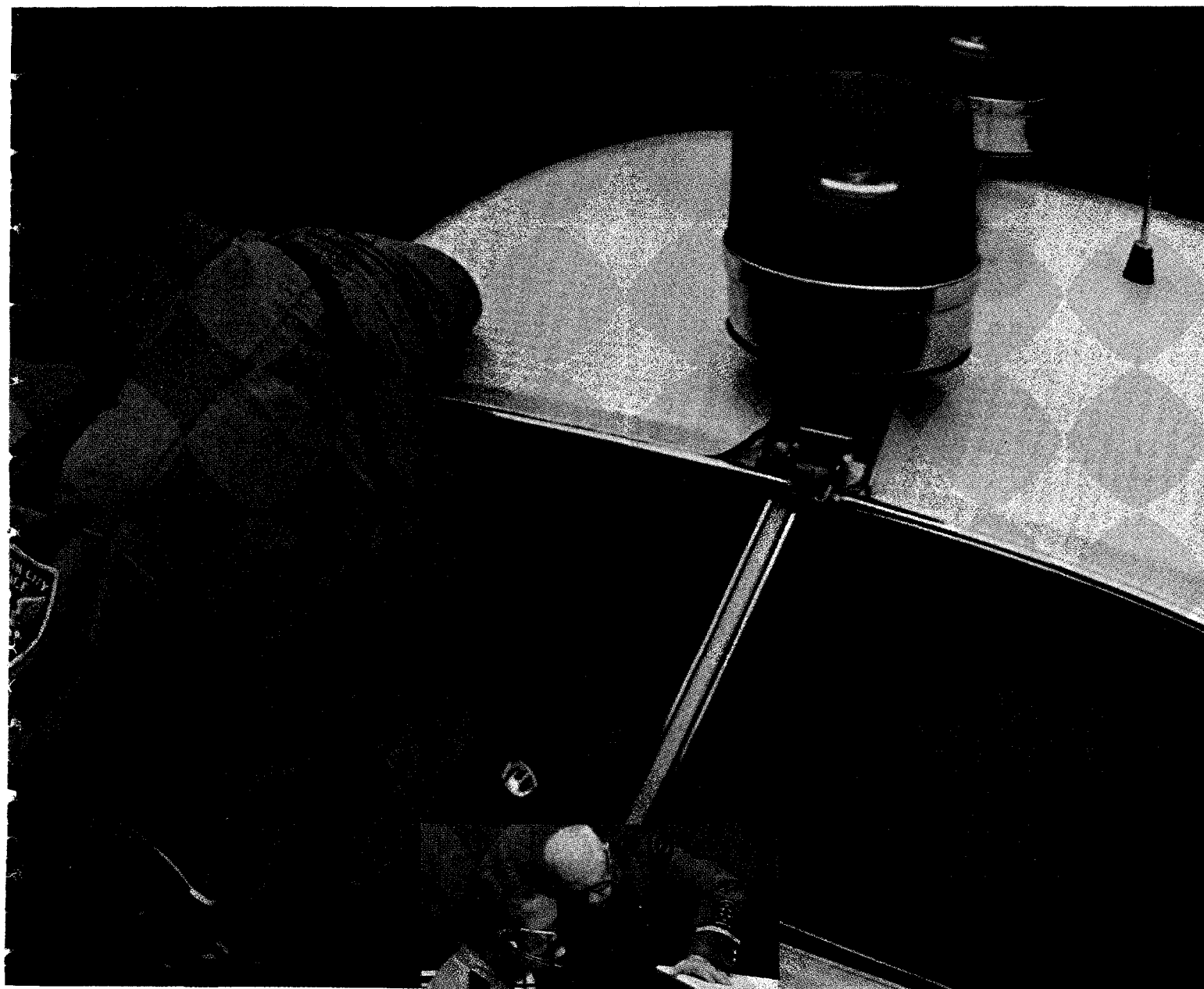
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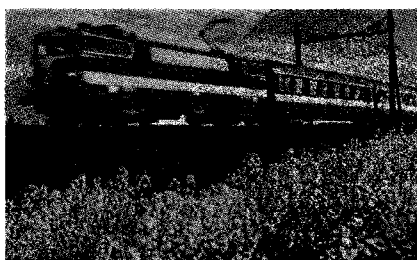
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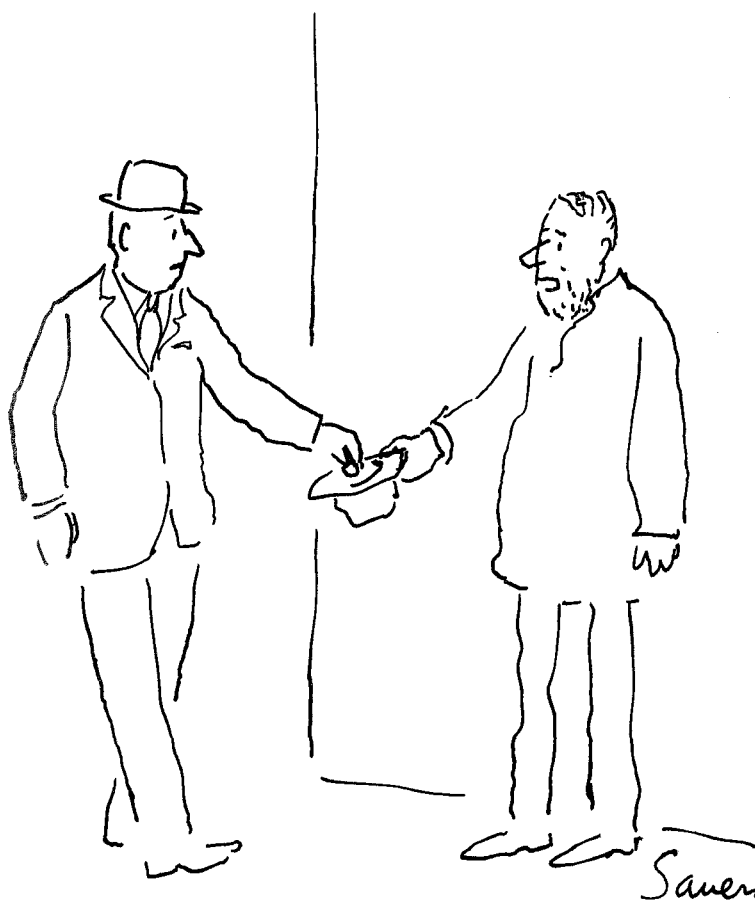
# THE ART WORLD

## *Artist Against Background*

IN the hullabaloo of innovations that have replaced the academic tradition, the artist's problem of switching from one style to another is probably the most crucial in the practical life of art. Picasso's abandonment of Cubism remains a source of wonder, as does Ernst's and Miró's firm clinging to Surrealism. Decisions of this order carry overtones of morality and even of politics—which may explain the apparent reluctance to discuss them in writings on art and artists. To relinquish a style is a repudiation of colleagues, and to adopt a new style is, since modern art is a continuing war of tendencies, tantamount to going over to the enemy. It is undeniable that defections weaken an art movement and foreshadow the time when it will no longer be represented by any of the living but will exist, if at all, only in history. Yet unshakable adherence to a mode or format also has serious drawbacks. To go on being a Dadaist or an Abstract Expressionist or a Conceptualist when the interest of the art world has turned elsewhere implies ideological rigidity, the introverted belief that one's own revolution was destined to be the last. No art movement can continue to represent the new forever, so to hang on to a style is to repudiate the principle of innovation that brings modern styles into being. On the other hand, to forsake what may be the most valid approach of one's time because it has ceased to be fashionable, or because the young are too benighted to live up to it, is to fall into shallow opportunism and to sacrifice the possibility of establishing an aesthetic identity. To change or not to change—the issue cannot be resolved on objective grounds. Fortunately, there are no treason trials in the art world, and no orders of merit for loyalty.

It used to be said that the style is the man. This significant-sounding maxim gives rise to complex questions when it is applied

to the modern situation, in which styles are often put on and taken off as if they were costumes. Does a change of style dissolve the artist and put another in his place? It would seem so in extreme instances, as in the difference between the early, theosophical Mondrian and the late, Neo-Plastic one, between early and late Rothkos. In our epoch, it is rare to find an artist who has not undergone metamorphosis. Is the second self as authentic as the first? Or is the new man an impostor contrived out of usable elements in his cultural environment—for example, a Mondrian who came into being because of Paris and Cubism? On the contrary, the usurping identity may owe its existence to the divesting of a false self and the painful evolution of the embryo of an original style. It would be difficult to demonstrate that either the first self or a later one deserves an absolute precedence. In the grammar of modern existence, any fragment of a man is equal to the whole. Each stylistic portion of an artist's total time span constitutes a separate sum of artifacts, and this is recognized by the art market in the values it places upon certain "periods" of an artist's work in contrast to others.



"More."

The magic of Picasso lay in his ability to stretch over into separated styles—"blue" and "pink," Cubist, classical, Surrealist periods—without self-fragmentation. Other artists who partake of two or three lives in this manner lose themselves, as if their fingerprints had faded. At any rate, for an artist to be one or more than one appears to be a matter of choice. Freedom is the privilege of surrendering what one is. Matisse was impressed by the report that "Japanese artists of the great period changed their names several times during their lives. This pleases me; they wanted to protect their freedom." Still, if abandoning a self has only the aim of locking oneself into a new one, the effort seems frivolous, a game of masquerade. Should not the aim be to develop a style of freedom? Of course it, too, would tend to produce restrictive mannerisms.

JOAN MITCHELL's recent paintings, on display at the Whitney Museum, are the creations of an Action painter who has chosen to retain the aesthetic identity in which she began her career more than twenty years ago. Her compositions revel in the liberationist draftsmanship and paint handling developed by postwar American abstract art. In the presence of her energetic canvases, one feels that Kline, Hans Hofmann, de Kooning, Guston are functioning in the neighborhood. Secure in the validity of its premises, Mitchell has disdained to dissociate her work from the smearings and splashings of the latecomers of the fifties who brought the style into disrepute. Dripping paint masses—orange, red, blue—settle against loosely brushed areas in giant canvases splattered and stained like the abused walls of a slum. The disintegrated rectangles and messy surfaces of mammoth diptychs and triptychs such as "Wet Orange," "Close," "Closed Territory," "Plowed Field" confidently assert themselves in opposition to art-world fashions and the critical chatter of the past decade and a half. Mitchell's work comes as close as any by an



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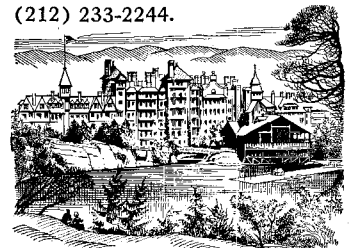
Mitchell has absorbed the physicality of Action painting—the element of dance in it. Her stance, in the photograph in the Whitney catalogue, suggests, like the stance of Pollock in numerous well-known photographs, a pause in a rhythmic movement; it is this movement that realizes itself in the paintings through the laying on of pigment and the balancing of forms. Moods or states of mind expressed in impulses of the body, as they change and build up in the activity of the painting, provide the subject matter of these restless compositions. Mitchell's giant triptych "Clearing" is a thrice-repeated tightening and relaxation: the dark, heavy squares in the upper part of each section, like the gathering of storm clouds, diffuse ("clearing") into blue, airy circular forms below. Composing by means of tensions and relaxation, Mitchell carries on the principle, common to Hofmann, Pollock, de Kooning, and other founders of the Action movement, that painting is an extension of the artist's inner life in its highest intensity. "Painting is what allows me to survive," she has said, confessing to the attitude that came to be denounced, by those who wished art to be practiced as a normal profession, as the "desperation" of Action painting. Endowed with the original meaning of the style in which she works, Mitchell differs drastically from contemporary heavy-pigment painters—Olitski, Poons, Bannard—who, having circled back to the Action mode by way of formalist theories, attempt to animate the canvas without a corresponding animation within the artist; regardless of their techniques of applying paint, their surfaces remain inert.

As with de Kooning and Kline, the raw, slapdash texture of Mitchell's paintings, with its effect of letting go, is a partial camouflage for precisely intuited harmonies. To see her paintings fully is to see through them. Their subsurface order ought not, however, to be mistaken for a rationally conceived structure executed according to plan, then defaced for effect. Mitchell's order is an order of feeling modulated by her veteran practice in the origination and deployment of forms. There are various levels of spontaneity: they range from the total automatism of the sleepwalker to the instantaneous riposte of the master fencer; in each, a different degree of form results from the interplay of movements in the action itself. The notion that an Action

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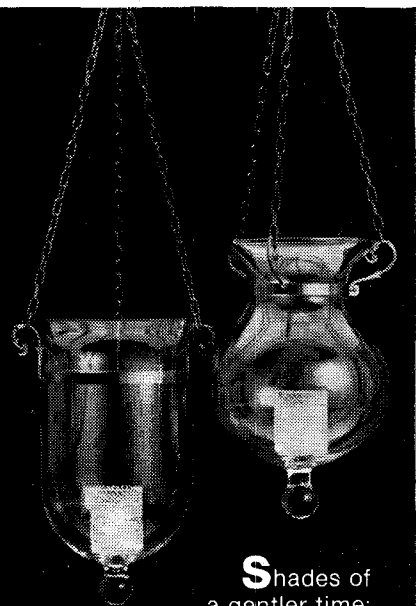


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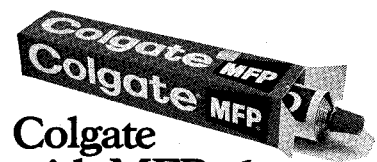


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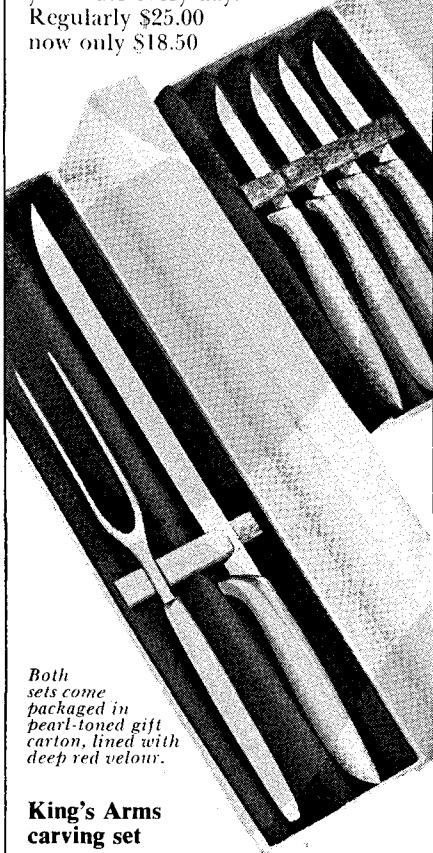


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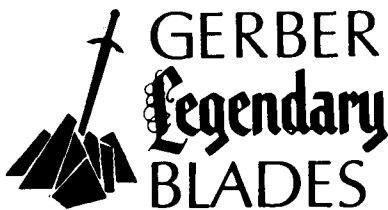


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painter plunges into the canvas and activates it, so to speak, in the dark is a myth derived from Surrealist games. At the extreme of his "contact" with (immersion in) the canvas, Pollock was conscious of where his ribbons of pigment were falling. Mitchell repudiates automatism; "I don't close my eyes and hope for the best," she is quoted as saying. But though she studies her painting while she is creating it, the essence of her pictures is that they come into being through unanticipated responses to what is taking place on the canvas. The activity she has instigated provides the clue and the motivation for her next move. This is another way of saying that, like Action painters generally, she plays the middle registers of spontaneity. The title, "They Never Appeared With the White," a diptych featuring a vaguely bluish circular form in each panel and three vertical strokes of color in the right-hand panel, is suggestive of both her aim and her method: it expresses delight at having been taken by surprise.

Mitchell's paintings of the sixties were strongly influenced by Philip Guston's. "Sans Neige II" (1969), the earliest painting in the Whitney exhibition, retains this influence: short, nervous lines nudge through pats of dense pigment toward a concentration in the top central portion of the canvas. "Blueberry" (1969-70) is a similar clustering formation, but without the linear dartings. In her paintings of the seventies, Mitchell has moved closer to Hans Hofmann, particularly to the late paintings in which inlays of slabs of color hold the composition in place. Perhaps Mitchell meant to indicate her move by the title "La Ligne de la Rupture," done in 1970-71, a powerful Hofmannesque canvas that approaches the Master himself in variety and lyricism. "Close" (1973), the title of which may refer to the closely scaled values of its colored oblongs, reminds me of one of Hofmann's walls built of yellow and red blocks. Mitchell's color masses differ, however, from Hofmann's in that they do not consist of flat, clean-cut plates of pure color but decompose at the edges and on the surface like cakes of colored ice under a beam of torrid light. Differing also from Rothko's soft but evenly bevelled rectangles, Mitchell's eroded oblongs take on a variety of tones and even of hues, and become elements of an original art of shifting volumes. Line has disappeared, except as decorative drips and as a means for establishing a vertical movement to counter the lateral

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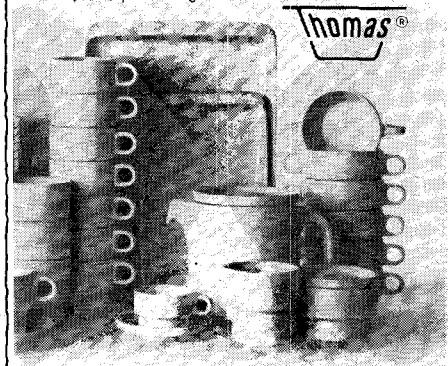
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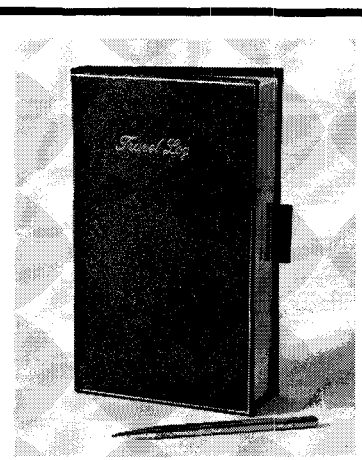
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drift of the diptychs and triptychs. The four-panelled "The Fields II" has the pronounced sidewise animation of a seascape with ships.

Action paintings tend to become landscapes that are metaphors for feelings. Pollock's "Blue Poles" and "Lavender Mist," Kline's ramplike paint structures, de Kooning's "Gotham News" and East Hampton beach motifs are instances of scenes evoked from moods. These inner countrysides are different from those of the dream in that they take form under the pressure of conscious purpose. The landscape is the emanation of the artist, and it has his emotional physiognomy rather than the atmosphere of a place. On the other hand, the artist's environment inhabits him in its totality as a tone of his being; it is not an external scene to be abstracted into observed details. Hofmann was predominantly a creator of landscapes seen for the first time when they manifested themselves on the canvas. Instead of copying nature, he saturated himself with it; each evening he ritualistically attended the setting of the sun from a high point among the dunes of Provincetown. "I bring the landscape home in me" was his way of describing his approach. It was through subjectivizing their surroundings that American artists of the postwar years were enabled to overcome the separation between sensibility and object which had made art in this country dependent on European models.

Mitchell's paintings have been firmly rooted in this tradition, and in the current show the landscape theme is more pervasive than ever. Denying that she is an Expressionist (that is, an artist whose work is an emanation of the ego), she insists that the subject of her canvases is "the feeling that comes from landscape." In a formula almost identical with Hofmann's, she declares, "I carry my landscapes around with me." It is worth noting, however, that her titles refer almost as frequently to people ("Salut Sally," "Bonjour Julie," "Iva") and to abstract ideas ("Close," "Chasse Interdite," "Clearing") as to concepts of place (none are names of particular places). Apparently, landscape is one among several categories of subject that to her stand for feelings.

It is unfortunate that Marcia Tucker, curator of the Whitney, who organized the show, strives, in her eagerness to establish Mitchell's originality (or perhaps her independence of males), to segregate her from the Action painters and Abstract Expressionists among whom she developed. As the



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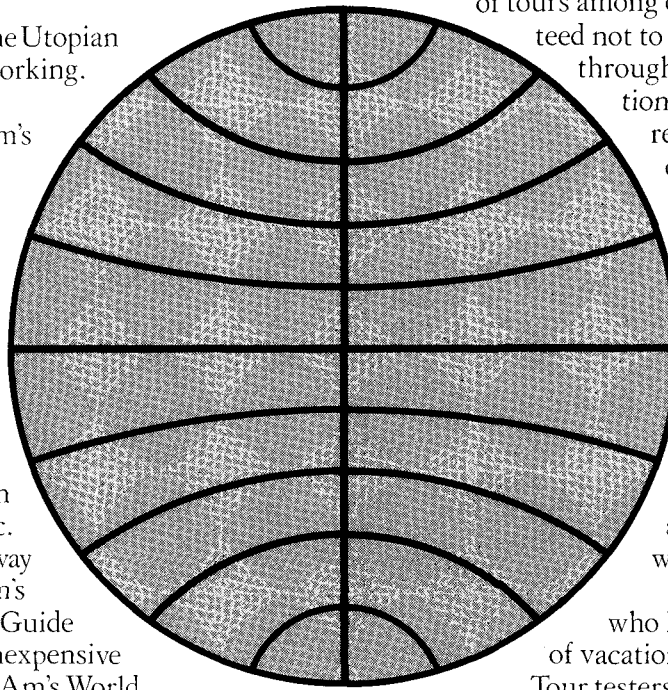
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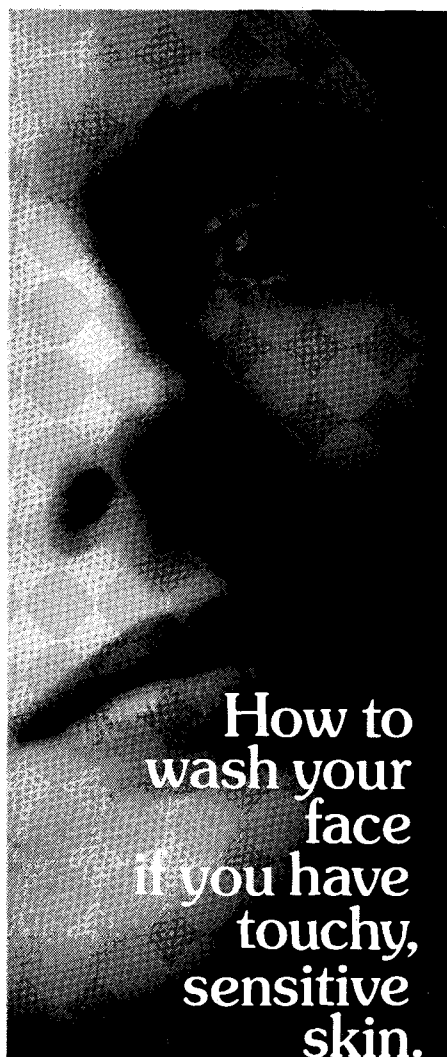
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epigraph of the introduction to the catalogue, Tucker has found a quotation from Cézanne: "The landscape thinks itself in me." Granted that this represents a subjectivization of the outer world, the Cartesian self-meditation conceived by Cézanne is quite remote from Mitchell's "carrying landscapes around." (One wonders if Cézanne's landscape in its introspection discovered itself to resemble a Poussin.) Having intimated an ancestry for Mitchell broader than Action painting, Tucker argues that by virtue of her subject she "stands somewhat apart from other Abstract Expressionists;" and in her obsession about proving Mitchell's self-origination she attributes the huge dimensions of her canvases not to the example of Pollock or Kline but to the fact that she wore glasses when she was a child and still finds it easier to see big things than little ones. The natural bigness of stretches of countryside is also brought in as explanation—or, as Tucker puts it, the scale of Mitchell's paintings "is analogous to the scale of the subject matter."

Possibly, Mitchell abetted Tucker in denying the historical roots of her paintings in order to present her as isolated and self-invented. What could seem less advantageous in the present-day art world than identification with a movement that petered out in the nineteen-fifties and, as some art historians have it, never existed in the first place? Besides, who doesn't want to be considered unique? More interesting, however, than Mitchell's ocular peculiarities is the coherence that her work has derived from her being a member of the first generation of artists in American history to find a native innovative style in which to begin. Grounded in the insights of postwar abstraction, her work during the past twenty years has achieved constant renewal and freshness. Her presence as a leading "second generation" Action painter has made her a kind of companion figure to de Kooning in the diptych of younger and elder continuators of this mode. Like de Kooning, she grows freer—in the assured elaboration of a style whose substance is the heightened life of the artist.

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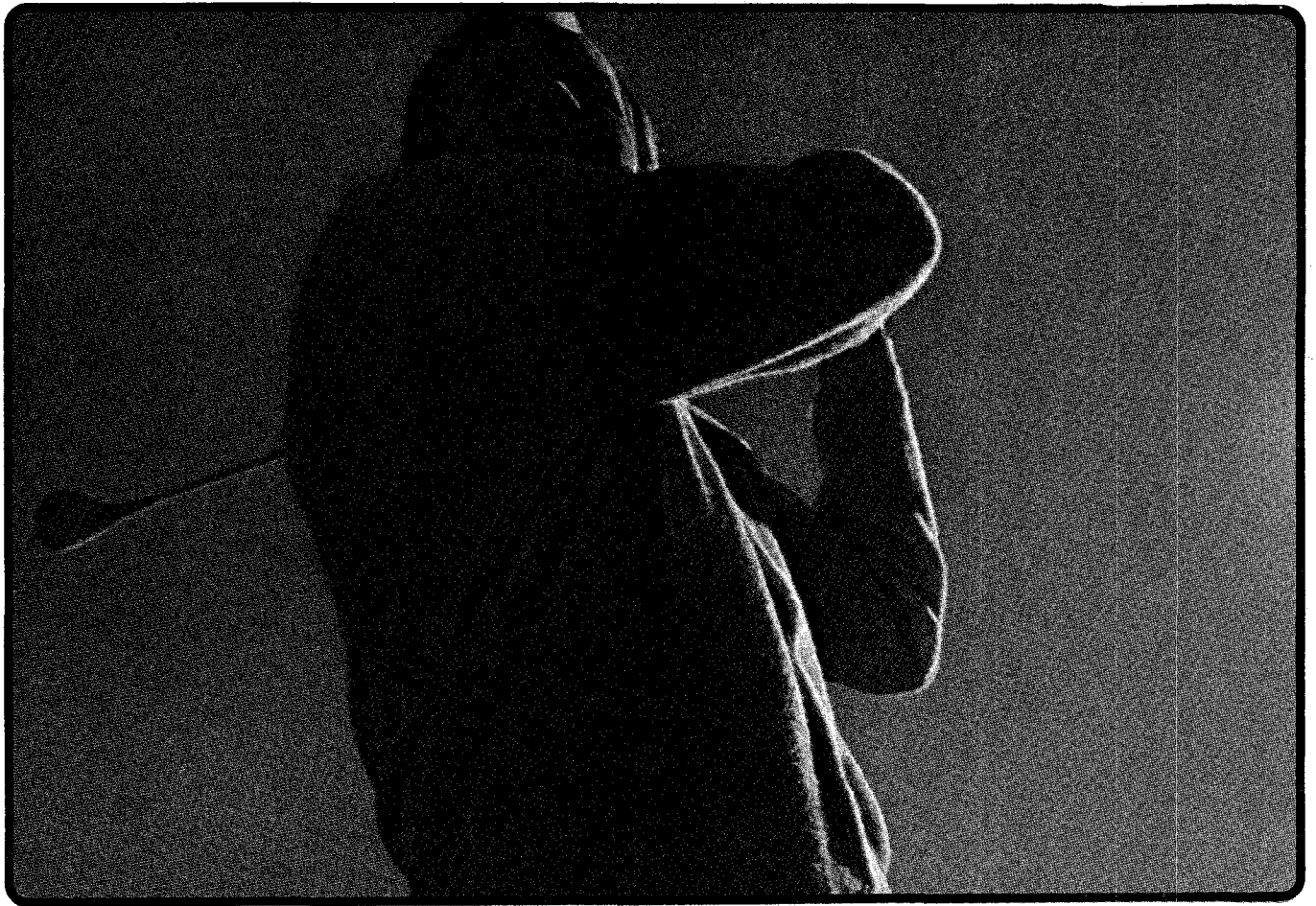
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# THE SPORTING SCENE

RUIDOSO



LAST June, a blue Ford pickup, freckled with mud, moved down out of the Ozarks, dragging a four-horse trailer. It crossed Oklahoma, and it crossed the Texas Panhandle. The weight of the horses—even though there were only three—was too much for the power of the motor. Miles came slowly in flat land, where the view from the cab—uninterrupted in every direction—ran over the curve of the earth. In the back of the truck was a big can of disinfectant and an even larger (ten-gallon) milk can full of gasoline. There was, as well, a cardboard box full of bottles and cans of vinegar, alcohol, Epsom salts, Bigeloil, Vaseline, Canada brace, flybait, Traileze, Louisiana leg brace, Absorbine senior. Eight hundred miles west of home, truck and trailer reached the beginnings of the Sacramento Mountains, in southern New Mexico, and the driver—Bill H. Smith, of Pea Ridge, Arkansas—had no choice now but to gear down and crawl uphill. He had come out here on a kind of dare. There was a lot of jealousy in Pea Ridge, where Bill Smith was one among a thousand people. No dignity could be perfect in a town that size. About his horses, people liked to—as they say it there—gig him. “That stallion of yours, he isn’t much, that old stallion, Bill.” No one, on the other hand, was in any sense competing with him. If strangers came to Pea Ridge and asked, as they often did, for “the quarter-horse man,” they could be asking only for Bill H. Smith. The semidesert fell behind, and the Ford

slowly pulled the trailer up through the Hondo Valley—ponderosas rising from steep mountainsides, a clear stream flowing past cottonwoods and orchards (apples and apricots). Haciendas. Small wonder so much gunsmoke had hung there. With altitude, the temperature was markedly cooler. Four thousand, five thousand, six thousand feet. Smith intended to spend the whole summer up in the high country, so his horses would have ample time to get used to thin air. Gigs or no gigs, all of Pea Ridge was with him now, in his journey into the center of the quarter-racing world, where—fifty-six years old—he was still an unknown.

Bill’s father was a horse-and-mule trader. In the nineteen-twenties, before the era came when horses and mules were shipped by rail or truck, Bill’s father and other traders would make up a great herd of animals and drive them—“trail them”—for six months, from spring to early fall: “trail down plumb through the southern part of Arkansas into Louisiana, and then swing back into Texas, then up through Oklahoma.” When Bill was eleven, twelve, and thirteen, he made the trip each year. Head to tail, fifteen animals would be tied together in a unit. Bill rode a horse at the head of such a unit. There might be as many as forty strings—six hundred head—on the move. The drive went from town to town, county seat to county seat, eighteen to twenty-five miles a day, trading animals all the way, camping by a stream at night. In every deal, the horse trader tried to “draw boot”—

swap animals with a farmer and get some of his money to boot.

There was, of course, a chuck wagon, and tied to the back of the chuck wagon was a horse named Windmill. He belonged to Bill’s father. As the drive approached a town, Windmill was taken from the back of the wagon and around to the front, where he was put in harness. Sometimes in the evenings Bill’s father streaked Windmill’s shoulders with peroxide so it would appear that Windmill had spent all his travelling days in the harness. Now the drive came into the town. People gathered to say hello, to talk, to stare, to look over the horses and the mules. “Windmill had a collar on him a size or two too large. Standing there in the middle of town, he would drop his head, and the collar would fall down on his neck. He’d let his lip go down. He’d drop his lower lip and hang his head. He just didn’t look too good.”

Sooner or later, somebody in the town would walk up and stand around for a while looking at all the animals and finally look Bill’s father in the eye and say, “You got a race horse?” It was expected that a trader would carry a race horse.

Bill’s father would say, “No.” And he would look off down the street and not say anything more.

In time, the man might say, “Oh. I was hoping.”

Smith senior would turn and just look at him.

In time, the man would say, “*Pve* got a race horse.”

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trader," or "bouncing the trader for a race." And there would be no immediate reaction from Bill's father. After a while, though, he would say, "Well, let's see your race horse."

A finger pointed at the town race horse. Every town had at least one. There followed a long look in its direction. Bill's father then pointed to the front of the chuck wagon. "Well, that old horse I'm a-workin' up there can outrun him," he would say.

"How much would you want to bet on that?"

"Not very much. But I'd run you four hundred and forty yards for twenty-five dollars."

("My dad's idea was not to scare him.")

"Hell, I wouldn't run my horse for twenty-five dollars," the townsman said, and spat off the curb into the dirt.

"Oh. Well. How much would you run him for?"

The crowd that had inevitably collected by this time was a small one, but interested, and crowd enough to get up fifty here and twenty-five there until as much as a thousand dollars had been assembled on each of the two sides.

Windmill, as it happened, was "a practically straight Thoroughbred horse," so close to pure that in this context the difference was irrelevant. He was "a big roan bald-faced horse," and in his lifetime he never lost a race. If the town was a county seat—Arkadelphia, El Dorado, Nacogdoches—it would have some sort of race track, and if there was no track the crowd headed out to the edge of a field, a section line. Bill—eleven, twelve, thirteen years old—was Windmill's rider, and all the horse had on him was a neck rope and Bill, wearing overalls and a homemade shirt. "Windmill had a nice personality until that neck rope went on him. He was a running horse—a typical modern quarter horse. He was heavy-muscled, yet he showed a lot of Thoroughbred." Bill was too small to stop him, and after Windmill had shot across the finish line he would run on for two miles for the sheer galloping joy of it. The Smiths owned him until he died.

The pickup and the four-horse trailer finally made it all the way up the valley, and far into Lincoln National Forest, near the edge of the reservation of the Mescalero Apache—among the tribes of the United States, the last to give up. At elevation sixty-four hundred feet, Smith came to his destination, where a big sign by the roadside said, "Ruidoso Downs, Home of the World's Richest Horse Race."

Smith turned his truck in at a drive marked "Horsemen's Entrance." He clattered downhill and across a trout stream into a broad spread of barns. He found the racing office and got an assignment of stalls, went to them, and sprayed them up and down from his can of disinfectant. Then he opened his trailer and took out his horses. One was a pony horse. The two others were quarter-horse colts.

IN Ruidoso, at the end of the summer, ten horses would sprint a quarter mile in pursuit of seven hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars—this by far the largest purse in horse racing, any kind of horse racing, anywhere in the world. It was a sum almost twice as large as the combined purses of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes. The winner's share alone would be three hundred and thirty thousand dollars—awarded after a blur of a race, hard to follow, a flat-out cavalry charge that would last a third of a minute, start to finish. The quarter-racing horse was bred specifically for this kind of dash. At short distance, nothing equine can touch the quarter horse—not even the Thoroughbred. New Mexico is one of the few states in the United States where quarter-horse races and Thoroughbred races can be run on the same track on the same day, and the difference is considerable. After a race in which the quarter horses come cracking down the big straightaway, all bunched as they flash across the line, Thoroughbreds, making their plodded rounds, disconcert the observer. Furlong upon furlong, they seem to lope along, panting, and one wonders anxiously if they will make it to the end.

The setting is a small race track in big dry mountains that rise up to eleven and twelve thousand feet. Ruidoso is a linear town, stretched out along miles of highway in creases of the mountains, its wide streets lined with flaky plastic. Curio bins. Drive-in burgers. The same versatile hand that painted Las Vegas into the desert may have painted Ruidoso into the mountains. One has only to get on a horse and go sideways, though, up into a canyon or onto a mesa, to see what beautiful country Ruidoso was built in and why the town is the retreat and playground of, primarily, Texans. Ruidoso is where Texans cool off. It is in the nearest mountain region to the plains of West Texas, and Texans have been going to Ruidoso in big numbers for many decades. Long before there





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was a track, the Texans on holiday were betting on horses. They brought their quarter horses with them, their "cow ponies." (The quarter horse is the horse of the cowboy—the roping horse, the cattle cutter unparalleled.) Conversations would develop roughly like the ones about Windmill.

"I'd run you four hundred and forty yards for twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Hell, I wouldn't run my horse for twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Well, then, how about twenty-five thousand?"

Match races were held in the shadow of Gavilan Ridge, on the only stretch of ground that approximated level, the place where the grandstand and barns of Ruidoso Downs were eventually built. They were gamblers at base, these vacationing Texans. If they had not had horses to bet on, they would have bet on frogs. The All-American Futurity, Ruidoso's big race, exploits that particular kind of horse owner right in the soul. When their horses are very small and not even far off the teat, owners start writing checks to Ruidoso Downs, each owner obviously picturing not the little stilt in the pasture but a champion quarter horse exploding out of the gate. They put in fifty dollars at first. ("My dad's idea was not to scare him.")

The first fifty dollars toward the All-American Futurity of 1973 was due on January 15, 1972, and money flooded into Ruidoso in the name of one thousand and seventy-two colts and fillies. The owners, for the most part, were Texans and Oklahomans. Cattle ranchers. Wheatland ranchers. Some oil people. Here and there a road contractor, a doctor, a film star, a lawyer. The almost common denominator of the owners was that they, like the owners of racing Thoroughbreds, were very rich. It was not completely unimaginable—but somewhere near it—that an unrich man sitting around having his coffee in a drugstore in a small town in Arkansas, as Bill Smith did every morning, might see himself as an owner equipped to enter the All-American, might hear once too often that his old stallion was producing not so many horses as dogs, and that if his horse and its get were really as good as he said they were then why didn't he enter those two new colts of his in that race in New Mexico? Smith said he figured those two colts had the bloodlines to do it, but he didn't want to be away from fishing that long. "Do it, Bill," said his friend Wayne Laughlin, a feed salesman. "You should put

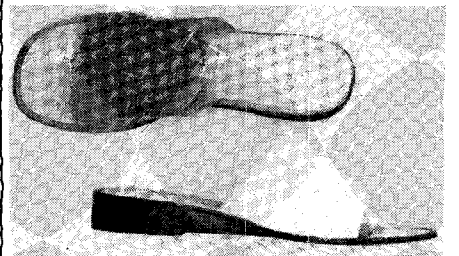


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those two colts in the All-American."

"All right," Bill said. "I believe I will." And a hundred dollars went from Pea Ridge, Arkansas, to Ruidoso Downs.

On March 15, 1972, when a hundred additional dollars per horse was due, eighty-seven horses dropped out. But nearly a thousand stayed in, and that second payment added about a hundred thousand dollars to the pot. A third payment was due in June—a hundred and fifty dollars this time—and more than a hundred horses quit. The pot, though, moved up to over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. October 1st, December 15th, March 15th, payments due went up in small, coaxing increments of fifty and then a hundred dollars, while the number of paid-up owners gradually grew smaller. Anyone who owned a two-year-old registered quarter horse that had not been entered in the All-American could buy eligibility for the horse with a penalty payment—on or before June 1, 1973—of six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. Eight such penalties were paid. On June 15th, when the next incremental payment (five hundred dollars) was due, some three hundred and fifty horses stayed in. After rubber checks were deducted (there had by now been seventeen of them), the total pot accrued to date was one million thirty-one thousand four hundred and twenty-five dollars.

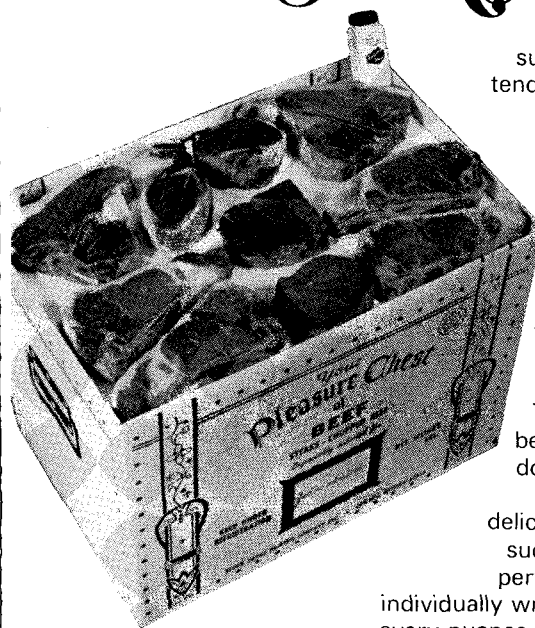
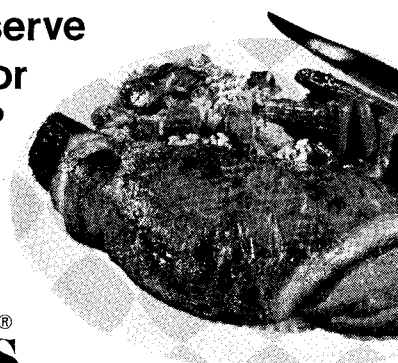
In order to determine the ten horses that would take part in the climactic race, to be run on Labor Day, all eligibles would race in trial heats a week before. In hundredths of a second, every horse would be timed, and the ten fastest, notwithstanding where they may have placed in their trial heats, would be the ten horses of the All-American. Their purse would draw seven hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars out of the pot. The horses that ran from eleventh to fortieth in the trials would run in other races and partake—in lesser substance—of the mother lode.

Twenty-five hundred dollars was the aggregate required for a horse that had been paid in from the beginning, but there was one more chance for a late horse to get into the field. Just chip in fifteen thousand dollars on or before August 15th, and join the group. Owners of twelve horses came forth with such money—a hundred and eighty thousand dollars. When everything was added up, including more than thirty thousand dollars in interest payments from the Ruidoso State Bank, the total pot collected for the 1973

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All-American was, in round figures, a million five hundred thousand dollars. The track management, though, had decided to hold on to the excess over a million, and to apply it to still another race—for these same horses a year hence, when they were three-year-olds. All they would have to do to stay eligible would be to make a few additional, incremental payments.

There have been smaller pyramids. The man who, some twenty years ago, developed and first promoted this hippic chain letter frenetically travelled the Southwest—the quarter-horse states—seeking out owners, selling his race, signing them up. He was, at the time, the owner of the track. Eventually, he had to watch the big race on television, if at all, because he was confined to a federal penitentiary for tax evasion.

ONE of Bill H. Smith's colts, Joy's Cutter, pulled up lame during his first workout at Ruidoso and was finished for the season, fit only to move slowly in circles on the exercise walker and to eat his daily hay, at up to seven dollars a bale—many times what it would cost at home. The other colt, Calcutta Deck, was a gentle bay with a small star on his forehead. He had the gluteal muscles of an eight-ton jack-rabbit. His grandfather Top Deck had sired a great line of quarter horses. And his great-great-grandfather was Wilson's Yellow Cat, "the Iron Horse of Arkansas." The iron horse had once won two match races in a single day. All this—as quarter horses go—did not add up to aristocracy; but neither, on paper, was Smith a fool. He had not come a thousand miles with nothing. The breeding of the horse was not expensive, but it was not common, either. In the vernacular of the business, the horse had the license to win.

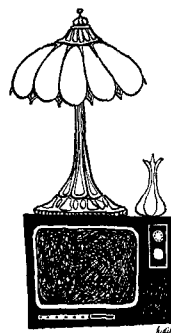
Bill called him simply Deck. "This horse right here," he would say, shoving the horse aside so he could muck out his stall, "this horse right here, you could take him off this track and in a month have him working cattle if you wanted to." Something similar might have been said of Smith himself. One look at him suggested a rolled smoke, a shivery morning, coffee in an iron pot, inseparability from the horse. He was a small, spare man, trim. He walked in a natural riding position. When he stood still, he bent forward as one would when brushing one's teeth. More often than not, he had a toothpick in his mouth, or a cigarette.

When he spoke, he leaned right at you. This helped make his words emphatic. He had seven small diamonds in a ring on his right hand. The skin across his face was tight, and he had sharp brown eyes that moved quickly but without suspicion. He wore a long-sleeved shirt, Levi's, a big silver buckle from Ozark Downs. "Leading Trainer." Ozark Downs had folded five years before. "Race interest kind of left out down there." On his head was a Bulldogger hat—four-inch curling brim—and it came off virtually never. When it did, it revealed hair as black as shoe polish, beginning halfway back.

Smith was registered at the Horse-shoe Court motel, hard by the main road of town, and when he was not down at the barns he was up at the motel sitting under a shade tree, a big cottonwood, playing dominoes and talking about his horse. He ate breakfast soon after five, lunch at ten-thirty, dinner at four. He moved his patronage a lot, the food in town was so bad. He washed his clothes in a coin laundry, and he missed his home, his wife, his boat, the fishing. As Labor Day drew near, he slept less and less. He weighed a hundred and fifty-five when he arrived in Ruidoso. In the course of the summer he lost fifteen pounds. He had companions. Jimmy Grimes, his assistant, his exercise boy, had made the trip with him. Wayne Laughlin, the feed salesman, who had retired, joined them there. Jimmy walked slowly as a result of polio. If Calcutta Deck hit it big, it was Smith's

intention to use part of the winnings to pay for an operation for Jimmy. Money would go also to a crippled-children's hospital in Little Rock. All summer long, Smith never left Ruidoso, was never more than five or ten minutes away from his horse, with one exception, a short tour of the reservation of the Mescalero Apache.

The horse had a radio down in the barn and liked listening to it. He liked hard rock and country-and-Western. He liked the six-o'clock news. He was a neat horse. His droppings always landed in the same place in the stall, making it easy for Bill and his pitchfork. Bill walked Deck by hand, in a small oval outside the stall, or had Jimmy lead him with the pony; he never put the horse on a walker. Walkers were invented to reduce the high cost of grooms. A walker is a mechanized device that has four cantilevered steel arms, lead ropes attached, leading four horses in a circle. Many dozens of them





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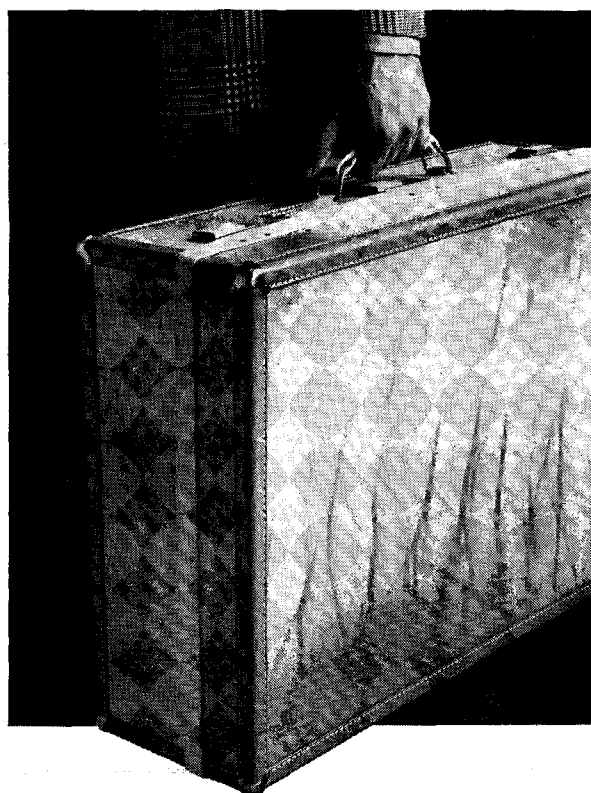
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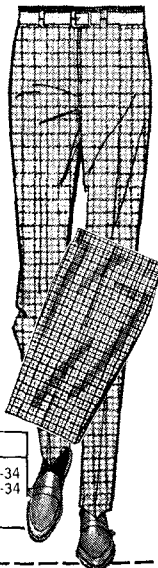
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were spaced among the barns. Horses have on rare occasions been electrocuted by walkers, which are powered by electric motors that gently coax the horses to move. Horses have tried to bolt away from walkers and have broken their necks.

Bill rubbed some of his own formula leg brace over the metacarpals of Deck. "The skill is with the feet and the legs," Wayne said. Wayne was a heavyset man with wavy gray hair. He, like Bill, was about as talkative as Jimmy Grimes was silent. "I don't think there's a man in the world who understands horses and horses' legs better than Bill does," Wayne went on. "He could have been one of the great trainers. But he just took his own horses. He don't like to be away from home."

"We're not rich people," Bill confessed. "These millionaires has tried to win the All-American years and years. Fellow out of Kansas City had ten entered once. The Old Boy upstairs has to help you. Somebody has to."

Larry Wilson, Deck's jockey, turned up shivering at the barn one morning at five-thirty. The temperature was fifty. Deck was going to go out on the track for a blow. Smith said, "It's colder than a well digger's butt. Look at Larry, there—hair standing up on his arms like the bristles on a hog." Larry was unusually tall for a jockey, blond, slender, fine-featured. He was thirty-one and was from Kansas, and had been riding quarter-horse races since he was sixteen. In the early-morning light, Wayne and Bill watched Deck gallop, Larry clinging for—if nothing else—warmth.

The track was a small oval, five-eighths of a mile around, the inside plowed by circling Thoroughbreds. Tangent to the oval was a straightaway as broad as a turnpike, where ten quarter horses could race abreast. The straightaway reached far back into the barn area. Quarter horses of various ages and classes dash three hundred, three hundred and fifty, four hundred, four hundred and forty, and sometimes five hundred and fifty yards. In the infield were two flagpoles; and a tote board about the size of a one-room cabin, and the graves of two quarter horses, and two small ponds, one in the shape of an R, the other in the shape of a D, with an R- and a D-shaped island in their respective centers. What was painted had been painted blue—grandstand, rail, filming towers, starting gate. Hanging limp from the flagpoles were the flags of New Mexico and the United States. They were wind indicators to the horsemen, who watched them close-

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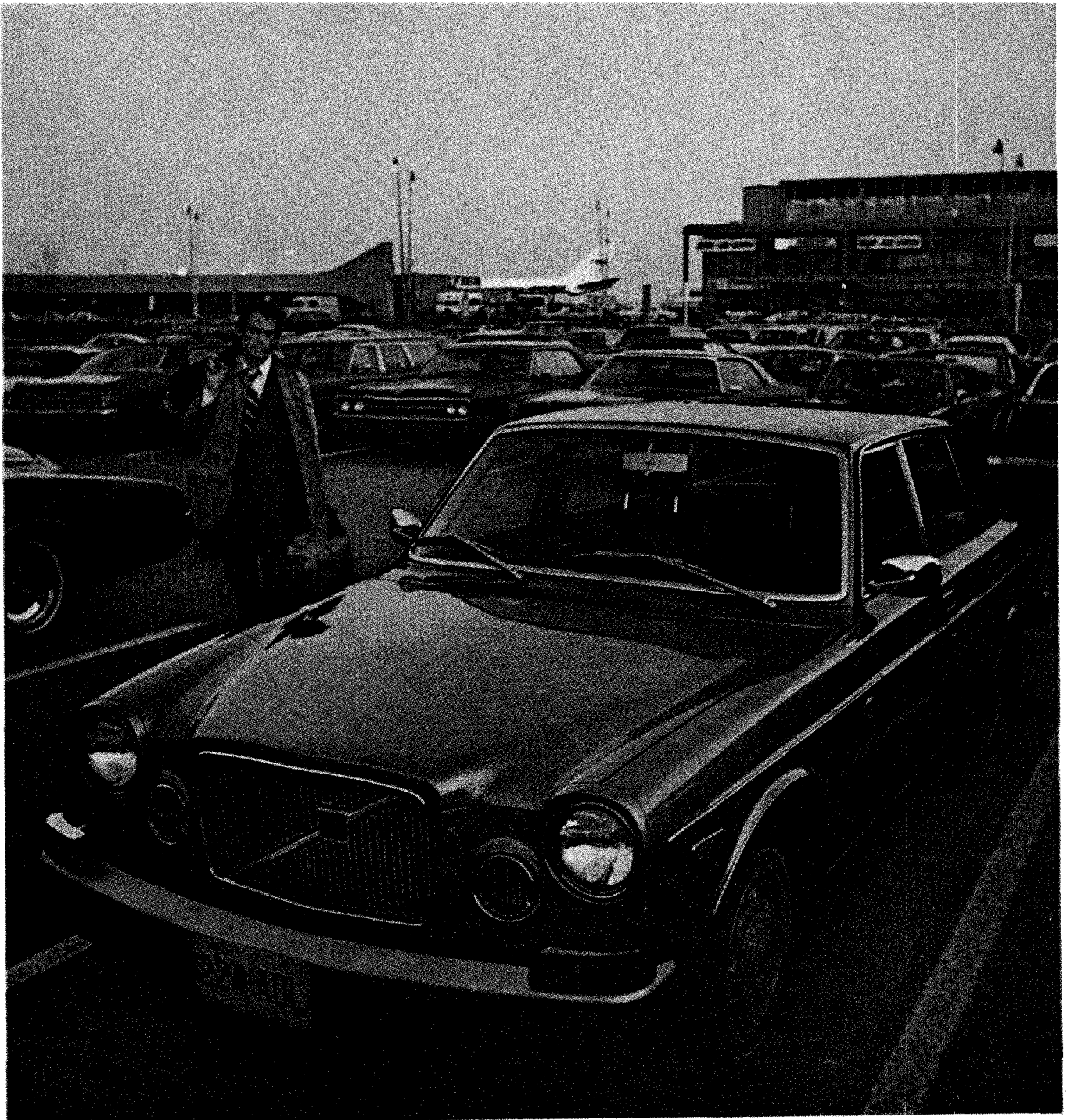
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ly. When the flags straightened out and whipped toward the east, as they often did, racing quarter horses had to dig through a direct head wind all the way.

By the standards of quarter racing, such a track had grandeur, for the old brush tracks of the type Windmill had run on were still in use as well. In Louisiana, for example, horses still run in clearings in woods, between rail fences set up as lanes—no starting gate, just ready-set-go. Riders race for cigars, for eggs. The practice has been called “folk racing.” Within ten miles of Evangeline Downs—a quarter-racing track in Lafayette, Louisiana—are ten brush tracks. There are more than a hundred actual quarter-horse race tracks in the United States, and of these many do not have pari-mutuel systems—not Blue Ribbon Downs, in Salisaw, Oklahoma, where Bill Smith first raced Deck, or Blue Stem Downs, in Emporia, Kansas, or Life Downs, in Laredo. Narrow Gauge Downs is in Durango, Colorado, Uranium Downs in Grand Junction. There are two tracks in Michigan, five in Ohio, two in Florida, and one under construction on Long Island, but most are in the West, and the preëminent ones are Bay Meadows and Los Alamitos, in California, and, in New Mexico, Sunland Park and Ruidoso Downs.

“The horse is a gentleman this morning,” Wayne said.

Bill explained, “He’s on the track. He’s a race horse. He knows what he’s there for.”

“He’s broke just like an old horse, as if he had run a hundred times,” Larry Wilson said when he brought Deck in from his gallop. “I think they’re going to have to catch him here if they want to beat him.”

Before travelling to Ruidoso, Bill tried Deck in four races, in Oklahoma and Kansas, and Deck won three of them. On two occasions, he ended the day with the fastest time of any horse on the program. (“We knew we had something good then.”) Some years ago, Wilson had broken an arm in the starting gate, a dangerous place for sitting on a quarter horse. “You’re glad to get out and away,” he said. “You sure enough are. But this colt doesn’t make any mistakes at all. You can relax on him and get ready to go. He puts his head right up there in the front and doesn’t move.”

When Deck came in from any kind of exercise, Smith washed off his legs and feet with a hose—no telling what he might have got into out there. Finished rinsing, he let Deck take hold of the hose and drink. When Bill forgot to do this, Deck bit him. Bill frequent-

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ly sprayed the walls of the stall with disinfectant. "A horse can be well one day and a sick peckerwood the next," he would say. "There are so many viruses around the barn. I've got to take care of him. All of northwest Arkansas—that's their horse now."

Bill's farm in Pea Ridge is small. Or, as a Ruidoso Texan might say, "thirty-five acres would kill it dead." Smith has eight brood mares, and runs some cattle, and raises horses for rodeos as well as for racing. Bill himself rode broncos for ten years in rodeos, breaking ribs, fingers, tearing cartilage in his knees. He rode a bull once that got a horn inside his pants, tore them completely off, and stood there in triumph with the shredded Levi's hanging from the horn. Bill has raced his own horses for twenty-two years, mainly in Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri, and, before the track closed down, in Arkansas. He says he can tell early, even when a horse is still a "little old shaggy colt," if it is going to be good as a runner. "You can watch a colt in the pasture. See his action. You can tell if he's got speed or not. Say the mares are way up in the pasture. The colts are way down by the pond. The colts have a horse race getting back to the mares. The little cusses all race together, all coming for their mammy." Deck was a quick one getting back to his mammy.

The colt needed race experience at Ruidoso, and toward the end of July—although he had been there almost two months—he had still not been given a chance to run. There were racing programs four times a week, but races for two-year-old quarter horses were insufficient to include all the horses that had collected to prepare for the All-American. It was imperative that Deck run at least once. Bill felt he needed it badly. So he entered Deck in the one race he could get—of all things, a claiming race. For ten thousand dollars, in this instance, anyone who wanted to buy a horse running in the race had only to present a certified check at the track office beforehand. Then, after the race, the new owner would approach the old one and take the horse. Smith, as it happened, had offered to sell Deck for a thousand dollars when he was a yearling, but he obviously figured him for a great deal more than ten times that now. The claiming device is a method of making a horse race, of finding a level for a field. Owners and trainers, in effect, classify their own horses. A horse will "buy no feed" when it is entered in a claiming race above its level. Theoretically,

it will run last. So it must run at the level of its worth, and an owner should be content with the price if the horse should be claimed. There is an old simple saying about owners who bemoan the loss of horses in claiming races: "They can read and write." That is, they knew it was a claiming race; they knew the conditions; they entered the race. Bill Smith, for his part, knew exactly what he was risking, but he reasoned, "Deck never had run in this country. Nobody knew a thing about him. He was an unknown horse."

Deck drew the 1 hole, the inside position in the starting gate—the worst position as well. The quarter-horse straightaway joined what might be called the Thoroughbred oval about halfway through the race, and quarter horses coming out of the 1 hole had to run in the plowed furrows of the Thoroughbreds. The track was heavy from recent rain. Deck was good in mud, but the situation lacked promise. Yet he won, in the fastest quarter-horse time of that day.

As Deck was led back toward the saddling paddock, Bill, moving to meet him, was addressed by a man—a rancher—who was leaning against a post, looking down, potato-chip hat over his eyes. Never looking up, the man said, "Would you take ten thousand dollars for this horse?"

Relieved immeasurably, Bill said, "I don't believe so today."

**R**ICH and John came in by air on the Sunday before the trials. Those were their nicknames—what everyone close around them called them, particularly their trainer, Jerry Fisher. Rich and John were California quarter horses bred, born, and raised, and they were accustomed to an elevation far lower than Pea Ridge, let alone the mountains of New Mexico. So Fisher started them at once on twice-daily rations of bottled oxygen. Their home was the Vessels Stallion Farm, near Anaheim, nearer sea level, and their owner, Frank Vessels, Jr., was a grandee of quarter racing, as his father had been. The Vessels family had a four-hundred-and-fifty-acre compound, which included their breeding farm, a golf course, five private homes (their own and Fisher's among them), and Los Alamitos, their prodigiously successful quarter-horse race track. Since the inception of the All-American, in 1959, the Vessels family had been trying to win it.

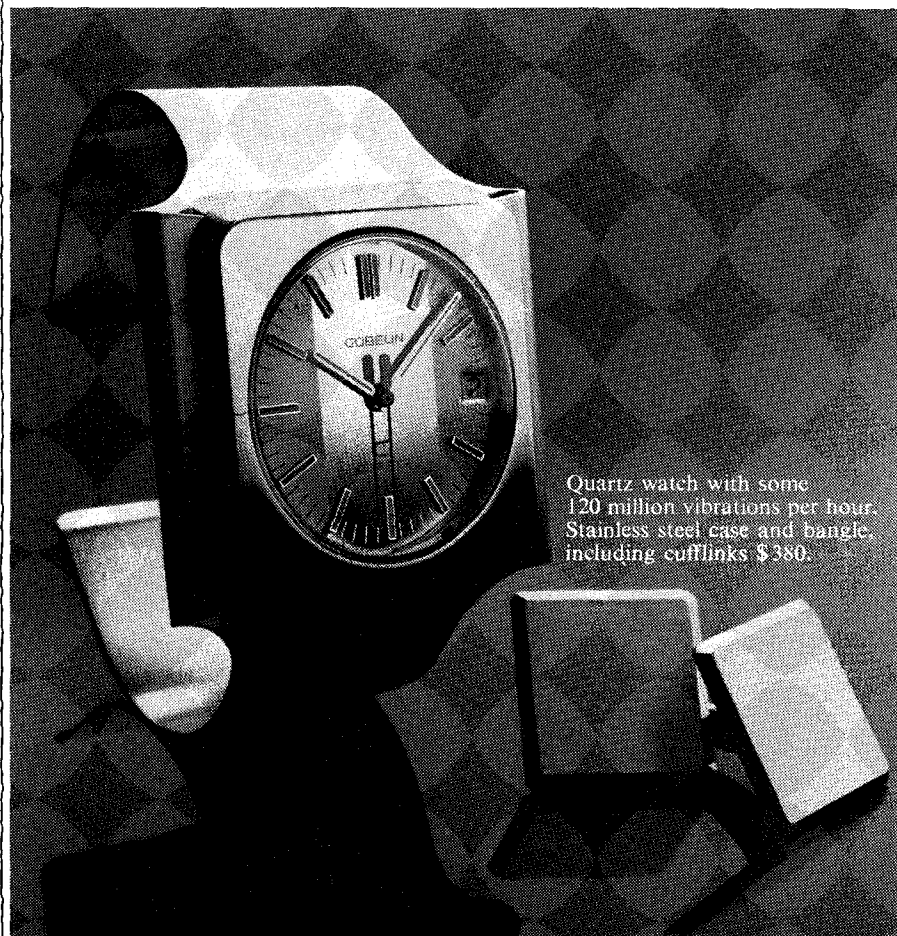
Sometimes at Los Alamitos, to delight the crowd before the beginning of



a night's racing program, Vessels stages milk runs. Brood mares stand by the finish line. Their foals, from a hundred and fifty yards away, bedazzled by floodlight, run to their mothers like condensed giraffes. John, in his time, was the star of the milk runs. He liked milk. He also liked Hershey Bars, Nestlé's Crunch, Mars Bars, and chocolate doughnuts. His favorite drink was Pepsi-Cola. He grew up on such stuff, living around a race track like that, and so did Rich. As John matured, he became a lazy horse, and began what would apparently be a life-long habit of spending much of his day lying down in his stall. When it came time for him to race, he would stop to rest on the way from the barn to the paddock. Still, he could outrun a bullet. Rich, for his part, had always been alert. Always looking around, always biting something. If anything moved near his stall, Rich would stick his head out to see what was happening—while John, next door, slept on. John's father was Father John. John, of course, needed a name of his own, and in the quarter-horse registry he was Go Fartherfaster. Rich's father was Aforethought and his mother was Chronometer, so they called him Timeto Thinkrich.

An overland drive was thought to be too punishing for these two; hence they were flown to Roswell, seventy miles east of Ruidoso. Fisher brought with him a bag full of candy bars and chocolate doughnuts. He bought local Pepsi-Cola. The candy, the doughnuts, the Pepsi, and the oxygen might see them through. On the day of the trials, he put muzzles on them. "When you muzzle them, they know they're going to run," he said. "These two colts are pretty good eaters. With the muzzle, they're not filling up. You want these quarter horses fresh. You want them high. With Thoroughbreds, they blow those horses out the day before. A lot of Thoroughbreds gallop the day they run. They don't want Thoroughbreds to be too fresh. These colts are nice colts. They're hard-knocking colts. Rich is always walking around, playing around. John, though, he don't get high. He rests a lot. He's down in his stall. When he is on the walker, he stands still. If he so much as shakes his head, he's feeling good. He acts like a saddle horse. He's just kind of a big old pet."

Fisher, as a trainer, was under his fourth millionaire. He had worked for several of the prominent farms in the business. Five times, horses he trained had run in the All-American, and the most successful of them had placed



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third. He had been a jockey—a brush-track rider from the age of ten, a professional from seventeen. He came from Meade, Kansas. Toward the end of the nineteen-fifties, he had found it "too hard to do the weight" and had become a trainer. Thirty-seven now, slim, shy, recently married, he looked ten years younger.

Frank Vessels, a ship captain of a man with rampant sideburns and a tan head, had paid thirty thousand dollars to give Rich and John a chance at the All-American. Vessels' approach was to ignore all the peanut payments, look over his crop of two-year-olds, decide which might win, pay the maximum penalty at the ultimate moment, and send the horses to Ruidoso. No horse from California had won the All-American in ten years. California quarter-horse people wanted badly to change that. A third California horse had also paid fifteen thousand to come in, and riding it would be the foremost jockey in quarter racing. The word among the Texans was that the Californians had come to Ruidoso "loaded for bear."

WHEN the trials came, Rich drew the 7 hole in the fourteenth race. Deck unluckily drew the 1 hole, in the twelfth. Three horses were scratched only hours before, reducing the total number from the eleven hundred-odd that in one way or another were represented in the pot to two hundred and seven. To put them through trial heats, twenty-one races would be required, all in a single program, beginning in the morning and ending in gathered dusk. John drew the 8 hole in the twenty-first race, and could sleep through the morning and the afternoon.

Starting a quarter-horse race is extraordinarily difficult, for so much can be gained or lost in the first part of the first second. Human sprinters—diggers or floaters or whatever they may be in their various styles on the straight-away—are losers if they do not, at the beginning, find the rhythm of the gun. With Thoroughbred horses, the start of a race is important, to be sure, but Thoroughbreds have a lot of ground to cover, and they are in some ways like human distance runners, who, seeming to loiter in groups as they wait for the gun, do not even bother to bend over. Thoroughbreds, for all the difficulties they can cause in the gate, are mild in there compared with quarter horses. The least dispensable talent in Ruidoso belonged to Dean Turpitt, the starter.

Turpitt was an independent, free-

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lance contractor, offering his crew and himself as a package to the management of the track. Far removed from grandstand and barn, his starting gate was his own principality, where his decisions were absolute, and he controlled there something that was like the isthmus of an hourglass, a point of transfer between disparate milieus—the grandstand on the one hand, the barns on the other. The grandstand—with its Jockey Club, its All-American Turf Club—was full of millionaires who looked like vaudeville cowboys in tailored jeans, their abdomens sparkling with platters of silver. Turpitt called them “Texas-buckled sons of bitches.” He wore a plain business suit and a Knox panama. Behind him were the barns—long, quiet corridors, people around who looked like farmers, rare the owner who, like the trainers, was welded to the creatures in the stalls. There were fourteen hundred stalls. Loudspeakers there said, “Take your horses to the paddock for the twelfth race. Take your horses to the paddock for the twelfth race.” And Calcutta Deck walked half a mile, through the complex of barns, around the beginning of the straightaway, and down a long path to the paddock, in the shadow of the stand. When the horses approached the gate, Turpitt was standing in a small tower, outside the rail, with an electric cord in his hand. His voice was soft and low, somewhat husky, but it carried successfully into the gate, where seven men in baseball hats did what he suggested.

“If the 8 horse gets a little bouncy, who’s got him?”

“I do, Dean.”

“O.K., Cotton. Just pick up his tail a little bit if he gives you trouble.”

The horses were led, pulled, or crammed, one by one, into the gate—in this case, in numerical order.

“Kent, get that 3 horse’s feet under him.”

Some horses cause so much trouble in the gate that Turpitt has them kept out until the last minute and then stuffed in. Some other horses will freeze if they stand in the gate too long, or, conversely, relax so completely that when the gates open they just stand there and don’t move. So they, too, are kept out until the last minute.

On a program in Turpitt’s pocket were hieroglyphs beside the names of the horses in this race, reminders to himself of their inconvenient idiosyncrasies. When a horse might require some wrestling into line, there was beside his name an “H,” for “handle.” Where the program said “Bill H.



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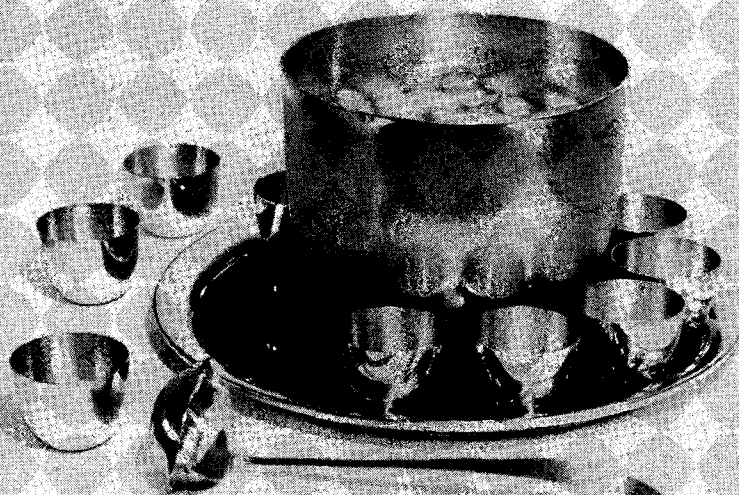
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Smith, Pea Ridge, Arkansas, owner, **CALCUTTA DECK**," Turpitt had written nothing. That horse in the 1 hole was all right. Turpitt had seen him before.

"That 10 horse is going to need tail, Gene."

They were all in the gate now—forty hooves, ten heads, ten jocks in their racing silks, seven crewmen.

At the back of the starting gate, on the ground, was a heavy steel bar that backed up all ten holes. It served the same purpose that starting blocks serve for a human sprinter. It was called the braking block. The quarter horses in the gate worked their hind feet back against it—the better to spring away.

"Johnny, hold the horse's nose down a little."

"I can't get hold of him, Dean."

"Well, get a hold. This bus is leaving."

"Hold it, Dean."

"Hold it."

"Hold it."

"Back him up, Cotton."

"Dean."

"Dean."

"No, Dean."

The entire gate, a steel structure ten feet high and more than twenty feet wide, vibrated from the activity within it—heads whipping, forced straight, bodies pushing against the steel walls. Heads should be straight, all four feet on the ground solid. Turpitt watched the feet, the heads, and waited for a moment of appropriate stillness. It came. He pressed a button.

Dirt flew thirty feet into the air. In no time, the horses were massed on the immediate horizon, their distant motion like a heat wave. Dean looked after them with real interest, absorbed in the outcome. "That was a good one, a good line break," he said. "It looks like the No. 1 horse from here. Of course, I'm not right very often. After all, I'm looking at their rear ends." Inside the gate, in the ground by the braking bar, were deep divots.

Deck's winning time was twenty-two and two-hundredths seconds—half a second slower than the track record. A fast first quarter turned in by a Thoroughbred might have read within a second of that, but Thoroughbreds are not timed, as quarter horses are, from a standing start. They are already doing thirty or thirty-five miles an hour when they trip an electric eye. The clock on these quarter horses was started by the button that opened the gate.

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On non-racing days, Turpitt spent a fair part of his time schooling young horses in the gate. "Quarter horses in the gate are more excited than Thoroughbreds. Excitable, anyway. Maybe a little more *tense* would be the word." So he walks them into the gate a few times, slowly—a mistake to do it too fast. "If you can keep colts where they're not scared and nervous in the gate, they got a lot better chance. Walk them in four or five times. Stop them. Open the gate by hand. Walk them out. Sometimes they'll just set up a little bit to see if those gates are open, but after that they just go. They learn fast. Thoroughbreds are slower out of the gate. These quarter horses are just like shooting a bullet out of there."

Certain bloodlines are rough in the gate, others calm, he says. Ask him which are which, and he won't say. "The owners would be all over me." Whether he has schooled it or not, he remembers any horse he has ever started. "I remember them. The good ones I don't remember in detail. You remember them better if they screw up a little. But once I've started them I'd remember them if I saw them on a street in Hong Kong, China." With a kind of reverence, he speaks of certain people in his field—Bill Mills, of Santa Anita; George Cassidy, of Belmont. "They are the great ones. I've met Mr. Cassidy."

Between races, Turpitt goes back to the paddock, and sometimes sits in the shade on the porch of the jocks' room. Fifty at dawn, the temperature will rise toward ninety by midafternoon. He kids with the jockeys. They tease him. He tells them, at the call, "Get out there and shut up." A time when he is almost sure to be there with the jockeys is after

a bad start. Taking it all on himself, he seems to feel that he has let them down, and he seems to want to be among them, to absorb anything that may be said, to respond, if necessary. He was a jockey once himself. He grew up on a farm near Hemingford, Nebraska, and he started out riding in county fairs, long before the advent of the electric starting gate, when races were begun with a flag. There were gates as well at some places, but they consisted only of slots open in front. "You sat there and sawed on them reins and got that horse in there, and broke with him, too." So much for the



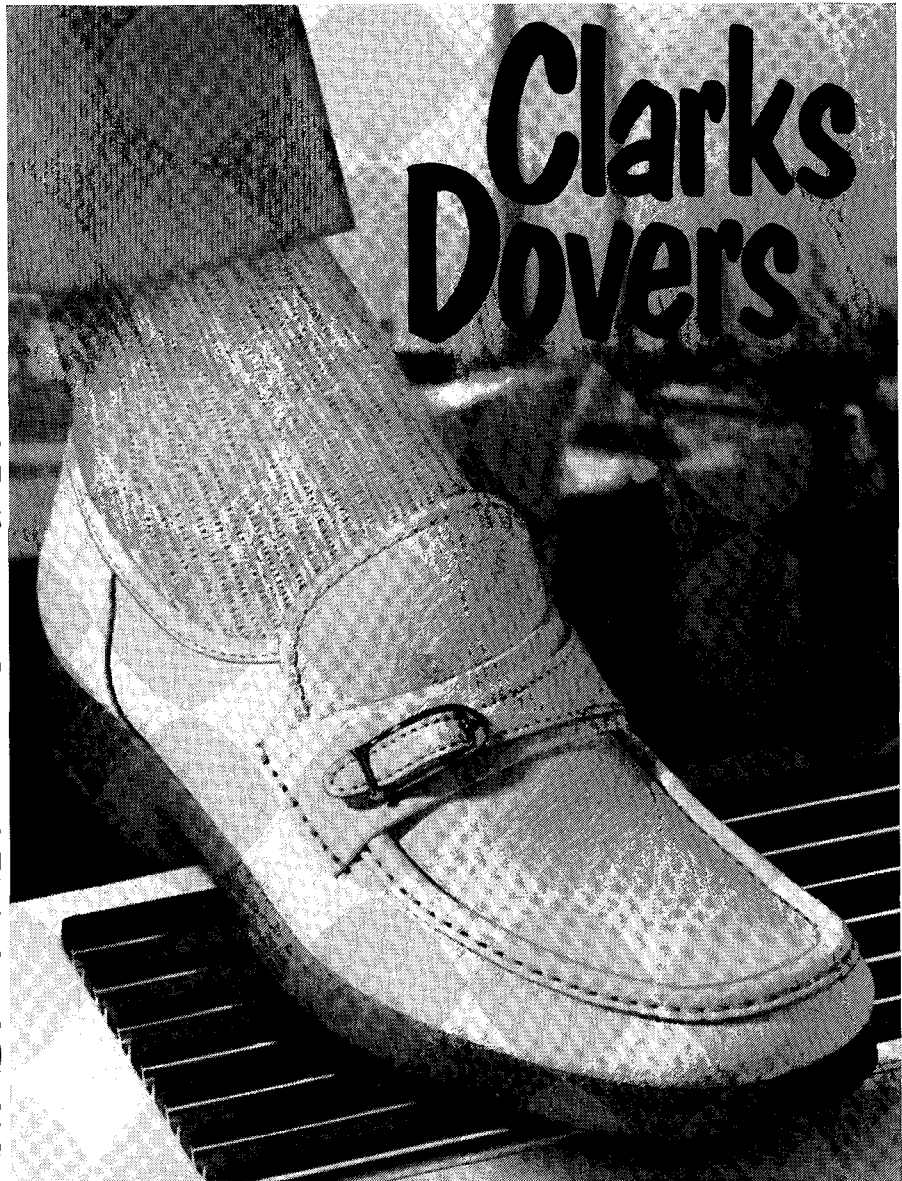


pampered modern jockey, led into the gate, sprung out. "Get out there and shut up."

In the fourteenth race of the All-American trials, Rich lost, running second to Azure Teen. John, at the end of the day, walked slowly from the barn, rested on the way to the paddock, stood quietly through the saddling while the other horses snorted and pranced. His time, as winner of his heat, was twenty-two seconds flat, the third-best time of the day—third among two hundred and seven. Six colts and four fillies would be the ten finalists—four from Texas, two from Oklahoma, three from California, and one from Arkansas. Coca's Kid, the other California horse that paid fifteen thousand to get in, had the best trial time of all. Calcutta Deck's time was so good that two other horses in his heat got into the final as well. Rich, close enough behind Azure Teen, made it, too. Separating first from last, the difference in time among the ten horses who emerged as the qualified finalists for the All-American Futurity was one-sixth of a second.

**B**EFORE 1973, the All-American Futurity was run at four hundred yards. After changing the conditions of the race (a change that was announced, perforce, in 1971, long before any money at all had been paid in), the track management explained that its motive was merely to tidy up—to extend the distance to the classic measure for which the quarter horse was named. Seems reasonable—but the news touched off a smoky dispute. The classic distance, some owners said, should be saved for older horses; these horses were too young. The forty extra yards—ten per cent—might well increase proportionately the number of injuries and breakdowns suffered by two-year-old horses, for the longer the sprint the more punishing it will be, and the bone structure of a two-year-old, being incompletely formed, is particularly vulnerable. In the main, though, what brought so much concerned attention to those forty extra yards was the fact that somewhere not much farther than a quarter mile comes the point where the Thoroughbred catches the quarter horse. Thoroughbreds, of course, do not run in quarter-mile races. Their offspring do.

By the rules of quarter racing, only one parent has to be a registered quarter horse. The other can be a Thoroughbred. Of the ten horses set for the All-American final, five had Thoroughbred sires. John's father, Father



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John, was a Thoroughbred. All three California horses had Thoroughbred sires. All quarter horses, without exception, have Thoroughbred blood in them. It is not unusual for a quarter horse to be mostly Thoroughbred, and with the lengthening of the big race it would now become increasingly customary for a quarter horse to be seven-eighths or fifteen-sixteenths, or even thirty-one thirty-seconds, Thoroughbred—a dismaying trend, in the view of some people, and one that seems to make less clear the definition of the quarter horse as a type.

Thoroughbreds are Thoroughbreds, pure and uncomplicated, dam and sire, and to get onto a track they have to have pedigrees that go all the way back to one or another of the three foundation studs from which the breed descends—the Godolphin Arabian (foaled in 1724), the Darley Arabian (1700), and the Byerly Turk (1685). Quarter horses go back, in a generic sense, a great deal farther than 1685. Quarter racing in England is traceable at least to the late Middle Ages, and horses were bred to the purpose even then. All horse racing in early America was quarter racing, and the fastest runners, as it happened, were descendants of horses brought to America by the Spaniards—Arabian in history, heavily muscled not only in the rear but also across the chest, fast off the start, uncatchable for four or five hundred yards but tending to fade quickly after that. When the cowboy came along, he made these horses forever famous. He chose them because they could stop on a dollar, turn on a dime, sprint faster than anything else, and cut out a heifer from a herd with an athletic knack that was known as cow sense. When the United States Cavalry went West to help protect (among other things) the expanding cattle industry from disgruntled aborigines, many a government horse became host to an arrow. To replace the dead and gone, a cavalry station would have a Thoroughbred remount stallion standing at stud. The remount stallions were bred, often, to local mares, cow ponies, producing the modern quarter horse: part Thoroughbred, part Spanish-Arabian, part streak of light. The horse had a definite conformation, a long list of physical characteristics that contributed to its talents and made it a recognizable type—notably the heavy musculature in the rear and the chest, a height of about five feet, a weight around twelve hundred pounds, small ears, wide-set eyes, a short muzzle. In 1940, a quarter-horse studbook was opened, as a result

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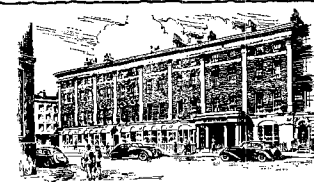
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of a movement among ranchers to make a formal breed of the animal that had become the horse of the Southwest, the region where the greatest concentration of quarter horses could be found—where the cows and the cowboys were, and where so many remount stallions had been. Speed and appropriate conformation were the criteria for inclusion in the book. Standards were high, and many thousands of applicants were turned down. The book closed in 1962. So far so simple: any quarter horse born thereafter would have to be traceable on both sides to a horse listed in the studbook. In racing, though, the studbook seems to act only as a kind of fixed foot around which something else can swing. The rule that one parent need not be a quarter horse seems to defy logic, if not to defeat altogether the purpose of the studbook. The quarter horse is by definition a mongrel. Walt Wiggins, the editor of *Quarter Racing World*, has observed, "The question has been 'Is it a registry or is it a breed?' The years have proved that it is a registry."

Aestheticians who show quarter horses for their conformation are enraged by the expanding infusions of Thoroughbred blood. Meanwhile, racing owners adapt their breeding programs to the apparent requirements of speed alone. The rift in the quarter-horse world is a wide one now, and there are even sub-rifts among racers—those who tingle to the cowpoke story and the valued idea of the quarter horse as a unique breed, and those who don't give a damn. Speed, to the latter, is the controlling word, and with speed the truest definition of a racing quarter horse must virtually end. Most quarter-horse races finish up with differences—first to tenth place—expressible in noses and necks. In a major race last August, about a week before the All-American, a colt named Truckle Feature—by a Thoroughbred and out of a registered quarter-horse dam—took on nine other horses, representing the best competition alive at the three- and four-year-old levels, and crossed the finish line three *lengths* in front. The time over the classic four hundred and forty yards was twenty-one and eight-hundredths seconds, a track record. (There are no world records, because surfaces vary.) A quarter-running horse, as the animal is often called, is—what else?—a horse that has at least a few drops of blood recognized in the studbook and can run a quarter of a mile somewhere near the standard of that colt.

Secretariat won the 1973 Kentucky

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Derby in record time, running five quarters at an average speed close to twenty-four seconds flat. Hence Secretariat was cruising at about thirty-eight miles an hour, while Truckle Feature, in his big race, was doing forty-two. Secretariat, of course, was running for distance. Heaven knows what he might do if he were trained to sprint. "He would follow these horses down the track and then they'd have to get out of his way somewhere around the finish," Dean Turpitt said one day. "They would have to get out of his way or he would run right over them. Take Secretariat out for half a year or so and retrain him, and he could run with the quarter horses. You shorten him up and train him like a quarter horse, and I don't believe these horses could outrun him. He might even be able to do it without the retraining, he's such a superhorse."

Despite the advancing role of the Thoroughbred, quarter-horse sires are still dominant in their field. Nine of every ten horses that ran in the 1973 All-American trials had quarter-horse sires. As it happened, about half the total field were the offspring of just five major studs. Among these, the greatest was Go Man Go. A son of Top Deck, a Thoroughbred, and Lightfoot Sis, a quarter-horse brood mare, he was the foremost money-making quarter-running horse for three straight years in the nineteen-fifties, and his prepotency was such that his get had followed where he had been, winning more money and races than the colts and fillies of any other stallion.

Go Man Go stands at stud at Buena Suerte Ranch, in Roswell, New Mexico, his life an apparent idyll. Firm white fences surround his private paddock. His name is writ in gold on his private barn beside his own demarcated pastures. When the time comes for him to serve his purpose, though, he is led around to the clinic, for quarter horses are bred by artificial insemination. His mares come to the farm but not to him.

The stud that resides next door to Go Man Go is known around the farm as a bad horse, because he recently went after the vet, bit him, shoved him around, and sent him off to the hospital for nine stitches in his arm. The name of this hero is Tony B Deck, property of Anthony Buford, of Caledonia, Missouri, and it is explained that Tony B was spoiled when he was racing and that he is now "schizo." Tony B Deck was happy when he was racing. He was a big winner, a flying horse. Now

he must play his role in a way that nature never intended, and he is considered insane because he took a piece out of the vet.

Tony B Deck's father, who stood in Perry, Oklahoma, was murdered in his stall there on an August night in 1971. Three men, reported to have come from Colorado and to have been hired for the job, spent several hours in the horse's stall gradually dosing him with barbiturates through the jugular vein. His name was Jet Deck. After certain litigation, the American Livestock Insurance Company paid the full face value—three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—of a policy on his life. His actual value when he died was almost

two million. He was clearly one of the great quarter horses of all time. Winner of twenty-two races in thirty-one starts, frequently setting records, he was the best runner of the early sixties, and some said the best that ever ran. At stud, he sired about six hundred colts and fillies, and their statistical record was so impressive that one did not have to extrapolate far to see that Jet Deck would before long surpass Go Man Go as the greatest sire of all time. He was killed, though, and he left only seven crops of foals, the last of which would come into racing, as two-year-olds, in 1974. His name is cited in any discussion that calls in question the wisdom of artificial insemination, for without it his progeny would number only a hundred and fifty or so. Possumjet, winner of the All-American in 1972, was a Jet Deck filly. Flaming Jet, winner of the seventh trial heat and now a finalist in the 1973 All-American, was a Jet Deck colt. The murder of their father was never solved. It is said that the owners had suspicions about who planned the killing, and why, but no accusations were ever made. Meanwhile, in the Ruidoso barns, with the big race near, human beings stayed with the horses around the clock. Jimmy Grimes slept in the barn with Calcutta Deck. Mike Wilson, a young assistant to Jerry Fisher, slept beside the stalls of Rich and John. Dozing beside Wilson was a German shepherd.

**B**ILL SMITH had not gone to a breeding farm to have his mare mated to a celebrity. Unique among the owners of the ten finalists, he owned both the dam and the sire. Calcutta Deck was bred, born, and raised in Pea Ridge. One of the other owners was a horse-and-cattle auctioneer from Henderson, Texas, a man of unspectacular



wealth. Most of the rest were millionaires. On the day of the post-position draw, Wayne Laughlin was already brushing up a lather of excuses. He said, looking mournfully at Smith, "You can see what the odds are for an old poor boy hitting this deal."

It had happened, though. On the edge of Norman, Oklahoma, is a milkshake-hamburger drive-in called Jonesy's, not far from a pasture where Jonesy keeps his horses. Jonesy won the All-American in 1967 with a filly named Laico Bird. Possumjet, winner in 1972, was owned by a man named Jack Byers, who drove a county bulldozer around Blanchard, Oklahoma, and, before his horse won, had never owned an automobile, only pickups. A horseman by avocation, he had bred a mare to Jet Deck, and had trained the resulting filly himself. Stud fees in the quarter-horse business are not forbidding. Jet Deck commanded three thousand five hundred dollars. Go Man Go gets seventy-five hundred. Artificial insemination keeps the price low, putting the great studs within occasional reach of the poor. This, among other reasons, is why Thoroughbred stallions must actually cover their mares. Fewer can be served, so the price can be kept high—as high as fifty thousand dollars. Thoroughbred conception, though, is not a liaison in a sea of bluegrass. The mare is hobbled, to reduce chances of injury, and is kept firmly in place by handlers.

The draw was held in the All-American Turf Club, a posh loft of the grandstand, where many owners maintain permanent box seats. Bill Smith missed the draw, because he did not know where the All-American Turf Club was. He was hunting for it while numbered pills were being shaken in a red plastic bottle and dropped out, one at a time, to be matched to the shuffled names of horses. Rich drew the 3 hole. John drew the 7 hole. Azure Teen the 1 hole. Dancer's Queen the 4 hole. And so on until the last pill, numbered 9, matched the last name, Calcutta Deck. Smith finally found the Turf Club, just in time to be jolted by the network man in charge of the television coverage of the race, which would be broadcast to about three-quarters of the United States. The TV man lectured the assembled owners on the importance of making a good appearance on national TV, told them to be sure to dress nicely and to prepare something interesting to say—at all costs to avoid what happened last year. On a monitor, he showed clips of what happened last year. Jack Byers, the winning owner, stood there in the win-



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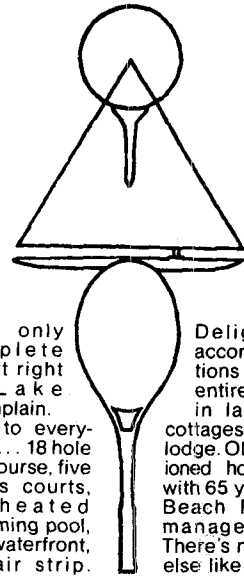
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ner's circle in a hat that had lost its Western brim curl, an open green shirt with a T-shirt visible at the throat, and bluejeans that had no belt, let alone a Texas buckle. When he talked, he seemed confused with excitement, and he did not use impressive grammar—and he was as interesting and true to self as anything ever seen on the home screen, but that was unacceptable to the network, whose representative now again reminded the owners to dress and behave not as they ordinarily would but within the margins of a "perception" that TV wanted them to project. He urged them, too, to thank the advertisers. The owners, for the most part in Western hats and Levi's, their millions hidden up their legs somewhere, were amazingly docile, heifers to a man, nodding assent to the electronic master. Bill Smith felt scared. He remembered Jack Byers' telling him that while he was facing television his mouth had been so dry he could not roll a cigarette. It occurred to Smith that he might well find himself standing in the winner's circle with television looking at him. He worried that he might faint.

Toward the back of the room sat a tall man with large bones, dark hair, a big grin, and youthful eyes. He was fifty-five and appeared to be forty. His clothing made him look like a rich cowboy, which, in a sense, he was. Across the small of his back, brass studs, embedded in his belt, spelled out his name, Vernon Pool. He had put millions into the All-American. Over the years—since 1959, when the race began—he had paid up nearly sixty horses; he had not yet had a winner. He came from Shawnee, Oklahoma, and his profession was the building of airports, dams, roads—long stretches of Interstate 40, Interstate 35. In the middle nineteen-fifties, he had begun vacationing in Ruidoso, renting a cabin in the mountains, finding rest and relaxation at the fifty-dollar window. It was not at all unusual for him to go there and buy ten tickets on a single horse in a single race. In fact, his betting range ran from fifty to a thousand dollars a race, depending on mood and the vagaries of the program. "The philosophy of gambling," he once explained, "is: Never change your way of betting. If you're a two-dollar bettor, stay there. If you're a fifty-dollar bettor, stay there. Don't try to catch up. Bet the same on each race all day long. You break about even. Always bet them to win. If they're not going to win, they're not going to get nowhere." He once bought ten hundred-dollar tickets on a 7-1

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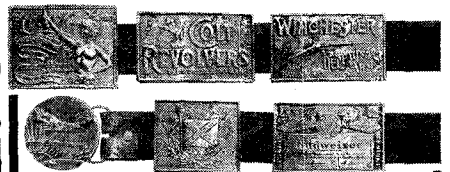


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shot and exchanged the tickets after the race for eight thousand dollars.

Pool formed a friendship, early on at Ruidoso, with Audie Murphy, who owned quarter horses, and one day in 1959 Murphy called Pool in Shawnee to ask his help with the purchase of a four-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar breeding farm that was for sale. Murphy got lost somewhere in the negotiations, and Pool bought it all himself—fifty head of horses, including eleven prime brood mares (one of which had been the quarter-running champion a few years before) and, to boot, almost the entire first crop of Go Man Go. Pool, in his life, had not owned so much as one colt until a few months before, and now, with a single signature, he became the premier owner of running quarter horses. To complete this conquest, he bought the remainder of the first crop of Go Man Go. His brother said to him, "You remind me of a man who bought a bottle of beer and liked it so well he bought the brewery."

Pool moved the horses to Shawnee and established his farm on four hundred and twenty acres running in an L shape along two sides of the Shawnee Country Club. His home is there now, and so is the home of his daughter and his four grandchildren. His son-in-law minds the Interstates for him when he is in Ruidoso. Jerry Fisher had once worked for Vernon Pool. Pool's trainer now was William Thompson. Pool's horses had run in the trials for every All-American, and five had been finalists. Two had been in a final together. A horse of his had been the favorite in 1972. The best he had ever done was third.

After the death of a major quarter horseman not long ago, there had been much speculation in the business over who might become the new owner of Vansarita Too, a great brood mare he had owned. While others maneuvered and planned formal offers, Pool saw the owner's widow at Ruidoso, sat down beside her, and said, "Neva, I'd like to buy your horse."

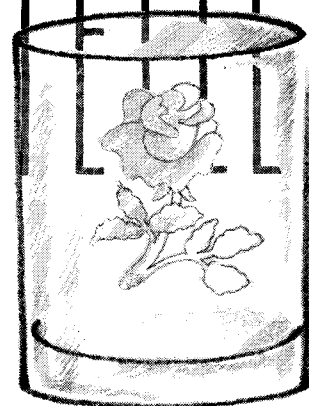
Neva said, straight back, "You couldn't afford her, Vernon."

Pool said, "Why?"

"Because I'd want a hundred thousand dollars for her," Neva said, and Pool reached into his pocket, took out a check, and wrote it. When he went to Pawhuska, Oklahoma, to pick up the mare, he noticed her filly Gotta Go Too. For forty thousand dollars more, he took the filly home as well. To the 1973 All-American he had brought four horses. In the trials, one broke

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down. Another had sore legs and faded away. The third simply did not run fast enough. The fourth was the filly Gotta Go Too, who qualified for the final.

Pool had lately acquired a semi-silent partner in his horse ventures, a rich private eye from Dallas. His name was Grady Hopper, and he was a dark-haired studious man with an excited manner. As an investor, he had tried Thoroughbreds for a few years but had now gone in for straight speed. He deferred unequivocally to Pool. He was having, above all else, a lot of fun; and at the All-American draw, when Gotta Go Too's number appeared and the horse drew the 10 hole, Hopper got so excited he turned a cup of coffee upside down. "Now, take it easy, Grady. You'll have a heart attack," Pool told him.

Later that day, Pool and Hopper went over to a yearling sale that is held annually at Ruidoso, and bid on a brown filly who was a half sister of Truckle Feature. She had twelve pink carnations on her mane, one on her forehead, and two on her tail. Pool kept nodding at the babbling auctioneer as if he were listening to a long story. He bought the horse for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars—the highest price ever paid for a yearling quarter horse.

**B**OBBY ADAIR flew in for the All-American on the eve of the race. He had been racing in California. He travelled a lot, as the best of jockeys will, coining money. Ten per cent of a race was his, and if he won this one he was going to get thirty-three thousand dollars. Like an airline captain, he would not have a drink with his dinner tonight, for he was flying tomorrow. "Having a drink the night before could slow a person down," he said. "And I sure don't want that." He would turn out his light at eleven and try to sleep for twelve hours, if possible, but such a feat was unlikely, because the race meant too much to him and lately he had not been sleeping well. "It's difficult to explain the feeling a rider has about a race like this," he said. "It's money, but it's prestige, too." For much of a decade, Adair had been the established leader among quarter-horse jockeys. He had won hundreds of thousands of dollars and almost every big race there was, but never an All-American. Four times before, he had been in the All-American final. He had lost by a neck in '71, by part of a nose in '66. He had run fifth in '70 and ninth in '67. He had long been in a position to pick the horse he would

ride. Any owner who got him was lucky. He was a student mainly of bloodlines, but when he looked over a colt or a filly he also took into account the racing conformation. His horse this year was Coca's Kid, a filly that had previously run seven times, winning five, placing twice. Her time in the All-American trials—running under Adair—had been the best among the two hundred and seven horses. Sired by a Thoroughbred, Coca's Kid was a California horse. Her owner, a medical doctor named Edward Allred, had paid the penalty fifteen thousand dollars to bring the horse late into the eligible field. The Doctor's specialty was human abortion—"a hundred a day, the biggest in California"—and the jockey helped him invest the proceeds. The two sat side by side at yearling sales. Of late, the Doctor had become nervous, upset, cranky, and irritable, Adair said, and so had he. The pressure of this big race was so great. "The horse, though—she is like a child's pony, a nice, quiet filly. But she's high-strung, too. She changes into a bomb on the track. The farther she goes, the faster she gets. If others are in front of me for a while tomorrow, I don't feel I should panic."

Slender and not short, with blue eyes and curly blond hair, a diamond ring on his finger, Adair was Nordically handsome, and he spoke in a soft, cultured voice. He had grown up in a small town less than a hundred miles from Ruidoso. His father, a school-teacher, insisted that Bobby get off his horse and study, and finish high school before disappearing into racing. Bobby started out by doing chores at Ruidoso Downs, sleeping in the tack room, looking for someone who would allow him to gallop a horse. The horses were too valuable, though, and for a long while no one would let him get on one. Finally, he got to know an owner who allowed him to take a horse to the track for an exercise gallop. Adair moved on with the owner to the track at Raton, three hundred miles to the north, his only chance to gallop horses, and then on to Denver, where he galloped Thoroughbreds for two dollars a run. He lived on free-lance galloping. He got his license. In September, 1961, he rode his first pari-mutuel race, came in second, and felt confident at once that he would one day win the All-American.

When he was a young rider, what impressed him most about quarter-horse dashes was that they seemed to be over before they started. There seemed to be no time for strategy, or even fleeting thought. He had ridden a thousand





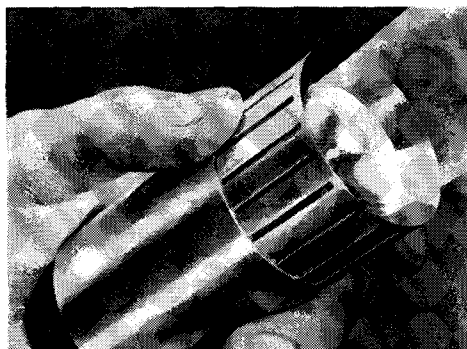
paces a year for many years now, and his perspective had greatly altered. A race now came in parts, spaced along distinctly in his consciousness. There seemed to be plenty of time, with much going on. "I feel now, during a race, that I have time for coffee and a doughnut. You get your horse out of the gate—standing ride, feet under him, clean break. You maintain as straight a course as you can. You don't lug him in. It costs you ground, which you can't afford to lose in a quarter-horse race. You don't override him. If you hit him right-handed, he might duck to the left. If you're running second and you hit the horse, he might resent it and drop to fourth. If left alone, he might do it on his own. I won't whip this filly. She likes to do it on her own. I'll holler in her ear to keep her from being put off by the roar from the grandstand. I used to think I'd retire if I ever won the All-American, but I'm not an old man. I'll be thirty next month. I figure I'll be good for another ten years. If I win, they'll have to beat me again. I love the quarter horse. I like the looks of the horse and what you can do with him. A race rider is a race rider, quarter horse or Thoroughbred. We don't make anything like Shoemaker or Pincay—but why do that when here I'm king?"

THE All-American was the twelfth race of the day and the last of the summer, run in the late afternoon. At five in the morning, while Bill Smith was having his breakfast biscuits, he said, "I went to bed at ten-thirty last night, and I slept awful good until one-thirty. I was up at fifteen to two." He had not slept beyond three-thirty for more than a week. Now, this morning, he had been patient for an hour and then had awakened everyone else at two-forty-five—his wife and daughter, who had joined him for the finish, his friend Wayne, a few others from Arkansas. He went down to the barn before dawn and fed Deck his usual grain, but only about two pounds. Water would stop at noon—a sip or two, no more, after that. The night before, worried about sabotage, he had written the horse's name in huge letters on the stall-front wall over an arrow that pointed to another horse.

As the day brightened and warmed, not a cloud appeared. "I've been doing a rain dance, and nothing has happened," Smith said. "This horse runs that mud."

Another horseman, looking on, said, "The clouds may build up, Bill. And in the afternoon you'll get an overcast,

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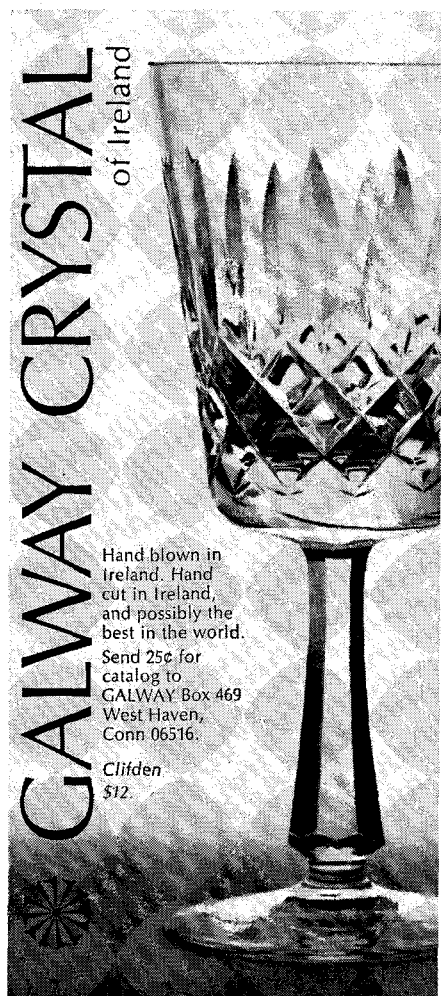
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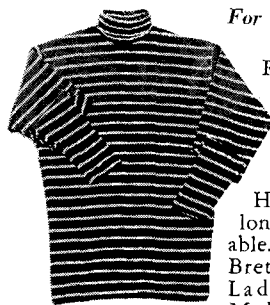
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"That would do just fine."

Long rows of stalls were empty now. Horsemen packing to leave would stop by for a word, a wistful look at a finalist. They helped chip away at the minutes—five hundred minutes until post time.

"When he drew the 1 hole in the trials, they said he couldn't win," Smith said. "They said you'd have to have a horse that could outrun the others by two or three lengths. Well, I guess I've got that horse."

"That's for sure. You've got that horse."

"As we say at home, I guess an old Arkansas hog has found his acorn."

He took Deck out of his stall, put an old and partly shredded cooling blanket over him, and led him out into the sunshine. Deck stood quietly, tranquilly, almost asleep on his feet. He dropped his head. He let his lip go down. He just didn't look too good. "He'll wake up soon enough," Smith said. "The horse is ready. I gave him a good bath last night. He bucked and kicked." Smith had "put a light breeze in him" five days before—a short gallop on the track. Since then, the horse had walked a little, but that was all. Smith gave the halter to Nancy Roller, his daughter—a young woman as trim and alert as her father, and, at home, his colleague in the training of the horses. He took his pitchfork and went into the stall to muck it out.

"How many millionaires are mucking out their horse's stalls right now?"

"Not too many of them."

"They're getting over those cocktails they drank last night."

"What did you drink last night, Bill?"

"Milk."

Wayne Laughlin was suddenly full of stories about things that could happen to a horse in the days and hours before the race. "People with a jack-knife could poke a blade into his front leg muscles," he said. "They could shoot the horse with a needle. They could beat on his cannon bones with an iron pipe. If they would do that for fifty dollars—as people will—or for fifty thousand dollars, how about for a purse like this?"

"Anything can happen."

"He can break down in the race."

"This is a breakdown track—the surface is hard under the dirt. The other day, two horses broke down in one race."

"I remember three in one day."

"All destroyed."

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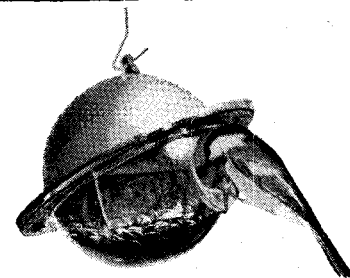


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"That's just part of it—part of racing."

"This track is like Russian roulette."

"Bill, they called home. The whole town's up. They're waitin' and hopin', they say. They just know Deck's going to win. Everybody's a-talkin' it."

"You need race luck," Bill said. "The horses are all winners. You need race luck."

In the afternoon, Smith put on a clean shirt, which was as close as he would come to knuckling under to television. He had bought striped breeches, too, for the occasion, but he vetoed them now and stayed in the blue ones he had been wearing all summer.

"You'll look good, Bill, in the winner's circle, with that camera pointing at you."

"That camera looks like a cannon to me."

By four, Deck was thirsty and on edge. Smith gave him a sip of water. The horse licked his lips, to miss nothing. A blacksmith came and tightened his shoes. Jim Grimes cleaned each foot with a steel brush, then covered the foot with Absorbine Hooflex hoof grease. The radio was turned up high—many banjos and guitars. The horse stood still. Jim and Bill brushed his forehead, combed his mane, and gently rubbed his whole body, like two men in a driveway on a Sunday polishing a car. Four-thirty—another sip of water.

The horse's legs had been wrapped overnight in an iodine mixture of Smith's formulation. Now he rinsed the cannons with cold water. "Do you see any pebbles on him?" he said.

"I never seen better legs," said Tom Warren, whose horses had been stabled next to Smith's. "I want to see that trophy right over here, Bill."

"O.K. We'll put it here and you can look at it."

Slowly, Smith wiped Deck's whole face with a cool wet cloth. The call came from the loudspeakers: "Attention in the barn area. Take your horses to the paddock for the twelfth race. Attention in the barn area. Take your horses to the paddock for the twelfth race."

"You could try for a hundred years and you could never bring one horse here and qualify for the All-American," Smith said. "Now that we're here we don't want to be hoggish. We just want the top end of it."

DEAN TURPITT looked at his program and reviewed the horses in the twelfth race. The only one that might present a problem was Vernon

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Pool's horse, Gotta Go Too. "All right, let's pay attention here," he said as he approached his crew, ten of them today, milling behind the gate. "Who's got the one on the outside?"

"I do."

"She'll rare up pretty high. Make sure we stay with her. She needs handling. If she gets to bouncing too high, pin her down." In each man's hip pocket was a pair of ear tongs.

Timeto Thinkrich, he remembered, had been fine in the gate, a horse that seemed to know why he was there. The other Frank Vessels horse, Go Fartherfaster, was hardly a problem to anyone but himself. He had a tendency to sit down on the tailgate. Coca's Kid, the favorite—the one Bobby Adair was riding—would require two men with locked arms to lift her into the gate. Otherwise, she would not go in. She would bounce a lot when she was in there, too. "Don't jam up the 3 horse," Turpitt said. "Just go to pettin' on her a little there." And he moved off toward his tower. The horses were on the track and were parading before the grandstand. With the exceptions he had noted, there should be no problems. They were, for one thing, two-year-olds, and, for another, they had class. "If a two-year-old is good and sound and he isn't hurting, he may be greener than older horses but he won't get mean in the gate. Least of all this group. Some people may think I'm a liar about it. They think a horse is a horse. But in my estimation higher-class horses seem to have more sense—to be more sensible. They're calmer and sharper, maybe. I don't know, by the time you get to bragging on them sons of bitches they throw a fit." A television camera would no doubt examine Turpitt in his tower, and he was, beyond argument, elegant today, in a tailored tan suit that was lined with silk, a subdued gold panama banded in pastels. That he happened to be bone-tired did not show through his face or clothes, yet he had barely slept at all. Worry or excitement was not what had kept him sleepless, though. As he was about to go to bed, "some son of a bitch" had run over a huge skunk on Route 70, just outside his mobile home.

The horses were approaching the starting gate. A few small clouds had appeared from the southwest, but the day was clear and warm, the track was fast, and chances of rain had long since gone to nil. The sun was low, and broad shadows reached out from the grandstand, which, from the starting gate, looked like an ocean liner about

to sail from a pier, with fifteen thousand people—half in big Western hats—leaning out and waving goodbye, their necks, limbs, fingers, and belts shining with enough turquoise and silver to refinance Texas. The sound of the crowd crescendoed as post time came closer—information scattering like neutrons, out of one hat, into another. Those California horses were not here for nothing, and that bay colt was even faster than he was lazy. Frank Vessels owned two of the great quarter-horse studs in racing—Tiny Charger and Duplicate Copy—but to get these colts he had gone off his own breeding farm and bred his mares to Thoroughbred sires. Of all the colts he had at his place, only these two had made it. Azure Teen was the



product of a frank program to infuse Thoroughbred blood and win races. Her father, Azure Te, was a Thoroughbred with extraordinary early speed, and a syndicate had bought him for the purpose of putting quarter-horse mares under him. The 7 horse, Go Benny Go, was the aristocrat of the group. He went to old King Ranch Thoroughbreds on both sides. His mother, Ruby Charge, was by Depth Charge by Bold Venture. His father was Go Man Go. That was as royal as you could get. For quality breeding—known performance on both sides—he was the best horse. Flaming Jet might just be the last Jet Deck colt that would ever run in an All-American. His owner, Joe Kirk Fulton, knee-deep in horses ever since he was a kid, had been handed a million dollars by his father when he was twenty-one years old. His daddy made it, and his daddy handed it to him. How did a horse from Arkansas get in here? He had won only three thousand dollars in his life, so he had never been far out of Arkansas. His presence was good for the business, showed it was not a closed door. For that matter, how did Dancer's Queen get into this race? Her father earned forty-three hundred dollars, lifetime total, on chipped knees. Mr. Hay Bug? This pot didn't get to be a million dollars on one class of people.

The horses were at the gate. Near the top of the grandstand was a light that Turpitt watched while the horses slowly moved in a circle. The light went out. "All right, bring 'em," Turpitt said, from his tower. One by one, in post-position order, they were brought into the gate. First Azure Teen, then Bobby Adair on Coca's Kid, then Rich.

"Make sure each horse has his feet



in front of the braking bar," Turpitt said. "Larry, bear down there."

The flags of New Mexico and the United States hung straight down.

"Jimbo. Don't jam up that mare."

Dancer's Queen was dragged in, resisting. So was Flaming Jet.

"You want a tail on him, Cotton. Step down and tail him."

Mr. Hay Bug moved into the gate.

John, 7, ambled in and sat down.

The crew rubbed the heads of the horses, lightly, gently; they stood calm. Go Benny Go. Calcutta Deck. Gotta Go Too. The gate was full. Heads started whipping.

"All right. Quiet down in there."

The sound from the grandstand increased, and became a concentrated scream.

"Pin him down, Ugh."

Ugh was a Cree.

"Bear down, Gene. Watch your horse, Kent."

"No, Dean."

"No, Dean. No."

"No, boss."

"Hold it, Dean."

"Hold it, boss."

Suddenly there came a moment when the gate was still. Heads were straight. Feet were solid.

As soon as the horses were gone, Turpitt jumped down from his tower and looked at the divots of Go Benny Go. The aristocrat had stumbled a little. Otherwise, it had been a clean break. The horses, already over the finish line, were invisible in dust.

IN twenty-one and fifty-eight hundredths seconds, Rich won by half a length. John was fourth. Rich and John together earned three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in the race. Flaming Jet, the Jet Deck colt, was second. Bobby Adair ran third on Coca's Kid. Vernon Pool's horse ran ninth. Bill Smith, who watched the race from a point about halfway down, was so hemmed in that he had only a glimpse of the horses flying by. He thought he saw Deck in the lead.

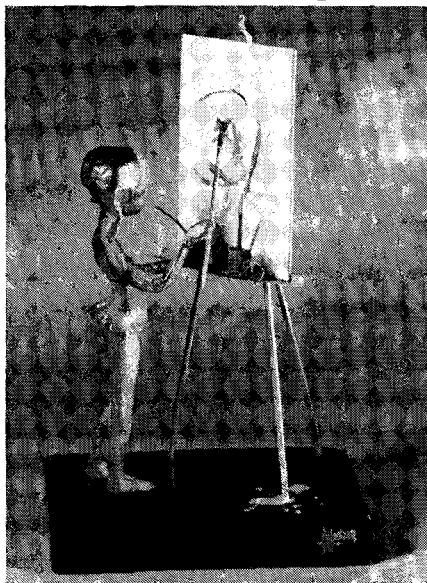
When Smith read the four numbers that came up on the tote board, he got into his pickup and went back to the barns. He filled a bucket with water. His friends began to collect. He moved around a lot, trying to grin. He asked, "Did you find out where he ran?"

"He ran eighth."

"Oh, mercy," he said.

Smith picked up a sponge and the bucket and started for the test barn, where Jimmy had taken the horse. Beside the test barn was a corral, where Smith could get away from other peo-

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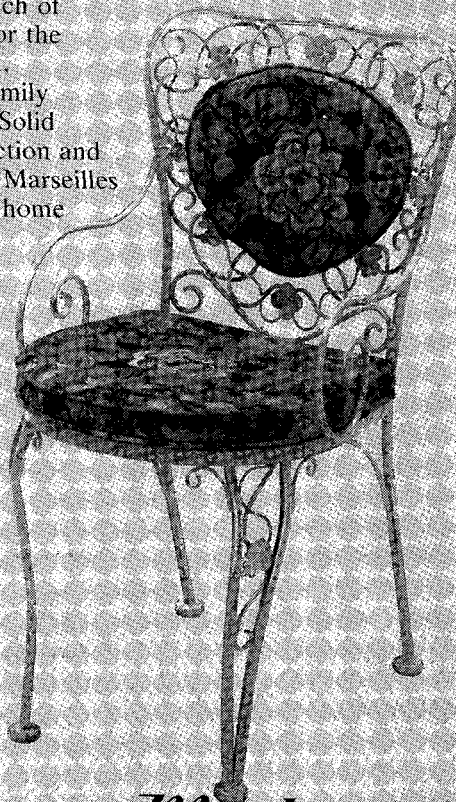
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# SMASH!



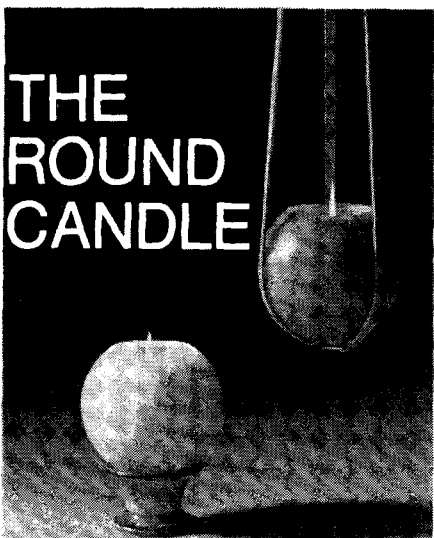
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ple, and he seemed to welcome being in it, with the horse and no one at all. Carefully, he bathed Deck's shining skin, and cooled him down, and the horse moved close to him for more, and eventually Smith covered him with the same cooler he had worn in the morning. Tests over, they walked back to Deck's own barn, where the Arkansas people waited.

"Money talks," Wayne Laughlin was saying. "This old boy told me yesterday that if he gets a dry track this Timeto Thinkrich could outrun anything, but if you had a half inch of mud he couldn't do nothing. Money talks. They gambled fifteen thousand dollars on a dry day."

"They said that No. 1 hole was hard as a dirt floor today."

"Money talks."

"The inside of the track, you can't dig your heel into it, it's that hard."

"I tell you, it would have taken a hell of a horse to outrun that horse out there today."

Smith was not listening. "In the trials, we outrun the horse that won," he said. He filled a hay bag with a great deal of hay and carried it into Deck's stall. He stirred some mash. He tried to joke. He struggled for control. "I wish now I'd had my 1 hole back," he said. "In the trials, we outrun the horse that won."

"Did he pull up sound?"

"He pulled up sound."

Wayne said, "This old boy told me yesterday that if he gets a dry track this Timeto Thinkrich could outrun anything, but if you had a half inch of mud . . ."

"I wish I'd had my 1 hole back," Smith said.

He began assembling and packing his tack. Under some bottles and cans he found a pair of trousers. "There's my fishing britches," he said. "I'd better not lose them."

His daughter said to him, quietly, "Mama sold your boat."

He put an arm around his daughter.

She said to him, "I didn't think we'd win, but I didn't expect so many to outrun us."

In this richest of all races, every horse had shared in the purse, and Deck's share was thirty-one thousand dollars.

"I was wanting it to come a rain," he said. "I wish I'd had my 1 hole back. I was wanting it to come a rain."

—JOHN MCPHEE

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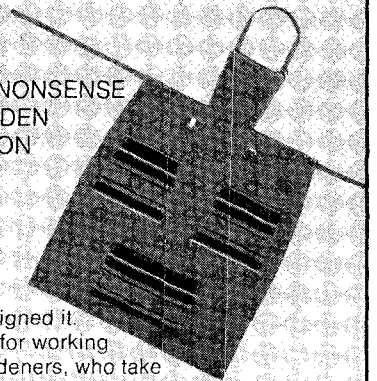
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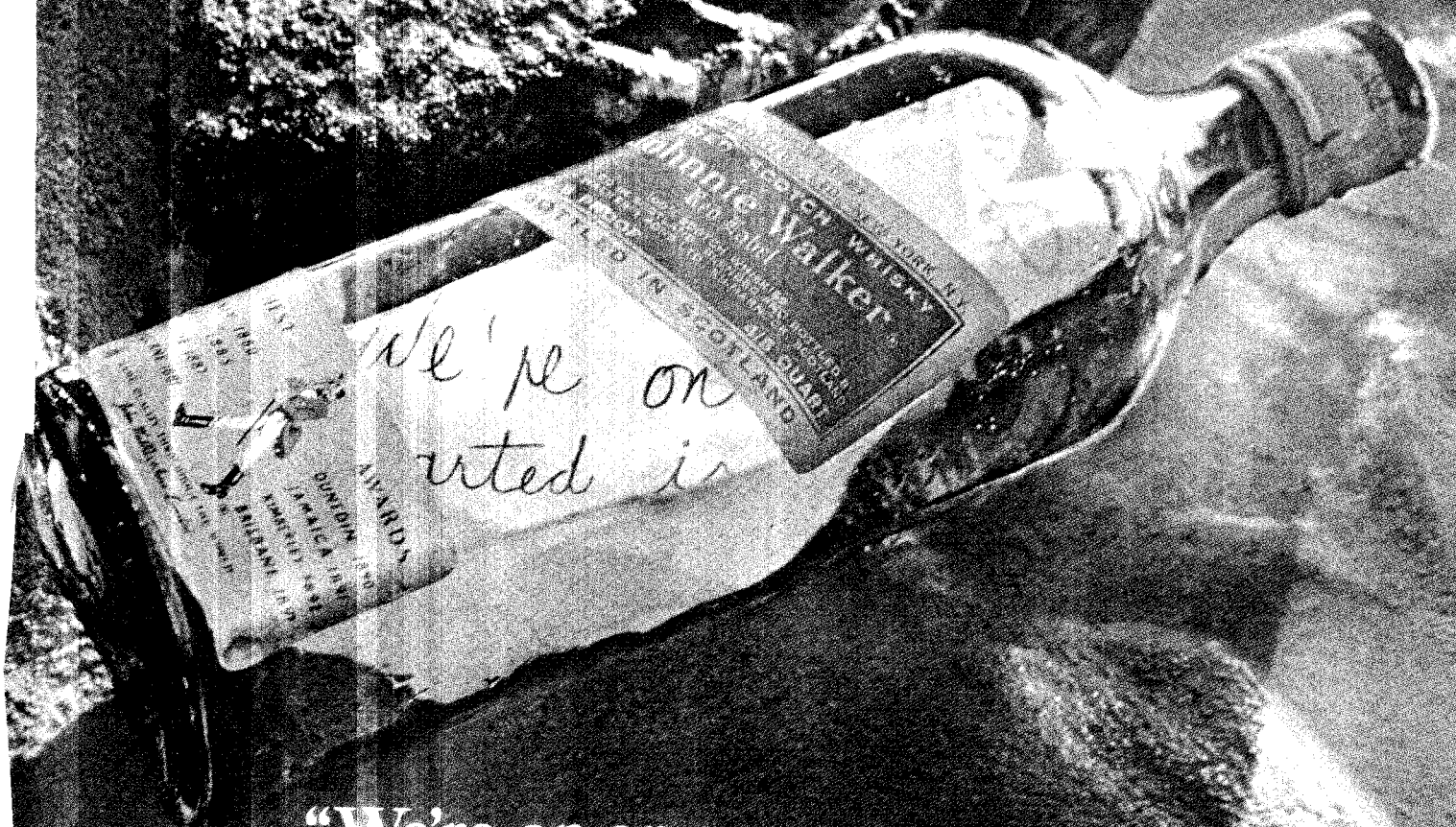
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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## Bouncing Back

"CLAUDINE" is an inside job about a pretty, thirty-six-year-old deserted black mother with six kids in Harlem. The leftist creators and the producer have cheerfully burgled the place for their film's jokes, rashness, steady good humor, and resourcefulness under fire. Most of the trouble that rains on the unbeaten characters comes from their being poor. Not crime poor, or drunk poor, or junkie poor. Just plain poor. Claudine—Diahann Carroll, slight and spunky—takes the bus every morning to work in Riverdale, washing her way through a pile of dishes for a white couple and leaving behind her kids, who range from a militant eighteen-year-old down to a toddler. Claudine's white mistress doesn't hesitate to grumble on the telephone about her being fifteen minutes late, although Claudine works herself into a stupor, stopping only to admire the cheek of a garbage man called Roop (James Earl Jones, here at his best in suggesting a mixture of pretended Hamlet misogyny and a Falstaff gift for friendship that won't flag however hard he tries). He makes a stab at flirting with Claudine but has no luck until she sees him decline on official grounds to hoist her employers' overweight garbage can full of bottles one morning after a party, even though the white boss has taken out the can himself on a little cart to show, convincing nobody, that he isn't above manual work. Roop turns into two hundred pounds of shaking laughter at the sight of a man who doesn't understand that the whole point of being economically superior is *not* to do the filthy jobs. Claudine reluctantly recognizes in Roop a man to call an ally, even though he is another kind of poor. Being a woman, she's working poor *and* welfare poor. Thirty dollars a month per child. Her eldest boy, called Charles (Lawrence Hinton Jacobs), is a worry. Her eldest girl, Charlene (Tamu), is about to get pregnant by a boy called Teddy, who's just changed his name to Abdullah. "Abdu-who or whatever," says Claudine, snorting but anxious, correctly suspecting trouble even before it strikes. "Black won't be beautiful anymore," she says, sending up a characteristic danger signal to her daughter, who is pouty but dying to be nubile and who childishly gets sick after a night out, to the pleasure of little Patrice (Yvette Curtis). Patrice

is a girl, but named after Lumumba, and she has all the impeccable reporting instincts of a treacherous younger sister. As the film goes on, the sometimes apparently numberless kids make variously loyal and obscene efforts to keep their mother from adding "another nigger" to the brood. The ranks against Roop are soon closed. They want to know what she's been doing when she's been out with him till 4 A.M. in his apartment building. As he ironically points out to her, it's a place where you meet a better class of cockroach.



Roop is a blusterer with a strong vein of farcical cowardice and a useful ethic about being a man, which lets him get a girl pregnant and then skedaddle back to his usual secluded life with Milhouse, the crafty, long-unimpeachable mouse who represents his apartment's present administration of filth. It is a life that suits him perfectly well, and one that he preens himself about managing pretty cleverly. Having languorously got his date, he gives the exhausted Claudine a bubble bath of Liquid Joy and looks forward to rubbing his new chick's back. But this chick, who is no fool, shuts his bathroom door in his face and falls asleep up to her neck in suds. With a concern hidden under his usual masculine swagger, he goes to the trouble of feeding her fried chicken at home to spare her going out.

Accounting for the six kids, she explains that she has had two husbands and "two almost marriages." His riposte is that he has two sons by a first wife in Ohio, and a daughter in Louisville, who is living with his second wife's mother. To Claudine, this isn't the same thing at all, and she is visibly right. Children don't count in the math of Harlem life unless you are the parent landed with them. She has to cope with babysitting; arguing with Charles about using the language of militancy; coaxing a middle child (Francis, played by Eric Jones) out of a miserable game that he's invisible and doesn't exist ("I know you *do* exist. I *borned* you," Claudine says, with typical sharp comfort); protecting her own remnant of privacy ("Momma! You went out with a *garbage man*?") says one of her shocked progeny, followed up by another angel-faced innocent with "Don't they stink all the time?"); and lamming into Charlene, sixteen years old, for carrying on the

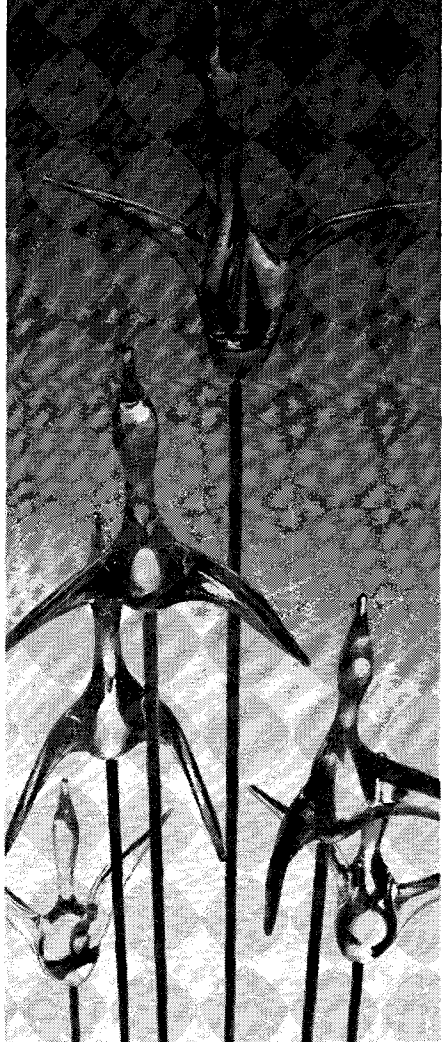
family tradition of getting pregnant. Claudine also has to keep everyone's hands off the toddler; sit the family down early each morning to hot oatmeal, milk, bread, and margarine; and do battle with her lazy, gorgeous hulk of a Roop, whose cleverness is devoted to sidestepping worthwhile jobs because he wants to avoid being hated and envied. Sidestepping is a luxury she can't afford, because she's well and truly married—married to welfare. She says to him saltily, "You know us ignorant black bitches. . . . Grindin' out babies for the taxpayers to take care of." When she snaps, "You don't see your own children?" he snaps back, "You know us black studs. No feelings." Roop cannily devotes his energies to male tactics of courtship, like playing craps with one of her sons, Paul (David Kruger). "The point is, you got to learn. . . . For the possibilities. . . . Otherwise, you'll wind up just another nigger on the hill," he tells the boy. The eldest son has already gone too far in clamp-jawed misery for either Claudine or Roop to connect with him. "I want to be able to breathe," he says, with sudden, desperate communicativeness. "Sometimes I just start crying for no reason."

"Claudine" was directed by John Berry, who has made a lot of films in America and France. He left America because he was blacklisted during the McCarthy era. His tiny, large-minded, precise-voiced producer, Hannah Weinstein, left for England at about the same time because she hated the political atmosphere at home and because an English TV series that she was to produce gave her the chance to use a lot of blacklisted compatriots. The scriptwriters are Tina and Lester Pine. The film is wonderfully resilient, with a knockabout comradeship and slangy ease, like the soul-rock score, composed by Curtis Mayfield and performed by Gladys Knight and the Pips. The women whom Claudine knows nearly all live on welfare. You detect behind each one of them a disappointing man, a series of dashed hopes, and Lord knows how many steps come to grief. Welfare is for these women an indispensable substitute for a husband, though it is no company, a tightfisted provider, and so jealous that it looks for men inside closets in case there is a lover living off the subsidized citizen, or for a television given as a present. When Claudine's particular social worker—Miss Kabak, played with prim feints at liberalism by Elisa Loti—comes round on a scrutinizing visit, the heroine merely hides Roop's present to her of a dashing new iron and goes on



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with her drab old one. The price of anything given to a welfare family to make life easier or more pleasant is deductible from welfare, including the six-pack of beer that Roop brings round, along with some pop for her kids if she's lucky. A lover, according to Miss Kabak's book of charity rules, is quite acceptable as long as he doesn't live in and doesn't provide any items like food or rent. ("How much do you charge?" asks Claudine defiantly of this shocked visitor from another world, who is used to dinner guests' bringing bottles of wine with them.) And if the lover is being supported by the woman, Miss Kabak holds later, sticking to her guns, that would be misappropriation of funds. Roop regards as immoral her view that it is all right for an unmarried woman to have lovers. (The shock to his standards excludes himself, somehow.) But Miss Kabak says graciously that welfare is "trying to deal with the realities." As if she were a hostess, she adds that she'd love to see Roop and Claudine get married. "I'm hip you would," mutters Roop, with his usual unbeatable ear for casuistry. "That'd get the government off the hook, and put me on." Claudine looks hit when he says that. Not that she describes the wound she feels because of the welfare system's way of turning her into nothing but a liability. She says later, with her usual expansiveness and capacity for recovery, "Love is when a man brings groceries instead of eating yours." Roop gives his name to Miss Kabak as Simpson X. ("You heard of Malcolm X? Well, I'm Simpson X," says the deadpan suitor, who is so unmilitant that his biggest act of violence is to feed the extremely Presidential-looking Milhous a piece of cheese in a mousetrap.)

Claudine and Roop together run up against what amounts to the Catch 23 of welfare, which has been Claudine's familiar all her solitary married life. "If I marry this lady, I want to make it better for her," yells Roop in the welfare office. "But if I spend a dollar you gonna deduct it from *her*. If I buy a little something extra, you gonna deduct it. And I *better* report every penny I spend, because if I don't, then I'm a crook. Now, you say if I lose my job I *must* apply for welfare, because I can't be sitting around eating the government's biscuits. That's *fraud*. If I do go on welfare, then there's another lazy-ass nigger living off the taxpayers. O.K., fine. Now, let's say I do *not* marry this lady, just sleep with her. Then she's a whore. If I move in and don't tell you, then we're crooks. If I

do tell you, then we're back to the income and the outcome and the deducting. You'd drive me to drink, then come screaming *fraud* if I spend seven dollars on a bottle of whiskey! We can't win." Claudine isn't even supposed to be working—working her guts out—because if welfare knew, her mingy government handout would be cut. In a bar, days later and pretty sloshed, Roop says to the assembly, "I'm gonna testify.... The Lord spoke to me... said, 'Baby, cheer up.

It could be worse.' So I cheered up. And the Lord was right. It got worse."



"Claudine" is a sweet-spirited film, saddened and rollicking, full of courage. It is typical of its nature that Roop's tirade about welfare, in which all hopes seem to be ditched, should come off with colossal energy in a reigning mood of farce that sustains the picture right through to the end, which treats a new disaster in the gang spirit of some other huge family linking arms late at night at Coney Island.

THE great Hitchcock, genius of stories about misappropriated guilt and frozen-looking blondes with red-hot souls, is being given a gala evening by the Film Society of Lincoln Center on April 29th. His long career has had steady themes. Counter-snobbery, for one. Displacement of an almost religious sense of sin, for another. Even in "Young and Innocent" (1937), he spiked courtly passages with marvelously funny surreal intrusions involving Mary Clare at a children's tea party; Derrick de Marney played the hero, accused of murder but palpably innocent. The tenor of the film is unusually sunlit, detectably embodying some parody of stage and screen comedies of the time. It is only at the end that Hitchcock's complicity with the audience asserts itself, when the villain is disguised as a dance-band musician wearing blackface but given away by his already established facial twitch, inducing in us the director's own relish of punitive last-minute recognition.

The theme of the pursuer, himself often pursued, who begins to incarnate the guilt of someone for whom he is mistaken or who was once his trusted friend recurs and recurs: in "Strangers on a Train" (1951), when a nice young tennis player in collusion with a lunatic is landed with the lunatic's motive; in the brilliant "Shadow of a Doubt" (1943)—screenplay by Thornton Wilder, in collaboration with Alma Reville and Sally Benson—when Teresa Wright as a niece called Charlie begins to sense, and even to take on,



some of the dark side of her loved, murderously suave Uncle Charlie's character; in "Vertigo" (1958), when James Stewart as an ex-detective with acrophobia is assigned by an old college friend to follow a suicidal wife (limply played by Kim Novak) who believes in reincarnation, and finds himself, after racing to stop her vertiginous death and being pursued by his own block about heights, chasing a girl like her and persuading her to reincarnate the dead girl; and in "To Catch a Thief" (1955), when Cary Grant as an ex-cat-burglar is hunted by the police and himself hunts down an impostor.

The languidly humorous "Rear Window" (1954)—it is hard to get hold of prints now—epitomizes Hitchcock's gift for inspired visual gossip, including views of a pet-loving couple who let down their dog to the yard on a pulley, and of a dancer who limbers up while she has her teeth into a club sandwich. James Stewart, muttering about blood leaking from a trunk while he is idly nibbling Grace Kelly's mouth, gives the liveliest performance in a plaster cast that there can ever have been.

Certain motifs teem in Hitchcock. His favorite false clues intentionally irritate, like pebbles in a shoe. The name of the famous "North by Northwest" (1959), for one; there is no such compass point. The title is a worry, a piece of dust in the eye which can't be blinked away. So is Hitchcock's own brilliantly maddening slogan "The Birds' Is Coming." His films abound in red-herring scenes of unsettled memories which produce disquiet and lead nowhere, like the encounter in "Marnie" (1964) between the heroine and a man who remembers her in another guise. In "To Catch a Thief" there are at least three false-trail villains. In one of his few comedies, "The Trouble with Harry" (1955), with Harry already dead at the start of the picture, the corpse, which is first seen buried in the beautiful bronze leaves of a Vermont autumn, becomes a red herring on an unprecedented scale. The body is found, disposed of, re-found, re-interred. A retired sea captain thinks he has shot Harry. A middle-aged spinster thinks she is responsible for the death because she hit Harry when he tried to assault her. His separated wife appropriates the guilt because she crashed a milk bottle onto his head. Harry's gaudy socks or bare feet commandeer every scene they are in. People trip over him, make arrangements over him, sketch him. The murder is everyone's own anise trail of self-recrimination, and the corpse is very funnily dealt with, as only a believing Catholic can



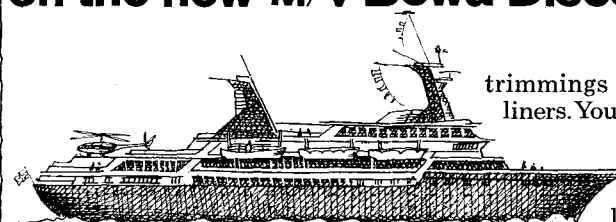
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be seriously funny about sin. One of the great lines of intentional bathos in all cinema comes at the moment when Mildred Natwick, meeting a panting Edmund Gwenn dragging the corpse, says, "What seems to be the trouble, Captain?"

At moments like that, one can't forget that Hitchcock once wrote titles for silent films. In a crowded elevator, a friend of mine heard him perking up the pall of abashed elevator-silence by saying with sudden crypticness, "Who would have believed that one shot could have made such a mess? Blood everywhere." His titles must have been very terse. It is typical of this generally kindly, winking man that the effect of his films should so often be described as scary but never as frightening. Real fear is something he undoubtedly feels, but I don't believe he would think it belonged in entertainment. It belongs with hellfire.

There are hints of his real fears, though, in his theme of the nearly fatal halt. In "Shadow of a Doubt" and in "Sabotage" (1936) people in unknown extremity are stopped by traffic policemen. Hitchcock has always been terrified of the police. In "Saboteur" (1942) an escaping hero has to hide handcuffs on his wrists. "The Wrong Man" (1956) takes an innocent hero through a grinding ritual of fingerprinting, form-filling, handcuffing, and inquisition by policemen repeating a Christian name that the character never uses. The director, born of poor parents in 1899 in a London suburb, has memories that die hard. His father was a greengrocer and a poulterer; perhaps the second profession explains Hitchcock's lifelong disgust about eggs. It is as great as his love of the trains and buses of his childhood, and his aesthetic distaste for newfangled planes. (Think of the terrifying crop-duster chase scene on a flat prairie in "North by Northwest.")

One suspects Hitchcock of a suppressed loathing of romantic music, because of his dislike of sentimentality; he now holds in low esteem his own "Champagne" (1928) and "Waltzes from Vienna" (1933). "Secret Agent" (1936) has a scene in which a single organ note blares because a body has slumped onto a keyboard. You begin to feel that it is the histrionics of the Albert Hall cantata that are morally as well as literally the license for the attempted assassination in "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934, remade by Hitchcock in 1956). Just as music is not ethically neutral in Hitchcock's films, pet animals are not really pets but devices of criminality. They are trick ca-



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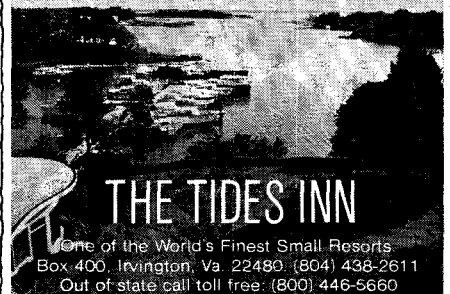
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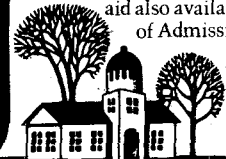


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nary songsters, as in "Sabotage," or signals at the start of perilous events, as in the pet-shop meeting in "The Birds" (1963) between the young lawyer (Rod Taylor) and Hitchcock's characteristic airless blonde (Tippi Hedren). Or animals may be represented as stupid surrogates for people, like the horse that Miss Hedren prefers to her husband (Sean Connery) in "Marnie." Anthony Perkins in "Psycho" (1960) stuffs birds as a hobby. Hitchcock is keen on taxidermy: there is an unbeatably sinister scene at a taxidermist's in his remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

Hitchcock has always been agog about the behavior of people under pressure. He once—in a magazine called *Movie*—referred to the blitz in a way that made it sound like one of his own devices to find people's Achilles' heels of alarm about the unforeseeable. He understands plots about civilians under attack, so to speak: about people thrust into overwhelming danger while they are on holiday or absorbed in a test match, or playing an ornate practical joke, which is the starting point of "The Birds." He loves making the lofty heroine of "The Birds" squirm, and getting her cool nerves to crack, and putting her into high heels before making her walk through sand. Hitchcock's kind of revenge is on an irreligious otherworldliness. It isn't the mischievous sadism it is often taken to be. In "The Birds" the characters who play out the revenge are the birds themselves, those creatures who for millennia have been used for food and quill pens and ladies' hats; they terrorize the heroine in a glass telephone booth where she is caged like a canary, and swoop down a chimney as if they were the Eumenides.

The juxtaposition of the pampered against the new or rabid or vulgar has always struck Hitchcock as something more than merely amusing. In "To Catch a Thief" the aristocratic heroine, played by Grace Kelly, is pitched against an ill-bred mother (Jessie Royce Landis) with such moral pungency that the moment when the mother stubs out a cigarette in a fried egg amounts to something more than a shot of food wastage. We see that this girl who looks like a jewelled chiming doll clock sprang from a fishwife parent, and she is not ironclad but simply new to the snobs' game. If there is one theme running all the way through Hitchcock's films, from the social gaffes or the unpracticed criminals to Robert Donat's speaking gibberish when he is suddenly plunged into a political meeting in "The 39 Steps," it is that everyone is a novice. —PENELOPE GILLIATT



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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 21

AFTER a year or so in office, it seemed likely that the Nixon Administration might merit praise for its handling of foreign affairs, no matter how unsatisfactory its domestic policies proved. Despite the unauthorized invasion of Cambodia, the intensified bombing of Laos, and the seemingly interminable delays in troop withdrawals (all of which, according to the White House, were essential to the attainment of "peace with honor"), a good deal of praise was forthcoming then, and if today there is grave doubt about several aspects of our diplomacy, there is still no reason to question the soundness of certain others. It is possible that before long our arrangements, such as they are, with China will turn sour (some observers see the process as already well advanced), but this would not reflect on the wisdom of American policy in bringing to an end almost a quarter of a century of make-believe as to the whereabouts and leadership of the world's most populous nation. The mediating efforts in the Middle East by Henry Kissinger and by his predecessor as Secretary of State, William Rogers, may in the end change nothing, but

even so this country will be seen to have come closer than any other to arranging a settlement. Yet it is beginning to look more and more as if American policy by and large is a failure. Thanks in great part, though by no means wholly, to us, tensions abound, and in some areas increase. We have brought ourselves satisfaction and at least a modicum of self-respect by withdrawing our combat troops from Indo-China, but our withdrawal has contributed no more than did our original intervention to the stability of the region, where violence, much of it the product of our technology and financial aid, still prevails. Our trade policies have contributed to an almost worldwide inflation and, with substantial coöperation from others, to disorder in the global economy. Our influence, though doubtless never as great as our leaders thought it to be, has declined almost everywhere, which is not altogether a bad thing, since it was so often far from helpful; its decline is still to be regretted, however, for there are signs that we are growing in circumspection. Some of our shortcomings are attributable more to the President's boorishness and to the advice he gets from

economic and military aides than to the initiatives recommended by Henry Kissinger. We have tried with what most people regard as reasonably good will to fashion effective arms-control agreements, but Secretary Kissinger now says that we and the Russians are deadlocked for at least the balance of this year, and a new conflict appears to be developing among the policymakers, with Kissinger regarded by some as a spokesman for a "soft," and therefore dangerous, line, and with others in the State and Defense Departments insisting that we will be asking for trouble if we fail to stiffen. The Administration can doubtless take credit for what up to now has been an improvement, at least in rhetoric, in relations with the Soviet Union, but there are signs that the Soviet leaders have at last caught on to the enfeebling effects of Watergate on our political life and may be preparing to take what advantage they can of them; to what extent this is so may be revealed if the President goes to Moscow in June.

It is common for scholars to remind us that foreign and domestic policies are expressions of the same goals and ideals, and can be dealt with separately only for limited analytical purposes. A government, particularly a democratic one, that loses the confidence of its own people sooner or later loses the confidence or respect of other governments. In our case, this did not appear to be happening a year or so ago, when Watergate seemed to dominate everything else. Abroad, especially in Western Europe, developments here were thoroughly reported, but there were very few people who grasped their importance until much later. Watergate was immensely complicated, for one thing, and the names connected with it were unfamiliar beyond our own border. True, John W. Dean III had made some extraordinarily serious charges against the President, but no one had ever heard of Dean, who had the look and voice of a youth barely past adolescence. It was quite some time before Presidential involvement seemed a real possibility and before the polls revealed public disenchantment, and while some governments were catching on last fall (many of them had serious confidence problems of their own to deal with), it seems to have been only in the last month or two that any of the totalitarian states grasped the true nature of the affair. It can now be pretty well taken for granted that just about everybody understands the essential meaning of Watergate, which is that Nixon cannot commit



*"I've been trying to feel upbeat, Doctor, and I think I strained something."*



this country and its resources unless he has the concurrence of an increasingly hostile Congress and of the people its members represent. It by no means follows that a new President would bring with him a new foreign policy—historically, indeed, this has rarely been the case. But the shakiness of the Administration today makes it difficult for it to correct its own errors and to make new departures of any sort. Nixon is Commander-in-Chief because the Constitution says so, but it is doubtful if his marching orders would be sanctioned by Congress for even the worthiest of causes on other continents. There is practically no hope of attaining under him any of the economic or political goals of all our postwar Presidents in our dealings with Europe and Japan. Henry Kissinger would like the industrialized nations to pool their expertise and their resources in an effort to narrow the gap that separates them from the underdeveloped, dissatisfied nations that are often spoken of as the “third world,” but we will join in no such enterprise until we have a President who can both command our deepest loyalties and restore the health of our own economy. The President is striving to demonstrate that his authority has not been eroded—yesterday’s ceremonies accompanying the resumption of relations with Egypt were an example—but he seems unlikely to succeed. Canvasses of foreign leaders and of the diplomatic representatives here reveal that very few of them expect Nixon to fill out his term. Some profess indifference, either because their dealings with us are of no great importance or because experience has taught them that the direction of American foreign policy changes rarely and slowly, even though some Presidents devote more energy to foreign affairs than others.

In any case, the balance that can be struck now points to very little in the way of accomplishment. Our approach to China is rational, though it is hardly any more productive than before, and while we still subsidize war in South-east Asia, the level of destructiveness has been somewhat lowered, and there are no longer any American casualty lists. Nixon’s policy has not failed in the sense that it has led in the direction of general war, but it has failed in the sense that it has not strengthened the machinery of peacemaking or of bringing relief to suffering people. It would be unfair to say that our policy has returned to isolationism, for no postwar Administration has shown more concern with our role in the world than

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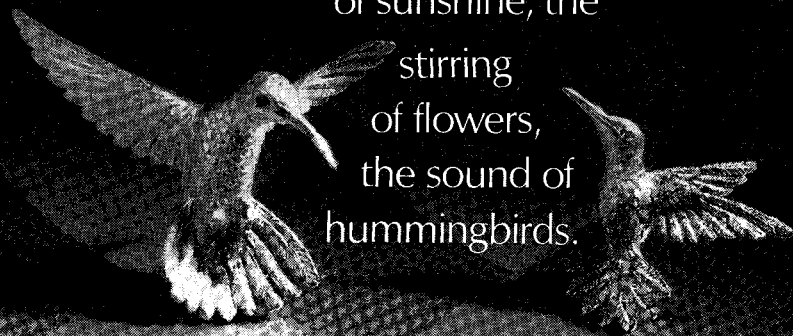
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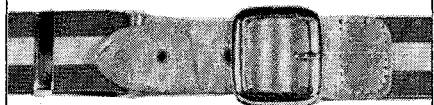
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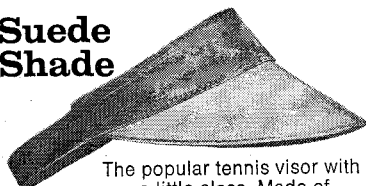
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this one. But some of that concern bears the mark of isolationist thinking. Thus, the President thinks of the "energy crisis" not in terms of rational and equitable arrangements with other nations, rich and poor, but, rather, in terms of attaining American "self-sufficiency" in this century—a proposition that squares perfectly with the old "fortress America" outlook. Nixon has been in office during the years of greatest food shortage and starvation in this century, yet, despite Kissinger's warnings, the President, perhaps because he is aware that he could not carry Congress with him in any active policy, has yet to voice alarm over either the suffering or the political consequences, which threaten to be very severe.

CONGRESS is still on holiday, and there have been fewer Watergate developments than in any similar period for the better part of a year. The trial of the two former Cabinet members John Mitchell and Maurice Stans proceeds less dramatically than expected in New York, while here the Special Prosecutor, Leon Jaworski, and James St. Clair, who insists he is attorney for "the Presidency" rather than for the President, have been exchanging messages about the fabled tapes and the issuing of subpoenas, but nothing seems to get resolved. For a wonder, there has been a minimum of factionalism in the House Judiciary Committee, which is perhaps attributable less to large-mindedness than to the evenhandedness of the chairman, Peter Rodino, and even more to the fact that members of the Republican minority have been studying recent election returns with care and personal concern. That the various investigations have reached the end of their trail appears unlikely, for there is much evidence yet to come, and many witnesses yet to be examined. Also, the putative defendants who once stood solidly behind one another are rumored to be dissolving as a bloc and turning against one another in naked self-interest. But the action, such as it is, seems to lie beyond the scrutiny of the investigative reporters and is likely to remain so until the public forums are reopened.

Thus far, an overwhelming majority of congressmen have, like dutiful jurors, kept their opinions to themselves and proclaimed their intent of continuing to do so until all the evidence they can lay their hands on is in. But those outsiders who stare at the teacups are fairly certain that the Rodino committee will urge impeachment on the House. The thirty-three tea leaves to



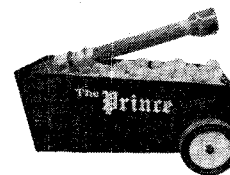
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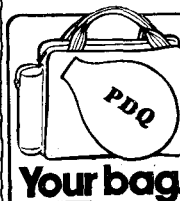


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three in the matter of issuing a subpoena to the White House tells much to practiced gypsies, and, by extrapolation, it seems a fairly safe bet that the House will follow the committee's recommendation. The commonest complaint against the grand-jury system is that except in rare cases the members follow the district attorney's—in this case, the Rodino committee's—urging, and, with the President's fortunes currently at their lowest, the rule seems likely to be followed.

Things are somewhat different in the Senate. Most members of the House are indebted to the party organizations in their districts for their jobs and are expected to maintain the discipline ordered by those organizations, the majority of which now seem agreed that, for the time being at least, it is better to let the national Administration shift for itself than to be closely tied to it. At the start of their careers, many senators are in the same position. But few members of the House ever attain an identity outside their own districts, whereas many senators in time become national figures. Being fewer in number, they receive more exposure and publicity, and the rules of the body enable them to develop expertise in one or more national issues. Some remain closely bound to their home organizations, but others eventually set up "machines" of their own that are strong enough to assure their reelection without much help from local parties. In some instances, senators become obligated to powerful local private interests, but even when this is the case they are relatively free to develop their own positions on a number of issues and to resist any pressures from party leaders. Also, there are many who can get re-elected on their own strength and reputation without being bound to any particular economic interests. Thus, most senators are free to vote for or against conviction of the President merely by consulting their consciences. Almost the entire country, for example, could turn against Richard Nixon, but if Senator Henry Jackson, a Democrat, cast a vote for acquittal for reasons that seemed compelling to him, it is extremely doubtful that the voters of the Democratic State of Washington would turn against him on that account. It is therefore much harder to guess what will happen in the Senate than it is to predict House action.

The general public seems to have little difficulty in determining its view in advance of a trial. Four normally Republican districts have now voted

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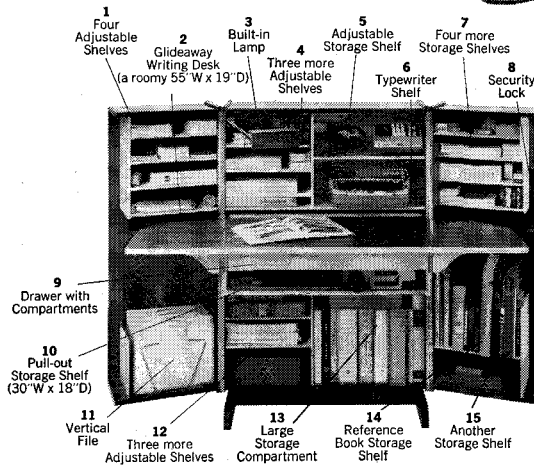
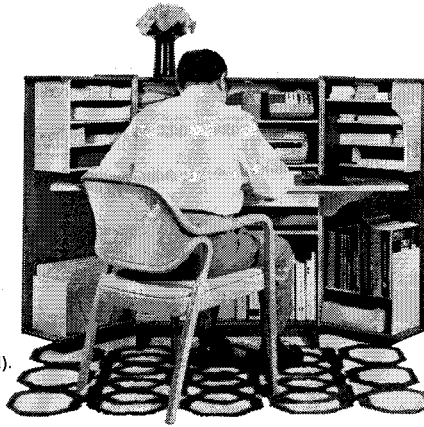


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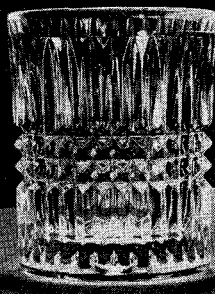
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Democratic in House by-elections, and if this trend continues into November, the Republicans, at least in the House, will be a splinter party. The prospect may warm the hearts of Democrats—but probably for a short time only. For when one party is in virtually full command of any institution, a tendency toward factionalism begins to form, and solidarity exists merely in name. If Gerald Ford succeeds Richard Nixon in the next few months, his geniality and civility may prove a powerful political attraction and make him a strong candidate for 1976. If that appears to be the case, a good many Democrats may find themselves seeking his favor and giving him the support they withheld from Richard Nixon. If no division emerges on that ground, there are plenty of other grounds. Ethnic politics has been a strong and generally divisive force in recent years. Also, it is probably an oversimplification to attribute the decline in Republican fortunes entirely to Nixon and his Watergate troubles. If Watergate had come in the midst of solid economic health and full employment, it would still have had a powerful shock effect in some quarters and no doubt would have led to the clamor for impeachment. It is doubtful, though, if it would have much affected the careers of men who, like the vast majority of Republican congressmen, were connected with it only by virtue of their membership in the President's party. Probably all of them would have suffered somewhat at the hands of the purity bloc, but it is unlikely that many would have been turned out of office for misdeeds in which they had played no part. But the combination of Watergate and a faltering economy could threaten the existence of the Republicans and lead to Democratic factionalism. None of this will be any help to the two-party system. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

Yet, like the fabled lemmings, new speculators keep on knocking on commodity house doors ready to pour thousands of dollars at a crack into everything from soybeans to silver.—*Ronald L. Soble in the Los Angeles Times.*

The lemmings used to knock once and demand a soybean.

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Lieder by the Litre*

IN 1868, forty years after the death of his friend Franz Schubert, the German painter Moritz von Schwind planned a painting evoking one of the celebrated gatherings known as "Schubertiads." The painting was never finished, but Schwind's preliminary drawing in sepia has often been reproduced. The composer is at the piano; seated at his right is the singer Johann Michael Vogl; the drawing room of a middle-class Viennese home is heavily populated with soberly dressed ladies and gentlemen. Numerous verbal accounts of these musical evenings survive as well (they were meticulously assembled and published in the documentary volumes the late Otto Erich Deutsch compiled about Schubert), but none of them convey as graphically as does the sketch the social setting for which the majority of Schubert's songs were intended: a domestic, unpretentious, bourgeois ambience, certainly *gemütlich* but also artistically inclined—and not only toward music (present in Schwind's picture are the painter Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld and the dramatist Franz Grillparzer, and also several of those near-amateur poets whose sole claim to posterity's attention lies in the fact that Schubert set their verses to music).

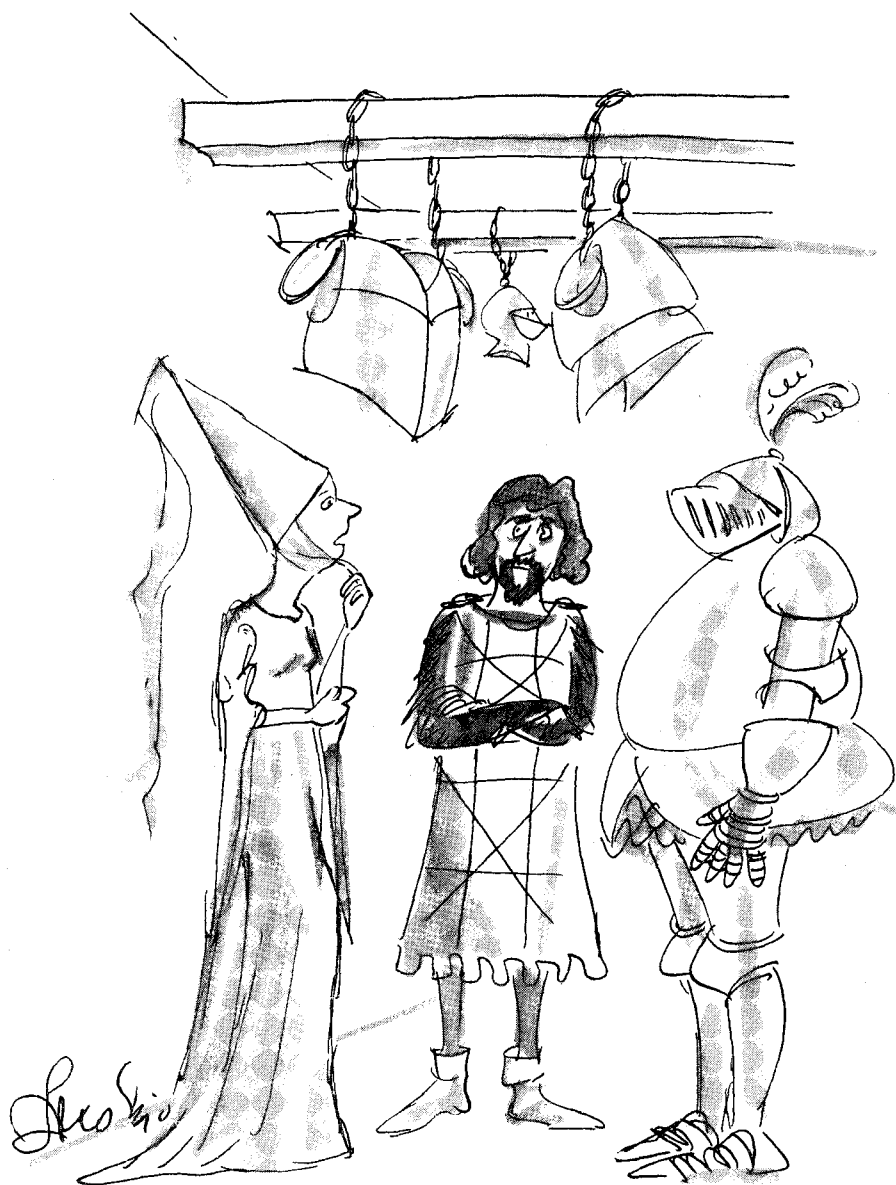
This ambience bears some relation not only to the nature of the songs but also to the manner of their performance. Scale is one aspect: the rooms, the voices, the pianos, and the audiences were small, and so, too, was the dynamic range of the music. Implicit, and attested by firsthand accounts, is a certain style of singing, direct and without ostentation. According to Leopold von Sonnleithner (an old friend of Schubert's, who for some reason didn't make it into Schwind's picture), the baritone Vogl, a retired professional, was "a happy natural singer, with a sympathetic timbre to his voice and with a warm and pleasing manner of performance. . . . But of real voice training, of a *school*, he had not the remotest idea." In later years, we read, Vogl indulged in affectations—"a tonelessly spoken word . . . a sudden outburst . . . a falsetto note"—but by and large he was the model of the style, which had about it nothing of the theatre, nothing of the tonal narcissism that finds its rightful place in the bel-canto literature.

On another occasion, Sonnleithner expanded on Schubert's preferences: "His songs should not so much be declaimed as *sung* flowingly. . . . The

proper vocal timbre should be given to every note, to the complete exclusion of the unmusical speaking voice. . . . By this means the *musical* idea should be displayed in its purity. . . . The simplest but, at the same time, the most unaffected singing . . . is greatly to be preferred to the most sophisticated, declamatory performance; the latter we will leave to those who always look for another poetic or philosophical idea behind the musical one (which, as such, they do not understand and, therefore, despise)."

In this wise were Schubert's songs launched into the homes of the Viennese middle class. Today, in middle-class homes throughout the world, they are usually sung by the baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—not in person, of course, but on recordings. Hardly any-

one else today bestrides a musical literature as does this man; he is the omnipresent figure in German song, having recorded (and, often, rerecorded) every work of any importance—not to mention countless operas, oratorios, and songs in other languages. The sheer bulk of his output, numbering in the hundreds of discs, almost precludes rational evaluation. Who has enough time to listen to it all? Who wants to hear everything sung by the same singer, however masterly he may be? There is something almost inhuman, not quite "artistic" about his encyclopedic productivity; one pictures the volumes of everybody's collected songs stacked by the studio door, then moving one by one across the music rack of Gerald Moore's piano as the tape machines incessantly whir—the Lordstown of lieder, an aesthetic assembly line. Fischer-Dieskau's obsessively chronological survey of Schubert, filling twenty-five discs, simply cannot be



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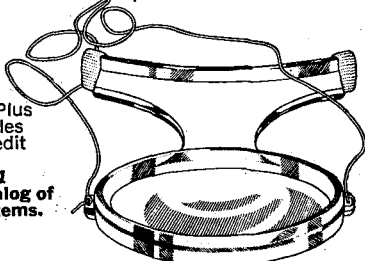
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coped with in artistic terms; it sits mutely and reproachfully on the shelf, a ponderous reference work, its bulk and format resisting the kind of informal presentation and listening that should surround this literature.

His compulsive industry has created a brand name—"Fischer-Dieskau for the Best in Lieder"—to which the broad public evidently responds enthusiastically, unaware of the hazards inherent in such manufacture. He records too many songs cold in the studio, performances untested by the experience of confrontation with an audience. He records not merely the songs he does best but all the songs he might plausibly sing, and yet a few beyond that range. He records unceasingly, in good years for the voice and bad. He rerecords, and must compete with himself more than anyone else: we can, for example, verify that the velvet warmth of his tone two decades ago is no fond trick of memory enhancing vague recollection, that today the sound is unquestionably drier, less luxuriant.

Such are the hazards willed upon art by technology. Which is the "real" Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau? The omnivorous and amazingly proficient sight reader of the many hundreds of songs on disc, or the refined, subtle, slightly reserved master who gave a memorable Schubert recital in Carnegie Hall on April 17th? On this particular occasion, more than on any other in recent years, one heard him sculpt Schubert's phrases with exquisite precision. Not infrequently, his recordings and recitals (and, lest I have given any contrary impression, let me insist that there have been many fine ones) have courted the kind of "sophisticated, declamatory performance" that Sonnleithner condemned, giving us poems that happen to have musical pitches in the middle of each syllable, rather than songs—words floated on a stream of shaped tone. Such a stricture could hardly be invoked in respect of this recital, for it was Schubert's interpretation of the poems that was presented us.

All very carefully planned, to be sure, and lacking a degree in spontaneity—a deficiency that I would tentatively attribute to a certain rhythmic lassitude on the part of the pianist, Jörg Demus, specifically apparent in the interludes between stanzas, when the forward motion tended to weaken. Dieskau's sense of rhythm is firm enough (Sonnleithner also emphasized the importance of steadiness) but not quite impulsive, and Demus, despite his admirable ensemble sense and unfailing tonal control, did not provide the

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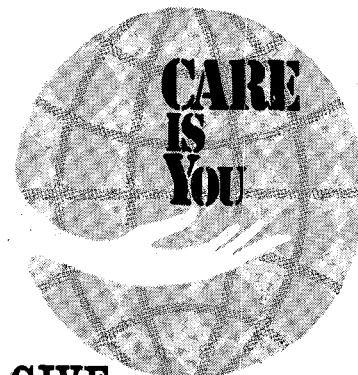
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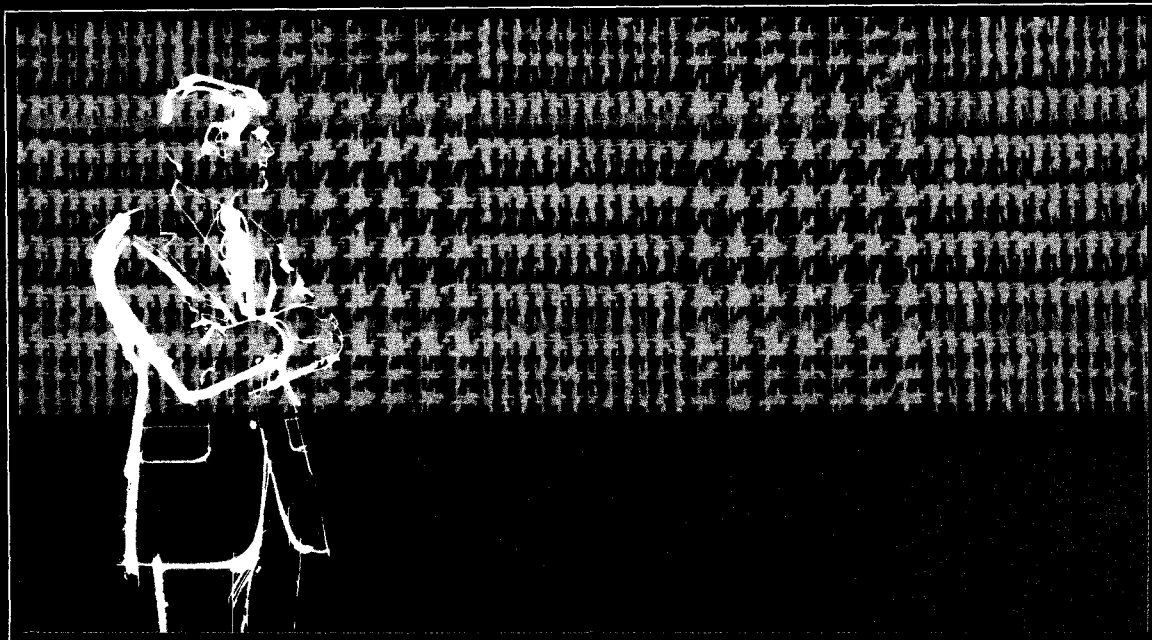
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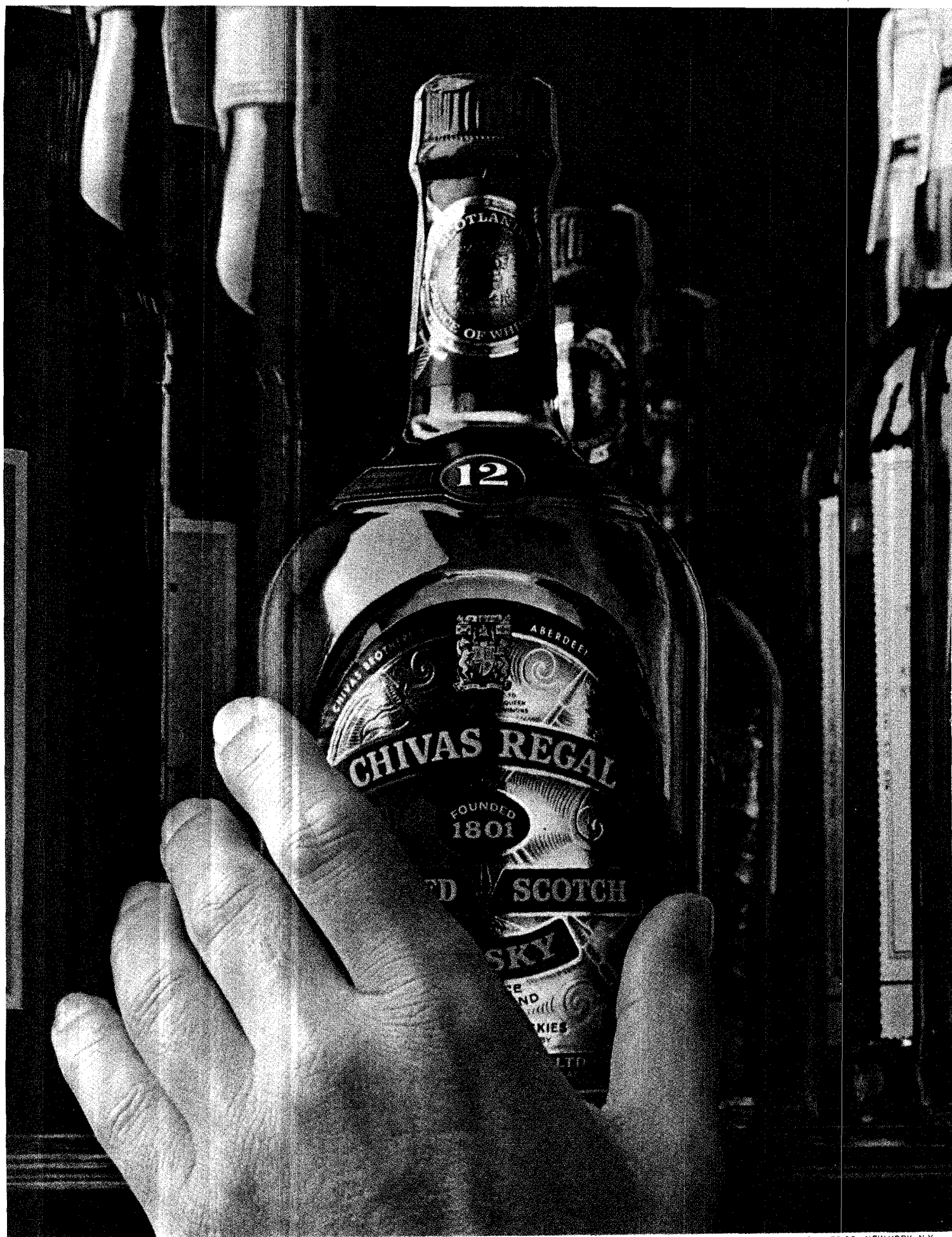
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kind of spring that has sometimes galvanized this singer—in his work with such diverse musicians as Richter, Britten, and Bernstein—into outreaching his usual studied security.

All the same, it was a remarkable recital, with words and music in perfect balance—a balance reinforced by the generous provision of a leaflet with complete texts of the songs and English translations (the latter deplorably uncredited; some of them were the work of Philip L. Miller, from his anthology "The Ring of Words," but I haven't been able to trace the others). Better still would have been the spatially and acoustically more indrawing surroundings of Town Hall, where a scaled-down dynamic range could have brought us closer to the original Schubertian frame of reference.

A RATHER different kind of recital occupied the stage of Carnegie the next evening, as part of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra's "Spectrum Concert: Music Theatre"—Luciano Berio's "Recital I (for Cathy)," an extravagant monodrama for singer, pianist, and orchestra. Onto a stage set up for a song recital steps a singer: Miss Cathy Berberian, platinum hair resplendent atop a black gown. She is running through a Monteverdi air, with the assistance of an invisible harpsichord. She notices us, and sees that the pianist has not yet appeared. She sings another Monteverdi piece (an orchestra behind the scenes now makes its presence known), and then begins talking to herself and to us—about personal and artistic loneliness, about performance and ritual, a freely associating Joycean monologue interspersed with snippets from her operatic and song repertory. Eventually, the pianist arrives, and they perform an early song of Berio's; then the monologue ravelson. A maid brings out additional pieces of costuming. Five masked instrumentalists visit, play a sort of march, exchange instruments and play it again, necessarily rather less aptly. The backstage ensemble flows on, furnishing an aural cushion for these happenings. Finally, at the end of her rope (literally), the singer is led off by the maid, whose white smock now assumes a rather different significance.

"Recital I" is surely, as it was intended to be, a tour de force for the extraordinary gifts of Miss Berberian. She sings a little bit of everything, from "Lucia" to "Carmen," sometimes straight, sometimes guyed—either way, with pinpoint accuracy of style and characterization. She talks and acts



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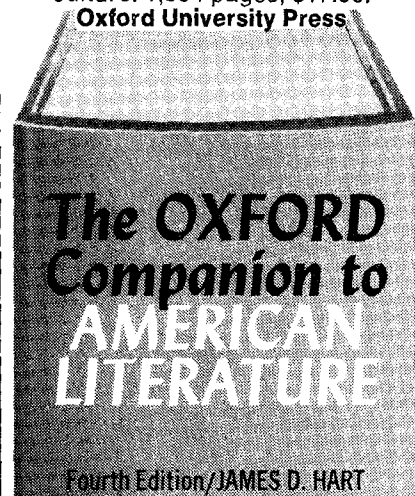
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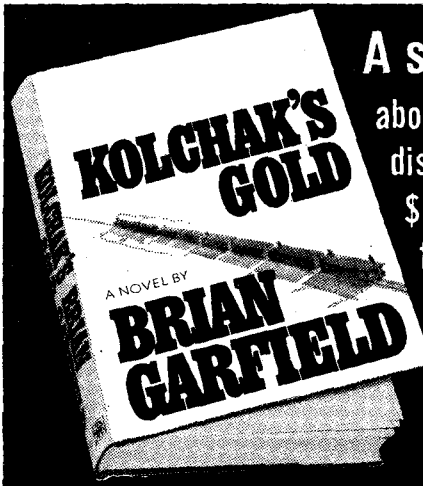


a blue streak, whether babbling incomprehensible "philosophy of art," enacting the Hamlet-Ophelia scene (both parts), or dredging up hoary night-club wheezes ("I gave you the best years of my life and aged overnight"). She is inimitable and unforgettable.

She is also very nearly the whole show, for the musical substance of "Recital I" could hardly be thinner. It wings along on a thread of verbal continuity, and the impression will not down that this is facile showmanship masquerading as profound commentary, that Berio has almost entirely evaded the problem of composing music—which we know he can do when he tries. All the same, Miss Berberian should not be missed. A recording has been issued by R.C.A., but she has to be seen as well as heard; unfortunately, at the Buffalo concert she was not always well heard: at first the amplification didn't work, and later the orchestra tended to cover the spoken words.

Earlier in the evening, amplification also sabotaged Michael Wager's recitation, with Michael Tilson Thomas at the piano, of three "melodramas," for the sibilant sounds were magnified so as to drown everything else. Translations awkwardly projected on a screen were a further distraction; since the whole business, in German and English, had been carefully (and expensively) printed in the program, it was hard to understand the point of this. In any case, I'm still not sure what this concert was all about. Neither the melodramas nor Bach's C-Major Orchestra Suite, with re-created baroque court dances by Wendy Hilton (in rank defiance of the obvious fact that Bach was writing concert music), had anything to do with the announced rubric of "Music Theatre." The program also said that "Mr. Thomas will discuss the music directly from the podium," but he uttered not a word of discussion, direct or indirect—and thus dashed my hopes that he might inspire Mr. Berio to compose "Recital II" for that common contemporary phenomenon, the talking conductor.

—DAVID HAMILTON



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So, for Pete's sake, relax!

## BOOKS

*Suffer Little Children . . .*

CHILDREN'S hospitals in this country have changed dramatically since the forties and the arrival of antibiotics and new vaccines. Until then, the wards were filled with children recovering from every sort of thing—tonsillitis and pneumonia to scarlet fever, mumps, whooping cough, even minor injuries, which would become infected and heal only slowly. Burns in even small areas were dangerous; so were ear and sinus infections, which often required repeated surgery. The pediatric wards were crowded, yet they were full of mirth as well as sadness—usually like neighborhood play lots, with children making noise, squabbling, playing together. But in less than thirty years many childhood diseases have been all but wiped out. Even polio threatens practically no one now, and pneumonia often responds rapidly to antibiotics. Few children have scars behind their ears—reminders of mastoidectomies. Astonishing results are quickly obtained with all but the most serious of burns, wounds, or cuts. Today, the young patients are apt to be suffering from leukemia or other cancers of childhood, or they are “diagnostic dilemmas” (victims of mysterious anemias or vulnerabilities and susceptibilities), or they are afflicted with the so-called congenital diseases—cystic fibrosis, for example. These children are gravely ill, and the prognosis has to be guarded. They are often quiet, many a little too controlled or “good,” and their parents are filled with foreboding. When I was a resident at the Children's Hospital in Boston, I was called upon to talk with an eight-year-old girl who had leukemia. She was not yet suffering much, but she knew time was running out, and she was devastatingly candid to her apprehensive young doctor. “Don't worry. I told my mother if I die, I'll have a good rest and meet God, and He'll be nice to me.” Then, when her visitor, having looked at her chest and

made some motions to satisfy himself that he was a capable physician, was ready to leave: “Is it nice out there? I hope so; then all the other children can play when they come home from school.”

“All the other children”: she was in her own world, and she knew it. And her burden was not only a physical one; she worried about how her family was taking her illness. She was a comforter, a shrewd observer of their helplessness, and of the helplessness of her nurses and her doctors, to whom everyone looked for “help,” for a surprise move, for the miracle one has read about. She told the doctor that she knew by the look in his eyes that he had a trick up his sleeve—so that maybe soon she would be on her way to recovery. She also knew, though, even as she expressed her hope, that it would not happen. Some of her neighbors were children whose misery seemed to her much worse than anything she had experienced. One of them had dystonia musculorum deformans, a rare neurological disease that induces a host of involuntary movements and can make of a child a bundle of contorted arms and legs rather than a human being. And if the girl took solace from the sight of that child, so did the doctors who visited

her. They knew that even in hell some regions are far more awful than others.

Dystonia musculorum deformans is still an almost invariably incapacitating disease that manages to wear down not only its victims but their parents. A few lucky families find their way to Dr. I. S. Cooper, a New York City neurosurgeon whose “The Victim Is Always the Same” (Harper & Row) tells us what happens when a rare miracle does come to pass as a result of a courageous physician's intelligence and determination. A significant medical discovery was made almost by accident. In 1951, Dr. Cooper, then a young neurosurgeon, became interested in patients who were suffering from “shaking palsy,” or Parkinsonism. A number of neurosurgeons had tried operating on the brain: if the motor pathways were cut, the movements might stop. They did, but the price was high: varying degrees of paralysis. But so dreadful was the torment that a number of patients were willing to exchange a substantial degree of permanent immobility for the constant motion that slowly exhausted them both physically and psychologically. Nevertheless, doctors did not feel free to alleviate one ailment by substituting another that would be even more crippling. The

editor of the *Yearbook of Neurology, Psychiatry, and Neurosurgery* for 1951 said, “Involuntary movements can be relieved only by substituting paralysis for the involuntary movement, and neurosurgery seems to have no application in this broad field.”

Dr. Cooper did not disagree with that statement; he merely wanted to make it no longer a fact. He was no knife-happy experimenter, but he was willing to take risks with patients who told him they would sooner die than continue as they were. And he was well read on procedures his colleagues all over the world were trying. One of his patients was Joseph Cioppa, plagued by severe



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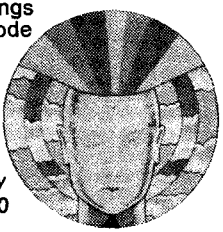
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and perpetual tremors. Dr. Cooper promised simply that a judicious cut at a certain part of the brain that sends out motivating impulses to the muscular system would lessen the tremors and yet not cause total paralysis. But in the middle of the operation a small artery was cut, causing severe bleeding. The Doctor's assistant urged him to proceed, but he decided not to. It was the response of a cautious, reflective, and well-informed man: better wait and see rather than be the bold, undeterred activist. Later that day, the patient seemed quite well, despite the surgery, and not only had his tremors ceased but he had suffered no paralysis at all. Dr. Cooper says it was then that he decided to begin the research which would enable him to operate successfully upon child after child afflicted with dystonia. First off, he had to spend many months experimenting with baboons so that he could decide precisely what area of the brain he should operate on, and to what effect. Then he worked with human beings, informing them beforehand of the risks, and then evaluating what happened afterward. In his book, the Doctor tells of the hundreds of children he has operated on.

During surgery, the patient must be conscious, because the surgeon now and then has to ask the patient to make certain movements, so that a decision can be made whether or not to stop. Dr. Cooper writes straightforward, lively prose, and gives his readers a good introduction to neuroanatomy, neurophysiology, and neurosurgery. Here is his description of the thalamus, the section of the brain he operates on, part of which is to be frozen, before surgery, with liquid nitrogen:

The word *thalamus* comes from the Greek *thálamos*, which means *connubial couch*. Whoever chose this name had the intuition of a great scientist, for the thalamus is a hotbed of sensorimotor activity. It is about the size of a walnut, although it is shaped like an egg. It consists of millions of nerve cells, each with hundreds of connections, and submits to thousands of nerve fibers passing through, going to and coming from virtually every other part of the brain. It serves as a data processor, or central communications area, interpreting sensory information that comes from muscles, skin, eyes, and ears. Sometimes this modulating, or controlling, apparatus of the thalamus is deranged. Oddly enough the derangement may be due not to a disease within the thalamus itself, but to a disease in other parts of the brain, which then sends static-like messages or misinformation to the

thalamus. When this happens, limbs may twist or shake or contort or bend or extend uncontrollably.

The most unnerving part of this book is the account of what two little girls and their families went through at the hands of the medical profession before a correct diagnosis was established. Dr. Cooper writes not to indict but so that others will learn, and so that, he hopes, people will be spared what happened to these two households—the smugness, the presumptuousness, the wrongheadedness of the



psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, and group therapists who "interpreted" the symptoms of the little girls (they, it was at last discovered, were suffering from dystonia) to be "emotional" in origin, and who "treated" both them and their parents

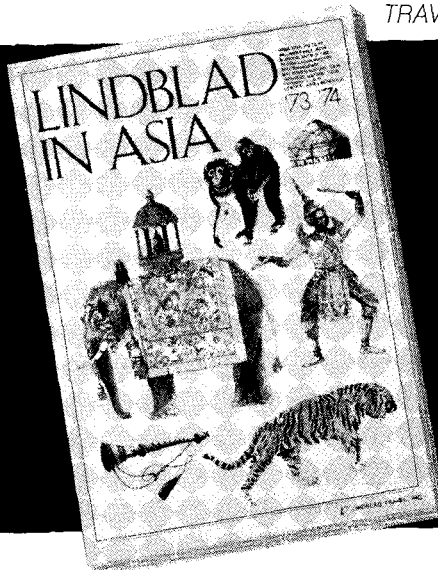
with astonishing self-confidence. Almost half the book is given over to a nightmarish but instructive sequence of events that Dr. Cooper reluctantly concedes is typical for the many families he has seen: The child begins walking strangely or moving his arms in an odd way. Eventually, the parents consult a doctor. If he is a general practitioner, he sends the child to a pediatrician; if he is a pediatrician, he calls in another pediatrician or a neurologist. All the doctors involved, being citizens of late-twentieth-century America, think of "psychological factors": the child is "disturbed," and the "bizarre behavior" is "symbolic," represents an "inner struggle," an anxiety, a "conversion reaction," or "hysteria." The parents are troubled, irritable, moody, in need of "help." Doesn't the mother appear a little strange when she moves or talks? Doesn't the father seem "neurotic"? In no time, the family is in a reign of terror. Self-consciousness has destroyed the natural, spontaneous rhythm of life. There are trips to therapists. The family is studied individually and together or sent off to a "group." One of the girls Dr. Cooper writes about was put in a psychiatric hospital for children. The symptoms persisted, and the parents began to demur; then the psychiatrists informed the family that their very hesitations and doubts, and the persistence of the child's symptoms, were all proof that there was "resistance" to therapy and "deep-rooted psychopathology." ("Then they told us," said one mother to Dr. Cooper, "that she was not ready to accept treatment and that it would take a good year to a

year and a half to straighten her out.") So the parents bowed and went along. Their child was interviewed in front of other doctors, in front of television cameras and hidden mirrors. She was kept away from her parents. There was talk of a "behavior-modification program," of hypnosis. Finally, quite accidentally, a "neurologist passing by in the hospital spotted what she had." Dr. Cooper's account of what the girl and her parents went through makes one wonder whether the dystonia was half as dreadful as the months of therapy administered by men who never doubted that it was all in the girl's head.

The author is writing about what he calls "dehumanization": "The presence in the home of a distorted, writhing child, who is racked by involuntary movements that neither he nor his parents understand, invariably leads to frustration, hostility, and feelings of guilt on both sides. The infliction of a diagnosis of hysteria in this type of case and an attempt to ascribe the symptoms to family relationships augment the frustration and anguish of the patient and those around him." And "when would he forget," he asks about one of his patients, "the tortured, misused, unending analysis of his childish sexual fantasies?" And he cites the written psychiatric "history" of this young man: "Although the patient's gait didn't improve during his stay, his relationship with his family was much better, so that he was more comfortable being with his parents and sister at the time he left the hospital. *It seems he wasn't at all ready to give up his symptoms as yet because they were giving him much too much gratification to be relinquished.* [Italics the author's.] This would be the area that had to be worked on a great deal in his future treatment." The patient was later correctly diagnosed—it had been dystonia all the time—and operated upon with complete success.

We learn, too, from Dr. Cooper how hurt and ailing children take care of one another: "While the surgeon and her parents chatted below, Susan, the fourteen-year-old veteran of eight years of dystonia and three brain operations, was comforting and counselling eleven-year-old Janet—and probably giving her more considered, mature, intelligent insight into her problem than anyone else had yet been able to give." And we learn how a compassionate and skilled surgeon wields his knife to the benefit of those children. He tells it all in the third person—no ego trip, no I-am-God-the-surgeon. Dr. Cooper has his doubts and misgivings, and he ponders

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the ethical implications of the work he and doctors like him are doing. When should doctors take the risks he does? Will doctors one day be more considerate of their patients, less prone to smugness and insensitivity? How can medical schools be made more humane centers of knowledge and inquiry? Dr. Cooper is a busy, self-possessed man. He takes many chances, and he is clearly a superb technician. No one is asking that doctors become speculative philosophers or exquisitely practiced conversationalists who give three or four hours every day to each patient—thereby leaving dozens of others unattended. The issue, rather, is an attitude of mind: the doctor as the manipulative, increasingly narrow specialist or the doctor as the broadly educated and responsive human being who is not afraid to be tentative and uncertain—even as he can be thoroughly competent and coldhearted when that is necessary.

We are unlikely to see in many medical schools the changes Dr. Cooper advocates: "I suggest that young philosophers, humanists, and priests should join their contemporaries in the medical sciences—infiltrate the medical schools and hospitals if necessary—to evolve a biomedical ethic that will insure human values within the already vigorous biologic revolution." But we can be thankful for his book, and hope that he will be read by and make his mark upon younger doctors, who should find him not only an admirable surgeon but a spiritual comrade—the kind of person they may have had in mind when they first thought of becoming physicians.

—ROBERT COLES

### BRIEFLY NOTED

#### FICTION

**JACK THE BEAR**, by Dan McCall (Doubleday). "Jack the Bear" is the name of a Duke Ellington song and the nickname of the incredibly worldly, long-suffering, foul-mouthed, touching, funny seventh- or perhaps eighth-grade narrator of this raffish, irreverent book. The boy, his father, and his three-year-old brother live in a state of barely contained chaos in a "99-per-cent McGovern" suburb of Oakland. The boys' mother has died recently in a car accident, and their kind, youngish father is an enthusiastic clown (he plays the "Monster of Ceremonies" on a local TV show) who is tortured by his wife's death and often drunk or stoned or both. The plot turns on a rather hokey event: the kidnapping of the three-



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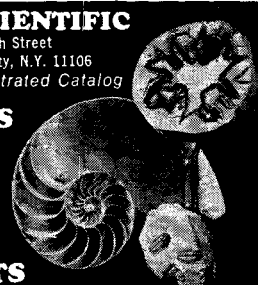
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year-old by a semi-retarded neighbor who is mistakenly convinced that someone in the family killed his dog. But there is so much here to be grateful for—Mr. McCall's honest, clean writing; his appallingly accurate-sounding portrayal of the dope-oriented, media-conscious California pre-high-schoolers; and, above all, the remarkable manner in which he shows how children absorb and deflect the world's pleasures and pains—that the book's somewhat theatrical underpinnings are easily overlooked.

## GENERAL

**TOLSTOY: THE MAKING OF A NOVELIST**, by Edward Crankshaw (Viking). Mr. Crankshaw's purpose here (as hinted in his subtitle) is to examine "the nature of the man who wrote 'War and Peace' and 'Anna Karenina,' and afterwards denied them." Though not a full-length biography, it is a full-bodied study, and a fine one, of the formative years of a genius encumbered with every handicap that insecurity, hypocrisy, envy, guilt, and fear of life can mount. We see Tolstoy glittering with self-assurance and crawling with self-disgust, mad for low life and irresistibly drawn to the salons of aristocracy, contemptuous of Russians who aped the West and disgusted with those who glorified Russian traditionalism, crazed with sex and always blaming the woman who yielded to his advances, incapable (the author says) "of forming an attachment of equals with any girl of his own class" and able to say, "I have not yet met a single man who was morally as good as I," and insensitive enough to write to his fiancée, "Alas, you are mistaken in believing that you have taste." He was, to Turgenev, a man to admire "from a distance," and the critic Konstantin Aksakov said, "It seems as though there is still no center in him." Aksakov, however, was wrong, and, as Mr. Crankshaw most provocatively demonstrates, Tolstoy's center took the form of attempting to order the world to his liking. It is an understanding that explains much of the two great novels. "The clumsiness and congestion of Tolstoy's prose derives not from insensibility to the beauty of words but from his fixed determination never to allow his words to develop a life, a poetry of their own," Mr. Crankshaw suggests. "The reader is to be directed every inch of the way. There

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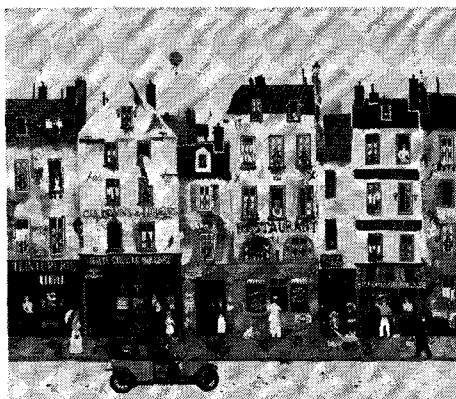
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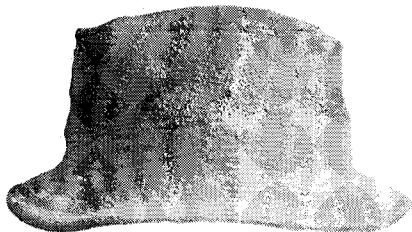


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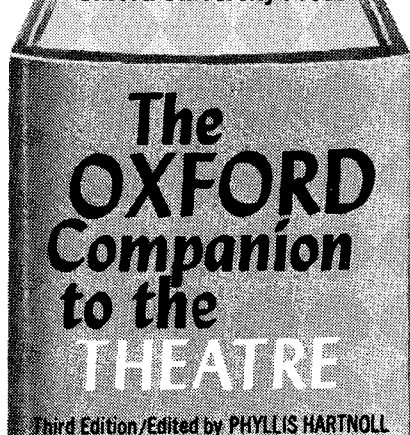
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are to be no overtones or undertones to raise echoes in the mind of thoughts and feelings existing apart from the object of Tolstoy's immediate attention." In short, it is life reordered by Tolstoy. One should add that this is not only a most absorbing book but also a most beautiful one, illustrated with many photographs, paintings, and drawings, some in color.

**THIS BRIGHT DAY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY**, by Lehman Engel (Macmillan). The memoirs of this warm-hearted man and gifted musician are both personal and artistic history. In his boyhood in Jackson, Mississippi, Engel labored under what were, for that time and place, several handicaps—being Jewish, undersized, and a piano player. Cincinnati and New York, where he continued his musical studies, offered him his first chances at intellectual companionship (his friendship with another artist from his home town, Eudora Welty, blossomed in New York), and his youthful eagerness as well as his talents soon got him involved with modern dance, composing for Martha Graham; with the rediscovery of older music (the Lehman Engel Madrigal Singers, which he formed and conducted under the W.P.A.); and with the discovery of new kinds of theatre in such now-famous productions as Orson Welles' version of Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," for which Engel wrote music. With time out for the Second World War, Engel continued his multiplicitous career as a conductor, composer, musical adviser, and sparkplug, the friend of innumerable celebrities and the helper of innumerable beginners, some of whom in time became, thanks to Engel, celebrities, too. Either quality—good nature or artistry—would suffice to make an absorbing book; together they make an irresistible one.

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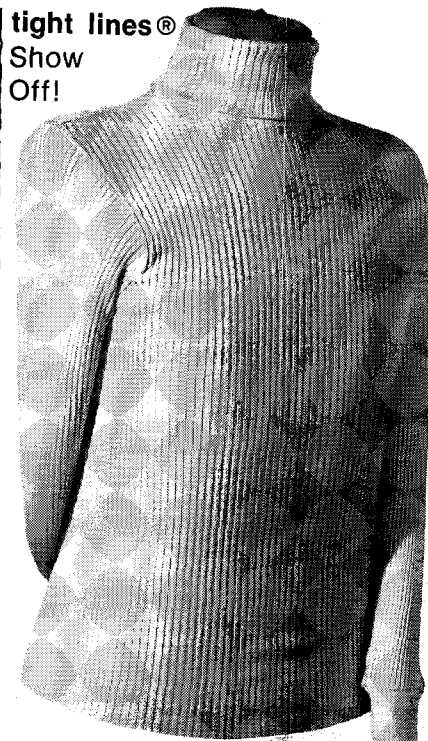
[From the Concord (N.H.) Monitor]

The proposed \$600 million refinery would give Onassis' fleet of 70 tankers "employment" and an "edge" over the competition in carrying oil from the Middle East to New England, Gratsos said.

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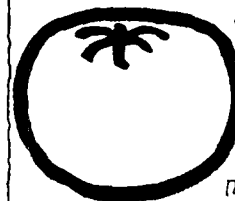
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